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# WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XVII, No. 3.

## LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR OF 1861.

(*Sixth Letter.*)

CAMP BROWN, SANTA ROSA ISLAND, FLA.,
October 5th, 1861.

M. L. MOLONEY,

*My dear friend*,

We have had quite a change in the management of the naval squadron ruling in the southern waters. Flag-officer McKean, a great favorite among the soldiers, and, no doubt, among the men of the fleet, has been ordered to some other station, and Captain Bailey has been appointed his successor. The gallant new post-captain, whose brother is captain of Company I, 6th N. Y. Volunteers (Zouaves), has transferred his pennant to the *Colorado*. The change has caused a great deal of talk, but I think it is only talk.

At early dawn, Aug. 12th, the transport steamer *Rhode Island* hove in sight, and at 12 M. she cast anchor about two and a half or three miles off the island. The captain was probably induced to remain so far off, that he might be in deep water during the terrific storms about that time raging along the coast. All were anxious to have their mails, which were presumed to be on board the transport. But in such a storm, how venture to send the mail ashore, or go after it from the shore? About 5 P. M. we saw a large boat manned by a strong crew, under command of a lieutenant, put off from the flag-ship *Colorado*, and make directly for the newly arrived steamer. Men unaccustomed to the dangers of the

sea said the boat could not "live it." Others said: "Men-of-war's men know what they are about." Indeed, it appeared dreadfully rash to venture on such a voyage. From our storm-beaten island we beheld the fearless crew and struggling boat, tossed to and fro by the angry waves. Filled with anxious fear, we saw the cutter now disappearing, bow foremost, beneath the stormy billows, again rising into view as if issuing from the depths of the waters, then thrown on her beam-ends so that we could distinctly see her entire interior. Still the unselfish sailors, on their dangerous errand for the gratification of others whom they did not know, steadily pulled, in spite of wind and wave, directly for the distant transport tugging so fiercely at her carefully set anchor. With intense interest we watched the progress of the undaunted boat till the thick darkness of the approaching night and the stormy weather shut off cutter and crew from sight. Can they reach the transport? Can they safely bring our long-wished-for mail ashore?—these were questions frequently arising in our minds. Late at night, a cannon at Fort Pickens announced the arrival of the mail, and consequently the safety of the man-of-war's gallant crew. All is excitement in camp; each hopes (alas, how often some are disappointed!) to receive letters from dear ones at home. Finally, at early dawn, one of the teamsters drove up to our quarters with a whole wagon-load of mail matter, packages, boxes, etc. "Mails for the Zouaves, and a box marked 'glass' for the father," shouted the teamster. "Wine, wine!" exclaimed several officers who kindly offered their assistance in opening the box. Your generous favor was surely a godsend. Kindest thanks to you all for this most welcome gift. The flannel coat, etc. are just the quality of clothing required here in this warm climate. Rev. Father Tellier intends sending me something similar. The beads and medals, which were very much needed, are thankfully received. Friends in Brooklyn and Staten Island have also sent me a supply of these devotional objects for the soldiers.

I am offered every facility, and, if I needed it, every encouragement, for the exercise of the ministry among the troops. Col. Wilson has issued a "standing order" that sentries allow all those who wish to see me to pass their "posts." Moreover, if the time they are off duty (free time) does not suffice for the men to call on me, the orderly sergeant has directions to "omit from detail" (excuse from duty) any person or persons I name. Men come to me at all hours for instruction, confession, consolation; to read or write letters, etc. I hear confessions generally in my tent. A sentry, stationed in front of my quarters day and night,

informs me that a soldier wants to see me, if any one presents himself; if a soldier should call for me in my absence, the sentry, on my return, tells me that such a soldier was looking for me. I immediately send for the poor fellow, whose affairs I settle or promise to see to.

The poor soldiers are willing to lead the lives of good Catholics, but many have so far neglected themselves, or perhaps have been so far neglected, that they can give no other proof of their being Catholics than that they "have always blessed themselves night and morning." Poor fellows! several of those who had learned their prayers in childhood and youth have, by neglecting to say them, long since forgotten them. Some cannot read. What am I to do? Good will is, however, found on all sides—for there is no limit to the respect and obedience shown to "the father." Those who know their prayers, as well as those who do not know them but who can read, teach the prayers to those who have never known them or who have forgotten them. Officers and men, Catholics and Protestants, overwhelm me with all kinds of attention.

Owing to the poor health with which I was for some time afflicted in the beginning of my military career, the report got noised about that I was going to resign and return home. The men became very uneasy about it, and, after some complaining, came to inform me that they had made up their minds to keep me in spite of myself, or go home with me. On a certain day, whilst these wild reports of my resignation were being circulated amongst the soldiers, as we were seated around an hospital chest on which our humble camp dinner was spread, a Protestant officer suggested to the colonel the propriety of sending me to New York for a few months. "Such a trip," he said, "would not only benefit the father, but would greatly stimulate enlistment for the Department of the Gulf." Hearing these words, the colonel laid down his knife and fork, straightened himself up, and casting a stern glance at me, said: "Father, does this come from you?" I replied: "No sir; I should consider it a disgrace to leave my post." The colonel, bending forward and resuming his frugal meal, said in a subdued tone, as if the words were intended for myself alone, though they were heard by all: "It would be a disgrace, and you would be the first Catholic priest to bring disgrace on your church by deserting your post. Protestant ministers, who make a living of it, can and do abandon dangerous positions." After a little silence, for no one knew how to take in this novel conversation, he resumed, saying: "Father, you will remain here, and, if necessary, die here; and let your bones be

bleached white on the sands of Santa Rosa; teach me and my men never to flinch from our duty." After a little exchange of remarks, he broke out again into the following words: "Father, to leave your bones here would be the greatest honor you could confer on our holy religion or on your order . . . . . "

After dinner he motioned to me to follow him into his quarters, and there he informed me that there were two persons, members of the mess, who wished to have it in their power to say of a priest what we say of ministers. He assured me that he did not at all suspect me of wishing to retire from the army, of wishing to abandon the poor soldiers who, I was aware, had enlisted because a priest accompanied the regiment. He merely wished, he said, in the remarks he had made, to profit by an occasion so unexpectedly offered him, of giving these gentlemen a salutary lesson. "These boys, for whose sake you have left the comforts of home, are very dear to me, father. I love them for their faith, which is down so far in their hearts, that it cannot be forced from them. They will die fighting for their faith which they will allow no one to insult gratuitously. They look upon honors conferred upon you as honors bestowed upon their Catholic faith and themselves. They are, to-day, prouder of, more attached to that faith than ever, because you are with them and are held in esteem by all, army and navy. I know you would not leave them. Full liberty to pass amongst the highest officers into your quarters, to have a little talk with you, more than repays these poor tars and soldiers for many a hard knock they have received for their fidelity to the faith." Becoming alarmed at the earnestness of his language and manner, I asked him: "Colonel, what are you driving at?" "Nothing, father, I feel like preaching the faith at the edge of the sword. Father, if I had the power, there would be but one religion." Col. Wilson is a very earnest, candid man, full of animation in his looks, words and actions; yet he holds himself under complete control.

We are in daily expectation of the arrival of a strong force of volunteers from New York to enable us to cross the bay and capture Pensacola—but alas, they do not come! By-the-bye, there is a report down here, that the distinguished son of the republic, Barnum, is organizing a regiment of humbugs to cheat the South into subjection. Is it true?

From the great number of venomous reptiles on the island, we might suppose this to be that peculiar region of whose existence poor Father Larkin used to tell us, and

whose name, he said, is: "Où-il-n'y-a-pas-de-bon-dieu." You could not walk five minutes in a direct line without coming upon a rattlesnake, or a moccason. This latter snake is said to be far more dangerous than a viper. There are two kinds, water and land moccasons, thus denoted because one is found generally in or near water and the other seems to avoid it. They are about eighteen inches or two feet long, and of the color and thickness of those large snakes called cow-snakes, so frequently met with about Fordham. One of the Zouaves has the gift of charming snakes. He caught the other day and brought into camp, a living rattlesnake having nine rattles. He is the wonder of the island. The boys indulge, I fear, too much in the dangerous sport of killing alligators. They brought to headquarters the other day, an alligator just killed, measuring about six feet. Besides these we have to contend against flies (blue, sand, black, red, round and hard), mosquitoes, bugs of more species than those of the flies, etc. etc., whose number and ferocity the rainy season has increased rather than diminished.

What, you will ask me, did all these creatures live on before we were cast to them? I really cannot say. Yet, from a fact I witnessed on the gulf-beach the other day, I think Almighty God had a very merciful end in view when stocking Santa Rosa with the various classes of creatures that with us claim supremacy over the sandy island. Going along the gulf-shore, saying my beads, I came to a nook in which were enormous quantities of dead fish, weeds and refuse matter of almost every kind. Near this mass, soon to be left by the tide, were troops of animals, from the little white mouse to the impetuous alligator, and swarms of insects, from the tiny gnat to the butting black fly, ready, as I suppose, to pounce upon their prey at the reflux of the water. Were not these creatures sent to consume this accumulation? Would it not soon become a heap of festering matter which would infect the neighboring country? The sharks infesting the water around the island, and rendering fishing and bathing rather dangerous enjoyments, might and undoubtedly do destroy much of this jetsam; still they could not devour it all.

On the 13th of September, picked men of the navy performed a daring exploit which we were sure would bring on a general battle, but as yet the affront is not resented. Allow me to relate the spirited dash of the gallant tars. Captain Bailey, Post-Captain of the fleet in these waters, was much annoyed at seeing the enemy slowly but surely organizing a little fleet in the Bay of Pensacola. The flag-ship

of this nascent navy was lately "brought to" by a couple of shots from one of our batteries. She has not, however, stopped her capering in the bay. Though she does not come so close to our lines, she is as bold as ever. Post-Captain Bailey would like to take his fleet into the bay and sweep every species of craft out of it. Circumstances, however, do not authorize him to proceed to such lengths. Judging from the success of several gallant acts of our men who, under the cover of night, dealt some terrible blows to the enemy, the flag-officer, smarting under the inactivity of his finely equipped fleet, resolved to carry off the whole of the proud young navy, and cover his squadron with glory. He entrusted the execution of the enterprise to Lieutenant Russel, an officer every way fit for the exploit. The lieutenant, highly elated at the honor conferred upon him, came ashore, and, having made some arrangements with the troops stationed on the island, decided on making the attempt on Friday Sept. 13th. The dangers and honors were to be confined to the officers and men of the commander's own vessel, the *Colorado*. Four launches, each armed with a swivel gun or howitzer, and each carrying forty men thoroughly armed for such an occasion, and of tried coolness and courage, were the preparations made by Lieut. Russel. That his men might be fresh for the work, Flag-officer Bailey, early in the afternoon, sent them ashore from his vessel lying at anchor about two and a half miles out in the gulf. This gave the Catholics of the party an excellent opportunity for preparing themselves for a Christian soldier's death. The good natured sailors and marines, whom I met as they landed from their boats, said to me: "Father, a little confession if you please; it may be our last." "Let us go up to my tent." "O no! right here." Kneeling down on the wet sand at the edge of the spent breakers, in the presence of the thousands respectfully and silently standing at a distance, the brave men made their confession. After their little prayer they rose and said: "Father, see that we are buried in a Christian manner." Soldiers and sailors soon mingled, and freely and hastily offered and received mutual compliments and congratulations. After sharing in our humble, coarse but abundant fare (I cannot say table), the best we could offer, Lieut. Russel and his brave men began the immediate preparations for their perilous cruise into the enemy's waters.

At eleven P. M. all is ready, and, with muffled oars, the boats move off silently from the island towards the opposite side of the bay. Their orders are, they tell us, to carry off or destroy the whole of the little fleet, or as much of it as

they can reach; but in all cases, to "cut out" or destroy the "flag-ship," the proud little schooner sporting an admiral's pennant, which seems to defy our warnings. The bay was calm, tranquil beyond expectation, unconscious of the blood it was to drink that very night, or of the graves it was to furnish the soldiers mortally wounded and sinking down into its deep and peaceful bosom. With the exception of poor obedient soldiers, who can claim no moment of rest, the weary bodies spread over the earth's surface were enjoying a peaceful repose; the breeze passing through the woods fringing the east and west shore of the bay had ceased to sigh; the troubled billows of the gulf were calm; the murmurs of the dying waves were hushed along the sandy shore of Santa Rosa. The very stars seemed to forget their laws of motion and hang silent and motionless over the scene. The mocking bird alone, whose notes are welcome always, but especially during night, disturbed by his charming song the appalling silence that enveloped our island and the surrounding waters. The sky, thickly studded with stars, as if peeping at the deadly preparations being made, was at first clear, but about the time the boats were nearing their destination it became overcast. Clouds began to ascend from the horizon, gather and thicken over what was to be the scene of the exploit of the *Colorado's* men. Is this darkness now settling over the water intended to protect our friends or to shut out from heaven's sight the deeds of blood and death to be enacted?

Twelve, one and two o'clock have been announced, and no rocket, no shot to tell us of the defeat or victory of our boats. At 3 A. M. precisely, a pistol shot, a second, a third, several, came sweeping over the bay, and all again was silent. After a short time of painful suspense and distressing anxiety, we beheld a weak flickering light apparently on board the Southern "flag-ship." After another irritating delay, our feelings were aroused to their utmost tension by a wickedly rapid discharge of musketry which lasted about twenty minutes. Who are the sufferers? Our men have given, thus far, no signal declaring their victory or calling for aid. The flickering light has now become a raging blaze, displaying the masts and rigging and sides of the fated armed schooner. So much of the plan has been successful. Where are our men? Again! Four cannon are fired in rapid succession. Are our men and boats sunk to the bottom of the bay? The entire schooner is completely enveloped in flames. We are straining our eyes to obtain a glimpse of our navy-men by the widely extending light of the burning ship. The whole bay is lit up; yet no sign of our brave companions. "Father,"

said a little fifer to me, "I wish I was with them wherever they are. I feel sick standing here thinking about them." This sentiment of the sympathizing little fifer, which might be differently expressed, was the universal feeling of the thousands lining the beach that terrible night. We know the sensations that harass, during the battle, the corps held in reserve. Just as our state of mind was becoming intolerable, our hearts were gladdened by three lusty cheers from our boats, still far off on the water. Now the excitement became intense. Cheer after cheer in response left the shore from thousands of throats to greet the incoming boats. Hundreds wanted to plunge into the water and swim out to meet the boys and get the news. "Are they our boys at all?" asked some. "Are the enemy, in our boats, after conquering our boys, coming now to play us an ugly trick?" asked others.

In the midst of these anxious doubts and calculations, up went a rocket from our boats, the stipulated signal of success. This brought, in response, from Pickens and the fleet congratulatory storms of rockets. During this pyrotechnic display, the boats suddenly made their appearance along shore, a signal for a renewal of vociferous cheering. Like spirit boats of some spectre ship, the launches, with oars still muffled, passed us noiselessly. Not a movement of an oar was heard. The men, refusing to land, kept on their course towards the point of the island on which Pickens is situated. Thinking they would halt at the fort, and fearing some might be dangerously wounded, I hurried down to the landing. The post-adjutant, however, informed me that they passed out around the fort into the gulf to their ship, without coming ashore.

It was precisely five o'clock when I entered the fort; so that the whole affair was accomplished in six hours. As my object in going down from camp was to attend to those who might be dangerously wounded, I inquired of the adjutant about the men. He kindly told me the boats halted for a short time, and the officer in command gave the following details: They found the "flag-ship of the Southern navy," not moored to the dock as they had supposed they would, but lying at anchor out in the channel. Pulling alongside, they made ready to spring on board, when they were challenged by the sentry keeping guard on deck. This poor fellow received as an answer the contents of a navy revolver; and he spoke no more. In an instant, those designated to board the craft were on deck, pistol in hand. The officers and men of the schooner, rushing out of their "wardroom," found their ship in the hands of determined

enemies, became utterly panic-stricken and, without striking a blow in defence of the navy, jumped overboard. Pursued by the pistol balls of the *Colorado's* crew, these terrified men swam for the shore, which fright and darkness and Yankee bullets probably prevented them from ever reaching. Our men now deliberately set fire to the vessel, re-entered their boats and rowed for the enemy's shore, where they landed, drove off the guards, spiked the cannon and pursued the guards to the barracks whither they had retreated. A strong volley of musketry from the barrack windows brought our men to a halt. They briskly returned the fire. Seeing the flames had taken such a hold of the schooner that they could not now be extinguished, and aware that the light from the burning ship would reveal the paucity of their numbers, the *Colorado's* boys hastened to their boats.

Determined not to let the enemy escape, the Southern soldiers followed their retreating foes to the dock. Finding them already in their boats and far out on the water, some rushed to the cannon to sink the daring "Yankees"—but the cannon were spiked. The dock or wharf soon became thronged with excited soldiers, now maddened by this new disappointment. Lieut. Russel wheeled his boats around, brought the howitzers to bear on the crowd, and swept these poor inconsiderate soldiers into eternity. The docks or piers were clear once more. No one to offer resistance. Our men had now time before starting for home to assemble their boats, and inform the lieutenant commanding of the state of the men and the casualties of the exploit. Ten received flesh wounds at the barracks, two were dangerously if not mortally wounded, one, on entering the boat, was accidentally run through by a bayonet in the hands of one of his comrades and one was missing. They again landed, made a hasty but fruitless search for the missing man, re-entered their boats, and started for their anxious friends. Casualities on our side: 13 wounded (3 dangerously), 1 missing. Three days afterwards, the missing man returned to us safe and sound. His explanation of his questionable separation from his comrades is, that in the confusion occasioned by the retreat from the attack on the barracks, he lost his way; when quiet was restored, he went to the village of Warrington, where he had some friends, who, he knew, would procure him the means of reaching his ship or Santa Rosa. These friends received him kindly, and enabled him, under cover of night, to reach Fort Pickens, whence he was sent out to his vessel. He brought us valuable information which will induce the authorities to be lenient in the

examination of his case. He says the enemy were busy all day the 14th in burying the dead.

I requested Col. Brown to allow me to go out to the *Colorado* to visit the wounded. The stately commander of the department courteously informed me that he could not give me permission to go on board as *chaplain*, it would be interfering with the rights of others. There was no objection to my going to the man-of-war as a private individual, and, when there, arranging matters with the authorities of the vessel. Leaving the quarters of the commander of the department, I found a messenger who informed me that the *Colorado's* boat was waiting for me opposite the camp. Hurrying to the place designated, I found the boat whose cockswain told me that he was sent ashore to take me out to the wounded men . . . . I heard the confessions of the wounded and others. The surgeon told me that all were doing well—there was no one whose wounds could be said to be dangerous. Boats were arriving from all the ships, congratulating the *Colorado*, officers and men, on their daring and successful exploit.

The sentries posted along the bay-beach have strict orders to report every movement they notice on the opposite shore. Deserters from the Southern army or navy, and "contrabands," black and white, are frequent arrivals from the other side. They generally appear in our neighborhood about morning, and always in first class boats. They amuse us very much with the wild stories they bring about the South. The authorities here are inclined to look upon these unfortunates as spies, and send them out to the transports or men-of-war, where they are given an opportunity to work for the cause of Uncle Sam.

Some time about the end of the rainy season, the lusty voice of a sentinel posted on the north beach of the island was heard about ten A. M. calling attention to an unusual movement on the enemy's side of the bay. In a short time, every one off duty, rank and file, was at the water's edge eyeing intensely the strange proceedings of our enemy. There was a large guard-boat, rowed by eight men, putting off from the shore and making directly for our line. Are they deserters? It cannot be. They would be fired on by the guard. Deserters would not dare leave their camp so openly. They are not messengers—they have no flag. Has the Confederacy collapsed? That is it. There is no authority. All have gone home. Such are a few of the wild speculations indulged in by the thousands of spectators of this strange incident. Steady and regular are the pulls, however, which are rapidly bringing the heavy guard-boat nearer to us.

Now, in mid-bay, the oars are still, and a sudden and apparently violent commotion in the boat! Is it a fight? The excitement amongst us is beyond description. What can it mean? There! a splash! Some one has fallen or is thrown overboard! A pistol shot! Another! The men in the boat resume their seats; and all is quiet. Now of course we know what all this is about. It is, we hear all around us, a summary execution of some good Union man. Some even went so far as to say they knew who this poor fellow was: that he was a ship carpenter who had gone from New York a short time before the troubles began, to work in Pensacola navy-yard. What a noble burial they will give his body when the tide will have laid it on our strand! In spite of these and many other positive assertions regarding the action of the guard-boat's crew, we all left the scene wondering what all this could be.

The boat was deliberately rowed back to her mooring, and we resumed the monotony of camp-life. "Was it not bold of those fellows to execute a Union man before our eyes, and, as it were, to say to us: 'This is what you may expect if we catch you'?" was repeated amongst the boys as they were eating their dinner.

But hear! The sentry's voice again calls all to the bay-beach. "A man swimming from the enemy's side towards our shore!" A rush was made for the vicinity of the sentry. All eyes are strained in search of the announced swimmer. "Where is he? Where is he?" is eagerly asked by the crowd. By the aid of a field-glass, I could see, near the site of what we had imagined to be an execution, a moving object. Later, we could distinctly see it was a living being slowly directing its course southward towards us. Our impatience to see this wonderful person could not be restrained. "Can't some one go out to meet him? Why does not the commander of the department send a boat out to save him? Can it be that he was killed and has come to life again? Is it a ghost?" . . . are questions on every one's lips. Still his progress is certain, but provokingly slow . . . We can at last distinguish his head. Some recognize his features. Oh! why does not the poor fellow swim faster, and inform us who he is? What was his crime? Why this peculiar mode of execution? The poor fellow is struggling! Has a shark taken hold of him? Has he been seized with cramps? Has his strength given out? He disappears! The men are wild with excitement. Bravo! there he is again! a steady swim for life and liberty. "Father, take my glass" said a naval officer standing near me; "look closely. I don't think it is a man. His manner of swimming is not

that of a man." I could see a large red head raised well above the water. The soldiers are really sick with excitement. Fearing his strength may fail him as he approaches the shore, several expert swimmers amongst the Zouaves are just ready to plunge into the water to enable the patriotic martyr to reach the shore in safety. In they jump! but, strange enough, this hero, perceiving the movement of the soldiers, halts for a moment as if afraid of their intentions, then deliberately wheels round and strikes back for the hostile coast. By this movement the mysterious navigator gave us a complete side view of his body, and thus enabled us to discern what he was—a large sized dog. Every effort was now made to induce the jaded animal to come ashore. Whistling, coaxing, calling, shouting—all known means of attracting the poor brute to us were resorted to in vain. Off he moves steadily and vigorously towards his late friends who so unceremoniously discarded him. Just as we had given up all hope of attracting him to us, the poor dog again "'bout faced" and bravely stood in for Santa Rosa. No sooner had he reached the last ripple of the water than he lay down on the wet sand, utterly exhausted after his long and fatiguing swim. In complete silence we gaze from a respectful distance at the stranger. He is a large, strongly built dog. He remains stretched at full length on the beach. "'Tis a mad dog!" shouted some in the crowd. The idea that the South had recourse to the expedient of sending mad dogs amongst us to drive us off the island seemed to seize the minds of all for the moment, and caused our brave soldiers to scatter; some made for camp to get their muskets, and informed the sentries by whose posts they passed, that Gen. Bragg had let loose a cargo of mad dogs on the island. In the meantime, some more brave or more curious than the rest, cautiously approached the new immigrant whom they found more exhausted than mad. The reassembling of the now pitying crowd seemed in no wise to disconcert the still panting brute. Finally, at a friendly call from one of the boys, the dog arose from the wet sand on which he was resting, fatigued by his long swim—a magnificently shaped large red dog, the right shoulder all raw from a fresh scald or burn. But look! What is that hanging from his neck? A large bottle or glass jar! "Rum! rum!" cried several. "Poison! poison!" shouted others. "See how green it is!" was the remark of nearly all. One of the Zouaves mustered courage enough to go up to the humble and friendly messenger, gently pat him, and untie the bottle from his neck, without meeting any kind of resistance. The little glass jar was eagerly and speedily un-

corked, but, instead of liquid of any kind, it contained an immense number of slips clipped from various Southern newspapers, which gave glowing accounts of victories by the Southern armies, the capture of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, over which the Confederate flag was triumphantly floating. The Southern army was marching on Boston, which was to be in the hands of the Confederacy in a few days. Besides these terrible reports, there was in the bottle a letter addressed to "Billy Wilson, Leader of the Pet Lambs." The dog and bottle and letter were conducted to headquarters; thence to the fort. The slips were read and re-read. The commander of the fleet was requested by signal to come ashore. A great council of war was held. "Can it be true" was the proposition offered for discussion, "that a battle has been fought, the army annihilated, the principal cities in the North in the hands of the Confederacy?"—and the conclusion of the council was: "Can it be true?" Rising hurriedly in his place, Flag-officer Bailey said: "Gentlemen, I am going out to my ship, and I shall very soon answer the question which began and closed the council. I shall send the fastest gunboat I have to Key West, and, if necessary, to New York, to have correct knowledge of the state of affairs." No sooner was he on board his flag-ship than a series of signals was exchanged with a gunboat which instantly slipped her anchor and with full pressure was on her errand. The letter addressed to Col. Wilson, though somewhat comical, was in a very friendly and respectful tone. It ran thus: "The Bearer of these despatches is my dear friend *Manassas*, a thoroughbred blood-hound. I entrust him to you, Colonel, till I call for him, which I hope will be in a few weeks; perhaps in a few days. Have, I beg of you, Colonel, a special care of him till then . . . . " He advised the colonel to give up all hope of conquering the South, to leave the mosquitoes, flies and fleas, snakes and alligators of Santa Rosa, to give up hard tack and salt junk, and go over with his Zouaves to Pensacola, where a great welcome was awaiting them, where every attention would be paid to them, where every gratification would be offered them. He closed his letter by repeating: "Colonel, take good care of my noble friend *Manassas* till I call for him; for, if you don't come over to us, I shall go over to you very soon." The name of the writer of this strange missive was so blurred, probably by water reaching it, that it could not be deciphered. Following the name were the words: "Orderly Sergeant of (blurred again) Regiment." This so unexpected piece of intelligence, as well as the manner in which it reached us, suggested many

topics of conversation to idle soldiers. As said above, a steamer was despatched to Key West, and, if necessary, was to go to New York, to ascertain the real condition of affairs. *Manassas* has become a great favorite with all. The burn on his shoulder has been healed. Every night, and only at night, he regularly makes a friendly visit to each post of the picket line.

At the termination of the rainy season, our camp was moved to a more favorable location, and was laid out on a more scientific plan. The tents have been erected in ten parallel rows, leaving wide spaces called streets, which are named after the principal streets of New York and Brooklyn. Each row is occupied by a company having its own headquarters at the head of the street. Each company is responsible for the order and cleanliness of its own street. At the extreme end of the camp are regimental headquarters, which, of course, are distinguished from every thing else in this military town or encampment. They are formed of a large awning supported by many posts. Under each of the four corners of this awning is a "wall" tent, extending beyond the outside line of the awning, one for the colonel, one for the adjutant, one for the chaplain and the fourth for an office. The large open space between these four tents, and on which they open, is, on Sundays, the chapel, sufficient to accommodate all the officers of the command and guests from the fleet. During the week, it is a parlor, lecture and concert hall. Mass is said every Sunday at 12 M. or later. The regulars, men and officers from the fleet, as well as the volunteers, are present during the holy sacrifice. The regimental band, composed entirely of Catholics, discourses choice music during the celebration of the divine mysteries. There is quite a contest between those able to serve Mass (and there are many, officers and men and drummer boys) as to the one who shall have the honor of performing that office. Col. Wilson and his adjutant are models for the men. They remain on their knees during the entire Mass. The colonel does even more, he insists on Protestant officers, who come from the fort or the fleet to attend Mass, kneeling like himself. Last Sunday, a considerable number of Protestant officers honored us with their presence, but they remained standing. "Kneel down, gentlemen," said the colonel to them, "the God of heaven and of armies is under this tent." The strangers knelt. After Mass, I apologized to them, in the colonel's presence, for the interference with their faith. "And Father," said Wilson to me, "have Protestants no sins to atone for? Are we Catholics the only ones who have to do penance? Gentlemen, no matter what

the father's delicacy is, I shall insist on all doing a little penance." The strangers laughed and admitted that the colonel was right.

It is truly edifying to see the soldiers, in spite of the fatigues of Saturday night and Sunday forenóon, fasting till this late hour in order to receive Communion. Many of these poor fellows have been on guard (with "relief") for the twenty-four hours ending at 8 o'clock Sunday morning. By the time they are in from their posts it is 9.30. Then they have to brush up their clothes, clean and dry their rifles, polish their shoes, and burnish their buttons and buckles. After all this, comes inspection of men and arms. The performance of these various duties keeps the men busily engaged till 12 M., when Mass is about to begin. You can readily imagine the heroism required for men thus circumstanced, to fast till the late hour of Mass in order to receive Holy Communion. Yet every Sunday a number of the guard approach the altar. In our camp are a powder magazine and a well-stocked commissary store—these the boys call "warlike comforts." As the canvas affords us but a poor protection against the almost perpendicular rays of the sun, the soldiers have brought into camp, from the swamps and pine groves east of us, a quantity of boughs wherewith they have formed a tasty arbor around every tent. This scheme gives us the advantages of the forest's grateful shade, without the dangerous, death-bearing miasma said to be lurking in the luxuriant woods of the South. Walking up the "company" streets, you would see queer inscriptions placed by the light-hearted soldiers over their gayly decked tents. On one is, in flaming letters, "St. Nicholas' Hotel," on another, "Widow Flannegan's Boarding-House," then, "Washing done here." On another street we have "My own little home," "The wee drop," "Bowling saloon," "Our own tea and sugar store," etc. . . In fact, every company has its "boys," who have their own ideas, and their ways of expressing them.

The heat, since the return of dry weather, has become fearfully enervating. Officers, men, and even the horses and mules, are threatened with a total loss of energy. Still no pains are spared to keep everything and every one on a war footing. Generally the evening brings on great bustle and excitement in camp. No sooner has the last ray of the oppressive sun sunk into the refreshing waters of the gulf than a heavy weight seems to have been removed from our nervous system. For just then a cool invigorating breeze begins to blow landwards, from the salt water in which our island is bathed, and enliven the weary encampment. This

too is the moment assigned for the daily target practice for army and navy. As soon as the cool of the evening is felt, the fleet, fort and batteries belch forth shell and shot at their respective targets, to exercise the gunners in the use of those powerful instruments of death and destruction of which they are to become expert handlers. The enemy have selected the same hour for a similar exercise on their side of the bay. It is a terrific thunder storm, lasting usually one hour and a half. The whizzing of cannon balls, the screeching of shells, the roaring of mortars, give us an idea of what we may any day expect—the bombardment of the defences of Pensacola.

On the return of quiet, the boys, who, by this time, have shaken off the torpor produced by the day's heat, commence their fun, in the shape of all kinds of games and amusements. In one street you will find a band of minstrels; in another, a wandering troubadour; in another it is a cry of fire, and all the "machines" of New York are represented at the imaginary conflagration. In a fourth street you can hear the cabman crying out: "Want a carriage?" or the omnibus drivers calling out: "Ride up? Broadway and 14th street!" and so on; everything and anything to raise a laugh and thus break the tediousness of camp life. At other times, when, oppressed by the heat and parched by the salt food, we are wishing for a cooling drink, we hear tantalizing soldiers going up the street crying out: "Ice cream," "strawberries," or other well known words and expressions suggestive of very great gratifications impossible to be had here. In the morning, as soon as the little drummers have beaten *reveille*, we hear the lads crying out the morning papers, extras, latest news from the seat of war, etc. Yet we poor fellows receive no news from the seat of war. New York is the nearest port whence we can receive any reliable information about war or peace.

Col. Brown who has grown old in the army, and who, consequently, has been for a life-time accustomed to act and judge according to a strict interpretation of the "army regulations," finds it very difficult, it would appear, to get the volunteers to correct that careless, almost slovenly manner of walking, and presenting themselves before their superiors in age and dignity. Indeed this unhandiness in standing or walking or presenting oneself, so common amongst the youth of the country (if we judge of others by those lately enlisted), is really shocking to a military eye. Without having the remotest intention of showing the slightest mark of disrespect, the poor volunteers answer the questions of the commander of the department in the same tone, and

assume the same attitude they would take when conversing with any of those crowds so frequently met with on the street-corners in our large cities. Yet the "army regulations" are very explicit in saying that when a private speaks to an officer, or is addressed by an officer, he must "take the position of a soldier," i. e. a position which a well-bred man would assume when addressing a superior, and which will show his manly form to the best advantage.

Imagine a brave, patriotic, well-intentioned but green volunteer, approaching Col. Brown to ask a favor or make a complaint. He begins by nodding his head; he has his hands thrust into his pockets, he is leaning on one leg, he utters his first words: "Well, look here Colonel . . . !" Though perfectly harmless, this manner of presenting oneself before a superior officer is as much calculated to shock a man accustomed to military etiquette (real politeness), as the manners of Jack Tar, or those of his parrot, would shock pious nuns. The colonel widens his eyes, arranges and rearranges his spectacles, looks and looks again, to convince himself that the individual thus addressing him is wearing the uniform of a United States' soldier. After a struggle with himself, the venerable commander overcomes his emotion so far as to be able to say, even in a harsh tone: "Stand at attention! Come to attention!" Unconscious of having done anything wrong, the volunteer says: "Colonel, I'm all attention to anything you have to explain to me. I'm sure you will give me right."

"I tell you, take the position of a soldier."

"I give you my word, Colonel, we are just the boys that can take any position the Secesh now hold."

Col. Brown being a religious man does not curse or swear, but the scene just related puts his patience to a heroic test. He calls his orderly, whom he directs "to turn this man over to the adjutant to be instructed in the position of a soldier."

The poor volunteer, thinking he has given the colonel commanding a great idea of the courage, independence, etc. of the citizen soldier, cannot account for his present treatment. His indignation conjures up for him the idea that he has been decoyed into a "secession nest," and he persuades himself that he is a prisoner of war. "So this is what they mean by being a prisoner of war," he says to the orderly. The adjutant "turns him over" to the sergeant, the sergeant to a corporal, who puts the willing, brave, loyal volunteer through a series of "positions" that convince him

that he is not indeed among the "secessionists," but that the "regulars want to shame him, disgrace him, if not to kill him."

Returning to camp from Pickens, where I had been visiting a very sick soldier, I met Col. Brown just after passing through a scene like that described. "Chaplain," said he to me, "I am glad to meet you. You seem to have influence over these rough volunteers. Do insist on the observance of the 'army regulations;' I feel in a sinful mood. Return with me to the fort, I want to have a talk with you." Reaching his quarters, the commandant of the department, in a fit of military indignation, threw himself on his camp couch, and sent for Major Arnold and other executives whom he thus addressed: "So these are the kind of men with whose aid Congress hopes to put down the rebellion! I assure you, gentlemen, they do not know how to take the position of a soldier. And these are to constitute our army!" The adjutant ventured to say that they are excellent material, that they should be looked upon as recruits are regarded in the regular army. "Tut, tut," interrupted the colonel, "we want trained soldiers immediately. Congress, composed of men who never opened a military book, who have not the slightest idea of the 'army regulations,' who know nothing of the requisites of an army, legislate on a subject of whose definition they are ignorant. Unless military affairs are left in military hands, the country will be ruined." He concluded by enjoining on all to promote the study of the "army regulations."

Another very grievous sin against military regulations caught his eye as he rode out of the fort a short time ago towards our camp. He found a sentinel, instead of walking up and down at his post with his musket in some position from which he could instantly bring it to a "ready," seated quietly on the sand, and his gun thrown carelessly aside. How could he entrust the lives of his men to such guards? A cutting reprimand, in the shape of a special order to volunteers, officers and men, was the consequence. He informed the volunteers that a sentinel's duty is not only to let no enemy enter the camp but also to allow no one to leave camp. The commander of the department, wishing to ride outside the lines, was driving past the sentinel when he was "halted." "I am the commander of the department" said the colonel respectfully to him. "I don't care who you are; that's my order." O horror! the general had to wheel around at the bidding of a volunteer and return to the fort. Another scathing *miramur* was the consequence. Poor volunteers! with all their goodwill, they cannot do the thing

correctly. The zealous colonel commanding seems to forget that, when he first entered West Point, even he had to be taught many things the ignorance of which in volunteers so terribly shocks him to-day.

There is no prospect whatever of my being able to see a priest down here. There is a clergyman in Pensacola, but no communication is allowed between this and the other side. Flags of truce have been rejected, at least for the present. I have very little hope, therefore, of being able to see Rev. Mr. Coyle or Father Gache S. J., said to be chaplain in Bragg's army. Father Berthelet speaks of altar-breads having been sent to me. Please tell him I have not received them.

The government, mindful of our severe position, has sent us a cargo of ice. This supply will last us four months. Mass wine is becoming very scarce, and it is next to impossible for me to procure any here. Tortugas Island has nothing of this kind. It is purely a government post. It is an island sixty miles from the mainland, containing about fifteen acres, all occupied by fortifications. Here is Fort Jefferson, intended to be the greatest military depot in the world. No commerce; no other inhabitants than soldiers and their families are allowed on the island. In Havana everything could be procured with some trouble, but just now that place is reported sickly, and the authorities are strict in excluding all danger of yellow fever.

You may tell Father Berthelet or any of the fathers, that they need not send any more altar-breads. I have a contrivance in the fort whereby I can bake immense sheets of the thin bread, which are cut up into numbers and form to suit. Of course appearances are not all we could desire. The large ones for the altar are pressed between two hot flat-irons, and are therefore better baked and whiter and cleaner. We have to put up with many inconveniences, and we trust God will bear with our unhandy efforts.

Hoping that the horrors of war will soon be brought to a close, and requesting a fervent prayer for us all,

I remain yours, as ever, in Christ,

MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

## ST. INIGO'S.

May 23rd, 1888.

Dear Mr. K.,

Father John A. Conway, in writing to me from Austria last year, said he looked back to the mission he gave at St. Inigo's with Fr. Michael O'Kane as one of the most agreeable experiences of his life, and that he never felt so much like St. Paul, as he did preaching on the "end of man" in the Methodist church to some two hundred heretics. He did not mention the sail back by moonlight across the Patuxent's beautiful mouth—all of us lying out on deck and discussing the sermon. There is certainly a great deal of the romantic in our life down here. The variety is so great that the life is as new to me now, as when I first came eleven years ago. To a healthy man who loves "nature" it is a perpetual picnic. Father Vigilante used to say he would, at Woodstock, die of melancholy on account of the monotony of the scenery, "but here," he would add, "the river alone keeps me company with its changes from storm-lashed fury to glassy calm."

When I first went to St. George's and found myself in the middle of the woods, no house near, roads around all unknown, and lay down to sleep in the sacristy, the thought came, as I heard the wind of autumn roaring around the corner and the big owls hooting out in the woods, "Well, I wonder if I can't realize something of the feelings that the solitaries of old had on their first night in the desert." I was about as near to complete solitude as I could ever expect to be. Talk about pleasures of travel here! I started off to St. Nicholas', fifteen miles away. The ground was not frozen hard enough to support the horse, nor so soft as to let his feet sink into it, and yet, after the surface crust broke, the mud would be nearly knee-deep. It was hard enough for the horse to walk; but when he had to drag a buggy that was sunk in the mud with fifty pounds of muck on each wheel and one hundred and sixty pounds of flesh sitting in it, not to speak of "impedimenta"—well! I turned in to "Pug" Langley's about eight miles up on the bay, knowing that the ground would be frozen during the night. Langley lives on the bay-shore. He is an ex-novice, was educated at Georgetown and Worcester, and has trained three or four

men for the Society. His house is "home" to a Jesuit. The next morning, the tide was out and the smooth sand of the beach was like a plank floor. My horse's feet beat musically on this splendid track, while I had the grandest drive for some five miles that I ever had, and as good perhaps as anybody else ever had. It was very different from another ride on the same shore when the tide was high and the inrushing breakers would dash up under the horse and he'd stand on his hind legs to avoid them. It was also a favorable contrast to the terrible scramble along the beach in the dark when the water, oozing from the bank, had frozen and formed in slippery "turtle-backs." After "flopping down" several times, with danger to the wrists, we had to wade out into the thin ice of the salt water and lead the obstinate horse, who would insist on striving to mount the "turtle-backs."

The bay-shore cannot be relied on for travelling. Sheets of ice, several miles in extent, are swept by east winds, and form icebergs that block the road. It is a fine sight—the forming of these icebergs. The front edge of the floating ice-field breaks off as it strikes the shore. The new edge behind it comes on, breaks off, and jumps on top of the preceding edge. So, edge after edge slides up and piles on, till we have a small mountain. There's also another obstacle to travel on the bay-shore. Crossing the mouths of the creeks that are outlets of marshes, a horse at certain seasons, and at any season if directed unskilfully, may sink into mud over his head. I always cross those places trembling with anxiety; I came near losing my horse once that way, and know of horses having been drowned in the mouths of the "cricks."

Generally, we arrive at the churches in the afternoon, and at once the big bells, put up by Father Jas. Cotting all over the county, are rung. St. Nicholas' bell, called "St. James" after Fr. Cotting, weighs 1120 lbs. Somebody brings a basket with the priest's supper. There's great rivalry in this matter; each lady tries to outdo the others, in meats, oysters, soft crabs, preserves, cakes and other delicacies, which the priest has not time to think about, though he thanks the donors all the same. It is sad to think that so many of their elegantly prepared viands go untouched. But still it affords them a chance to show liberality in things in which they are able to show it, and makes us trust that if they were able they would also exhibit it in other more substantial ways. After the bell, there are a few confessions to hear; later, comes a quiet fellow who wants to see about getting married, or to ask a question, or to "get back into mah chiche."

You would enjoy sitting in the sacristy of St. Nicholas' at night, in a chair in which all the old fathers have sat, and Father Cotting's old pipes on a shelf with many "traps" left by preceding pastors. Father Derosey, a Recollect, was the first pastor. You set your alarm and go to sleep in the fine room built by Father Gubitosi. The rats, flying squirrels, etc. come into the church ceiling about 11, from foraging, but soon quiet down. The whippoorwills, and the darkies dancing in the distance, have a soothing, soporific effect. In the morning, the whippoorwills are at it again, and the noisy mocking bird, and the alarm clock. Up you get, and down you go to open the front door of the church.

People come very early to church. Young men ride on horseback, and, after going home for breakfast, return to the late Mass. Once you start hearing confessions you keep at it, every now and then stopping to give Communion to those you have heard, until 10 o'clock. Then you say Mass and give your talk.

The churches in the country are all too small. The music in our churches is very uncertain in more senses than one. Country choirs generally aim too high. Unless the music is made simple and easy, and the number of singers so large that the absence of half a dozen will not deprive you of all music, the choir cannot be permanent. I have reduced the thing to its "lowest terms" to secure a basis of permanence. Let all the people answer the responses of High Mass. Put the *Gloria* and *Credo* into verses and let all the people chant them to an easy pleasant melody; the *Kyrie*, *Sanctus* and *Agnus Dei* are easy enough. This is the foundation. All the fine, sentimental, "fancy," cultured singing can be put in at the Offertory, Communion, *Sanctus*, *Agnus Dei*, and at the end of Mass, or at Benediction, if you have it, after Mass. If you have no "fancy" singing, you can do without it, and still your regular devout and pleasant ordinary High Mass can go on. If there's difficulty in getting an organist, I have generally a supply of two or three who do not know a note, but can accompany well enough, and correctly, by the chart method. There are several colored people who can by this method accompany any time in any key. This is not a theory or an experiment, but a success. After Mass, come the babies to be baptized, graves to be blessed, people who want holy water, beads, "scaffols," "dem little hearts," others who wish Mass said for their intentions, or who have a question to ask, etc. Then the "Siety" or Sodality.

"Bruvver Gyardiner in de cheer. De fus fing is de roll call!"

"Biby Bankins!"
"Hyuh!"
"Grigly Statesman!"
"Hyuh!"
"Unker Jawn Fugson!"
"Hyuh!"
"Whay's Sias Mushit at?"
"Dunno! Spec he's mannanosin fuh dinner."
"Hilary Cutchember!"
"Hyeh I is, sah!"
"Mogrit Lizer Finnick!"
"Prezzn! Me's presn!"
"Mr. Butler have de flo."
"I move dat we all go to Holy Communion nex Sundy in full bigalia."
"Significate yo sent, gempmum, by sayin 'Aye'. Dem dats opposed by 'No'. De 'ayes' has it."

Father McAvoy was present at a meeting last summer and, no doubt, thought of the Lime Kiln Club. He gave them a very nice and strong speech, which they still speak about. The "darkies" at St. Nicholas' are a fine set; very religious, generally sober and docile. Negroes are naturally religious. I never met one an infidel. The author of "Fetichs and Fetich Worship" says the same. Brownson, reviewing Father Thebaud's book on "The Irish Race," says that their civilization is higher and purer than that of the other modern nations because derived from a more ancient patriarchal incorrupt source; they migrated early from Siberia and were kept from injurious association by the sea. I say the same of the negroes with proper allowance for their inferiority in intellect and the "livery of the sun." The author of "Fetichs etc." describes the religion of the African as far superior to that of Greece and Rome. They came early from Asia with the ancient patriarchal traditions which they have kept. The desert was their protecting barrier. If negroes are taken early and taught religion, I believe they will be as pure as, if not purer than white people. "You sometimes will meet a man who thinks himself a fool—such a man is hard to cheat," so said the great Josh Billings. The man who deals with negroes had better always consider himself a fool—before they make one of him. They have a cunning all peculiar to themselves, with no admixture of pride in it. They will allow you to consider them anything you like, so they carry their point with you and *rient les derniers*. Perhaps this is a rough generalization and has many exceptions.

In regard to gratitude, which is said to be so remarkable

a trait in the African, I have seen little or none of it. They will always take pay for every service from their best friend and greatest benefactor. Perhaps this is the result of their training as slaves—looking up to white people for everything as a matter of course. They see all sorts of good and fine things coming from white people and imagine that there's an unlimited supply—that there's a concealed heap of money that the white people have somewhere. After the meeting on Sunday, I go to the wharf sometimes, and Alfred Biscoe has his canoe with sails "bent" to take me to Solomon's Island. I pay him a quarter. He never gives anything to the church, and will call on me with the utmost *sang-froid* when he needs my services in the middle of winter at midnight, to travel twenty miles facing a storm. It is foolish to expect much from the negroes, for they are like children as yet. Some of them though are high-minded and liberal, and I suppose all would be, if properly trained and instructed.

Speaking of sailing, lately I had a sick call after Mass to Solomon's Island, and a young man named Pat Sullivan came for me. His sloop, said to be the swiftest in Chesapeake Bay, showed her good qualities. I took the helm and Pat and his man Price put on all her clothes, full Sunday rig, and she went like a bird. I was persuaded to stay on the island to give Easter Communion to about twenty. My horse was tied on the other shore, and I had to go back with Pat, who was waiting in the beautiful island harbor. Three miles across and three miles back! We took a splendid little boy along with us. The boys that live near the water know all about handling a boat, and understand all the orders given. Pat, with a big boy, Frank Goodwin, undertook to go in this sloop to Jacksonville, Florida, but got no further than Hatteras, on account of head-winds, and turned back. It was bold for two inexperienced young fellows to start out on the big ocean, but both of them are ready for anything.

While going over the river, Pat left the vessel to us and "went below," where I could hear him opening oysters. On our way back, he threw open his little cabin doors and, with the air of a Delmonico, gravely invited me to supper. Delmonico would not have been ashamed of the "spread." We said grace with wonderful solemnity, and, though there was another plate on his little yard-square table, he would not touch anything till he had filled me right to the brim. Then he magnanimously called down the boy and, with the gravity of the treating cowboy when he steps up to the bar with a friend and cries, "Pard, nominate yer pison," he gave the little fellow the freedom of the larder.

That evening I came across some very well educated and refined people from Baltimore, who had married islanders, and were living down there far away from church and priest. Father Pacciarini had a chapel on the island during the war, and I still have the candle-sticks he used. We could have had a church there a few years ago—at the time when Fr. Conway "felt like St. Paul"—if we had had $300. There are about fifty-three Catholics on the island. We hope to see a chapel there yet. They have a beautiful crucifix and candle-sticks, obtained through the influence of Fr. Hayes, and a fine vestment through Fr. H. L. Magevney. Father Southgate and I are supposed to "run" the island conjointly. He is a most edifying secular priest, very successful in spreading the League of the Sacred Heart, and obtaining subscribers to the MESSENGER.

Well, the next morning, having given all a chance to make their Easter and prepared old Mrs. Martin for death, I saw the steamboat coming around Pt. Patience, and ran for the wharf. Father Southgate, I was told on the boat, had got off at the last wharf above and was coming to let the islanders make their Easter. It is pleasant to land at Millstone; I know everybody, young and old, black and white, and an informal meeting with the people, in their every-day clothes and manners, is refreshing. You seem to come nearer to them in this way. We do not do so much good in the church as we would wish. In fact, some of the most experienced and sagacious missioners have told me: "We do only one half our work in the church." We do not know the people unless we see them at their homes. We see then many things that we would never have dreamed of, and only when we have seen all the family at home and been seen by them can we say, "cognosco oves meas." Look here! This is enough foolishness to inflict on a good man at one time. Farewell. Love to all.

P. NEALE, S. J.

# FR. FREDERICK HÜBNER.

## A SKETCH.

On the 10th of September, 1849, Fr. Frederick Hübner died at Milwaukee. He had preached two days before in old St. Mary's, at the instance of Father, now Archbishop Heiss. As soon as he had closed his eyes in death, Fr. Anthony Anderledy, who had attended him in his last moments, went out on the sidewalk, weeping as he went, and told the passers-by of the loss the city had just sustained. One who could compel sympathy like this, from such a man as we know our General to be, must have risen above the average even in the religious family; hence, we think that a sketch of his life will prove interesting and instructive to our readers. We make selections from a communication sent us by Fr. Hoecken, of St. Gall's Church, Milwaukee.

### I.

The following is a verbatim relation sent by Fr. Joset, S. J., from Spokane Falls, W. T. We insert it as it stands for fear of polishing the quaintness and simplicity out of it.

Father Fred. Hübner was born of Lutheran parents, and was brought up in strict Christian principles, as they understood them. Every Sunday he was to go to church and back home to give an account of the sermon. At the university, he lost his faith and became a materialist; still he had made solid studies. An uncle of his, a distinguished physician at Leipsig, introduced him into the practice. After the death of his uncle, he succeeded him to the best patients. He had sick calls in Bohemia, and noted the cheerful countenance of this people contrasting with what he saw at home. It was to him an insoluble problem. "My own countrymen", he said to himself, "are much better off; how is it, then, that the poor seem the happier?" He was certainly in good faith; his character would not allow a doubt of it. The Heavenly Father knew how to bring him to the fold. A friend of his, a married man, imagined that his wife was unfaithful, and upon that became a maniac.

He had to be watched closely; for, in his fits, he attempted to take his own life. On one of these occasions, somebody said to his little son: "Kneel down; pray for thy father." The child obeyed, recited the *Our Father*, and immediately the fit was over. This was repeated several times, always with the same success. Hübner seeing this, said to himself: "The sick man knows not what the child is doing, there is an invisible agent at work here. If there are spirits, there is a God; that God must be honored; there must be a divine religion; and only one, as there is but one God;—I must find out that religion." Protestantism, examined by him, gave no satisfaction. He fell in with a Catholic bishop, and was soon convinced. He made up his mind at once to move to a Catholic country.

When he told his friends of his determination to travel abroad, there was a great outcry. "What do you stand in need of here?" they said, "you have the best practice and plenty of money." "Practice does not satisfy me;" said he, "teaching might suit me better." So he went to Vienna and made his abjuration in the hands of the bishop. Still the practices of Catholics were hard to him. When he noticed that there was a church in any street, he went around by other streets to avoid it, so as not to have to take off his hat. Invocation of the saints was hard to him. · Once, being near a chapel of the Blessed Virgin, he said to himself: "I am a Catholic; I must honor the Mother of Christ; I shall go in for a few moments." The few moments lasted two hours, and all his difficulties vanished. He told the bishop, "I want to be a good Catholic; in the world I am too weak for it; I ought to be a religious."—"Very well," answered the bishop, "the abbot of such a monastery is my friend; I will give you a letter to him."

Hübner went to the monastery and was very well received; but the abbot said: "I am sorry; I have just received novices; every room is occupied and I have none for you." Hübner notified the bishop of this; whereupon His Lordship said: "Then you must be a Jesuit." "A Jesuit!" he exclaimed, "in becoming a Catholic, I meant to change for the bettter, not for worse."—"Yes," said the bishop, "you judge the Jesuits by your Protestant ideas" and explained to Hübner what Jesuits really were. When he heard and understood he had no difficulty; but at that time (1829) the only Jesuits in the Austrian empire were four old men in Gratz. To Gratz, therefore, he went, and was very well received. The poverty of these four old men was extreme; they had always a small bottle of wine on the table; but it was always the same wine. After having dined with the

fathers, he would go to a restaurant for another dinner. Anyhow he was willing to join them; but he was told that, being a foreigner, he could not be received without permission of the emperor. He returned to Vienna; had an audience, and exposed his case. The old Francis, then king, said something like this: "A Saxon! a convert! who wants to be a Jesuit! It is curious. . . . Well . . . No, I like my own subjects and do not want them to be mixed with foreigners." So Hübner had to look somewhere else.

He came to Switzerland. We were co-novices. A truer exhibition of the "age quod agis" I think I never saw. Whatever he was put to—"totus in hoc." Whether he had asked for it or not, he got something to help his meditations on the Passion. Once there was a boil inside of the palm of his hand; he bore it in silence for five sleepless nights. While studying rhetoric in Brigg, he would thus encourage others: "Let us apply ourselves; Germany is in great need of good preachers." Studying theology privately, he would have ruined his health had not the superiors shortened his time. Procurator of the poor college of Brigg, he soon put it on a very good footing. There was a farm eaten away to the rock by the Rhone; he made a dam to throw the river away; people laughed at him, thinking that the first high water would wash away the dam; but the contrary happened; the dam stood, and a good piece of ground was restored to the farm, on which he planted fruit trees; then he pushed the dam further out and gained more ground. The owner of the opposite bank, who used to gain what we were losing, lodged complaints; but the judge told him, "You make a dam too." In the autumn he used to take along some stout mountaineers, climb the Alps, and come back loaded with valuable medical plants; he kept what he needed for his own pharmacy, at that time the only one in that part of the country, and sent the balance to Geneva in exchange for other drugs. In one word, when he was procurator, he was "totus in hoc."

The government had such an idea of him, that they consulted him on several matters. They sent him a diploma as *Sous-inspecteur des Ponts et Chaussées*. I left him in 1843, and only know that, some years later, he came to America. That his motto was there again, "Age quod agis," I doubt not. I heard that, when dying in Milwaukee, he said: "I have prayed to die somewhere unknown, and see, I die in the midst of brethren."

## II.

Besides this narrative of Fr. Joset, Fr. Hoecken has sent us two sketches in Latin from Fr. Weber of St. Paul's and Fr. Leiter of Buffalo, friends and intimates of Fr. Hübner. We should be glad to reproduce them in full; but they go over much of the ground that Fr. Joset has preoccupied. We shall, however, take advantage of some of the details which they furnish to complete the notice ourselves.

So soon as Fr. Hübner had made up his mind to enter the Society, he went to Rome and was received by Fr. Roothaan. His promotion in Switzerland was only a matter of time, and he was coming to that prominence which seemed his by natural right, when the revolutionary wars of '47, '48 and '49 swept over Europe and spoiled more plans than one. The revolution, as the world knows, was a fierce endeavor to establish a universal republic, and somehow the Jesuits were thought to be reared up to the monarchical idea; so, they had to be set aside. Many of our fathers, Italians mostly, went to Malta; others to England; others to the United States. There are a number at present, in both the eastern and western provinces, who came here under stress of the revolution, and, for men who were held to be violent royalists, they have settled down nicely to be peaceful republicans.

Among these exiles was Fr. Hübner. He went to St. Louis, and, for a year and a half, labored at St. Charles', St. Peter's and Portage. In the summer of '49, he was ordered to Milwaukee. There he was to work, in conjunction with Fr. Anderledy and a certain Fr. Brunner, for a double object: the interests of some of our fathers who had been driven from the German Province, and the establishment of a school that would in time create a want for a college.

Marquette College was therefore in its seed-life thirty-eight years ago, and much of what it is realizing now was dreamt of by him who cast the seed. Not long after his arrival in Milwaukee, he was stricken down by his last sickness. When his brethren were weeping at his bedside he said to them: "Why are you crying for me? Believe me, I desire nothing more than to die."

He had done his work as he had understood it and he fell asleep with the consciousness of a day well spent.

# THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

## MEMOIRS OF FR. GREGORY MENGARINI.

Now when I am old, and life's shortening steps hurry me towards the tomb, I am asked to stop awhile and tell the story of the birth, infancy and premature death of the earliest of the Rocky Mountain missions. This labor, for such it is to me, is a labor of love; and my heart is overjoyed that its last feeble throbbings may thus be consecrated to the same sacred cause to which it consecrated the strength of its prime. But memory is no longer for me the placid stream preserving ever a calm and even flow; it is rather a mountain torrent, now full to overflowing and now completely dry, and, even in its fulness, broken by many a rock and rapid. I shall therefore tell things plainly and simply as they now come back to me, and should any one think that I narrate events too minute and unimportant, let him remember that they are to be valued, not by their real worth, but by the interest which they have for the heart of an old man.

In the year 1839, a letter from Bishop Rosati of St. Louis, Missouri, reached Fr. General Roothaan. It was the voice of a sorrow-laden heart echoing the cry of the divine Master: "Messis quidem multa, operarii autem pauci." The children of the western wilds of America had come to his door begging for some one to break to them the bread of salvation and he had no one to give them. He promised, however, to make every effort to satisfy their desire, and, turning his eyes towards Rome, he appealed for aid to Very Rev. Fr. General.

I was at that time a student of theology in the Roman College, and when I heard the appeal publicly read in the refectory, I was deeply moved. It seemed to me a manifestation of God's will in my regard. I thought the matter over, asked light from above, offered myself, and was accepted. I was told to hasten my examination, and, having passed it in January, I was made priest in March.

I longed, indeed, ready as I now was for work, to reach the scene of my labors; but the broad Atlantic rolled between me and the far-off shores of America, and another Atlantic could have rolled between those same shores and

the wigwams of those whom I was called to evangelize. Three busy months of labor and trial were to glide by before I should even leave Rome. Fr. Cotting had meanwhile applied for the same mission and had been accepted; so, together, on the feast of St. Aloysius, 1840, bearing with us the kind wishes of friends and the blessing of Fr. General, we started for Leghorn. But here delay awaited us, and it was only on July 23rd that our vessel, the *Oriole*, weighed anchor for Philadelphia.

Nine days on the Mediterranean, and the *Oriole* was breaking the surges of the ocean. From the moment that we had set foot on the vessel, my health had improved and Fr. Cotting's had ceased to be good. Seasickness, in its most troublesome form, was his portion up to the time when we entered American waters; and so violent was his attack that spitting of blood was of daily occurrence. Nor were his sufferings limited to the three weeks allotted in those days to a trip to America. A storm arose. Our vessel was driven from its course, and the three weeks became eventually eight.

The storm passed, but danger still haunted us. The sails, though lashed tightly to the spars, had, during the tempest, been rent to tatters. Old sails were called into requisition, and the ship, under full sail, strove to regain the distance which it had lost. The wind, however, was still blowing a gale, and our vessel rolled violently from side to side. The danger of upsetting was far from being imaginary; for, when the captain was called from his cabin, he immediately ordered sail to be shortened. Our perils were over for the present but new ones were in store for us. Provisions grew scarce and we were in mid-ocean. But God watched over us, and in the height of our distress, we sighted a sail. We signalled to it and were answered. We approached nearer, lowered a boat, made known our necessities, and were generously assisted. But the length of the voyage exhausted even those supplies, and again we were in need. On two occasions we hailed a passing vessel but could be spared nothing. A few inches of dried sausage had already become our daily allowance, and continued to be so until our voyage was ended.

Once, while we were in want, a shark was caught; and the cook, having taken some slices from it, prepared them nicely, and served them up at table. They tasted well to the hungry palate; but the captain, ordering shark cooked and uncooked to be cast into the sea, exclaimed with horror: "Do you not know that those who eat of the flesh of a shark shall be eaten up by sharks?" Indeed we did not

know that any such penalty had been decreed against shark-eaters, but what we did know was that we were hungry. On another occasion a dolphin was captured, but its flesh was tough and tasteless; and though we strove to eat it, it proved, even in death, a formidable foe to sharp teeth and sharper appetites.

One morning, however, when the ocean was calm and tranquil, we saw scattered here and there upon its bosom dark floating objects. They were sea-tortoises asleep. A boat was lowered and the captain and four seamen were soon noiselessly approaching one of the peaceful slumberers. With a dexterous movement, the captain turned it on its back, and while it clawed the air and wondered what had disturbed its dreams, it was tied and transferred from the water to the boat. A fellow-sleeper was captured in like manner, but their comrades, taking alarm, disappeared in the depths of the ocean. The captives were bewildered by what had happened, and quietly allowed themselves to be taken on board the vessel. The smaller was soon converted into excellent soup; the larger was preserved alive until we reached Philadelphia.

Wearied by our long voyage, we landed at last in the "City of Brotherly Love;" but vain was our hope that our sufferings were over, for we found that the circumstances of our house there were such that but little relief could be afforded us. Hence, two or three days after our arrival, we took the train for Baltimore. It was afternoon when we started, and evening darkened into night, and yet we were speeding onward. Late at night the train slackened its speed and stopped. Our fellow-passengers rose from their seats and went out, but why they went or whither, we did not know. We looked out into the darkness but could see no sign of a city. Nevertheless, we left the train, and to our astonishment saw those that had left us so suddenly, seated at tables and eating. "Come," said I to Fr. Cotting, "let us follow their example." "It is all a speculation," said he, and hesitated. We were indeed hungry, but knew not what to do. While thus in doubt, a noise was heard; all hastily left the place and seemed to vanish in the darkness; the lights were quickly extinguished and we remained alone. To say that we were bewildered is to express the matter mildly. All that we could see were some lights receding in the distance. Just before the lights were put out, we saw a lady and gentleman walking near us. Neither Fr. Cotting nor myself knew any English, so I addressed the gentleman by "*Parlez-vous Français?*" He turned inquiringly to the lady, and she answering "*Pas beaucoup,*" both passed on.

Nothing remained but to raise our hearts in a fervent *Angele Dei*, and this appeal was answered. Suddenly we heard a noise of shouting; the lights which had been going farther and farther, seemed now to be coming nearer and nearer, until, in a few moments, a man rushed up to us and, saying something unintelligible, almost dragged us after him. We soon found ourselves dazzled by light and comfortably seated; but we felt so mortified that, for a long time, we dared not lift our eyes. It had been necessary, it seems, to cross a river and change cars; nobody, however, informed us about it, and, but for the help of our guardian angels, God alone knows what would have befallen us.

We had been standing on a pier, with a river flowing at our feet, and we were so bewildered that we did not dare stir, and so dark was it that we were unable to see objects a few feet distant. We reached Baltimore at midnight, were taken in charge by the runner of a first-class hotel, where we had to spend almost all of the little money that we had, and next day, after exhausting five languages in vainly trying to make ourselves understood by the hotel people, a Canadian was found who directed us to Georgetown.

Here, in our warm reception, we forgot the troubles and trials of the past weeks. Four days of rest, and we were again on our way towards St. Louis, but this time under the guidance of Fr. Larkin and a young companion, who were bound for the same place. We travelled by boat, and were about a month in making the journey. My ideas about America were at this time somewhat strange, and the first thing that met my gaze upon landing at St. Louis was certainly not calculated to destroy preconceived notions.

We had scarcely left the boat when our attention was attracted by two negroes in warm dispute. One was a young man, the other was well advanced in life. From words they came to blows, but blows given in a manner quite new to me. Each, ram-like, lowered his head and dashed wildly at the other, and, had not Dame Nature given each an extra coating of skull, results might have been serious.

When we reached St. Louis we found our college far outside the city; but, in the course of a few months, a single street, lined by a double row of houses, connected it with the city. Here we awaited the return of Fr. De Smet from Ft. Maragnon or Union, whither he had gone to meet a deputation of Flatheads. He returned with glowing accounts of his reception, and, having made a trip to Louisiana to obtain the things necessary for starting the mission, we were ready on April 24th to begin our journey. There were

six of us in the party, Frs. De Smet, Point and myself, Brs. Specht, Huett and Classens; of these, Br. Classens and myself are the sole survivors. Fr. Cotting, much to his regret, was detained in St. Louis, and we set our faces towards the wilderness.

We travelled by boat to Westport. One day I saw smoke breaking through the top of the steamer. I called out: "Fire! Fire!" Presently some of the hands rushed out, looked upward, and then disappeared. Seeing that they did not return, I followed them and found them engaged in extinguishing a fire that had broken out in the engine-room. "There is fire above also," said I. Having put out the fire below they hastened up and found that some hemp and cordage had taken fire under our wagons. Meanwhile, the steersman had been heading for the shore, but before we reached it, both fires were out. Another steamer had started from St. Louis at the same time as our own, and during our confusion had made considerable headway. Still, in endeavoring to avoid the current, it had gone too near the shore and, having run aground, it lost half a day in getting clear again.

Accidents will happen; but God permits them for his own wise purposes. There were on that steamer two negroes who, a few days before our departure from St. Louis, had committed a horrible murder. The police had been searching for them, and learned, after the departure of the steamer, that they were on board. Two men were instantly despatched on horseback to Westport with orders to arrest the murderers, and were making all speed, though with little hope of success. Had not the boat run ashore they would have been too late; as it was they arrived three quarters of an hour before the men, seized them upon landing, and took them back to St. Louis. The culprits were tried and hanged, embracing in their last moments the one true faith.

At Westport, our journey by land began. Forty-five years ago! It seems a long time now to look back through the dim vista of nearly half a century, and glance again at our little caravan when it first started to cross the plains. Fr. De Smet had engaged the services of a captain for the party, a man named Fitzpatrick, as well as those of an Iroquois hunter named John Grey, besides those of six Canadian mule-drivers. An Englishman named Roman accompanied us. Seeing that we were well provided with guides, several German and American families started at the same time and followed in our tracks. They were all Protestants, and sought, what many of them found, affluence on our western shores. There was a minister among them, who,

to follow exactly the precepts of the Gospel and bear the good tidings to the heathen Indians, had abandoned his wife in one of the eastern cities.

We had already been several days on our journey and had reached the Kansas River, when, casting our eyes towards it, we saw a water-spout twirling swiftly along its surface. Presently the trees on the river-bank swayed violently from side to side, numbers of them were torn from their roots, and a great mist, spreading rapidly over the river, discharged itself in a fall of hail. We dismounted until the shower was over, and then started forward again on our weary march. We had not gone far when Fr. Point saw, partially embedded in the soil, something that seemed to be a beautiful piece of quartz, oval in shape and about the size of a goose-egg. He hastened to pick it up, and found to his and our astonishment that it was a hail-stone.

If, in our times, when a railroad spans the plains, and when a traveller is whirled over them at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour, he feels little pleasure in the transit, much less could he expect to find pleasure when an hour's journey was lengthened out into that of twenty-four. We, however, had not come as tourists for pleasure, but as envoys of the cross; and hence we strove first to practise what we were afterwards to preach.

So the sun rose and the sun set, and the end of our journey was still over a thousand miles away. Sometimes John Grey would say to me in the morning, "Father, do you see that speck in the distance? To-day we must reach there."—"Then our day's travel will be short," I would answer. "We shall see," he would say laughingly. And the hours of the morning would pass, and we would be already journeying long under a scorching afternoon's sun before that speck would assume appreciable magnitude and distinctness of form; and the last rays of the setting sun would often show us, still some miles distant, the welcome grove where we were to find water and rest.

At night we kept guard by turns, Fr. Point and myself among the number; the only exceptions made being in favor of Capt. Fitzpatrick and Fr. De Smet. One morning, about an hour after sunrise, the discharge of a gun startled us. The report was followed by the prolonged moaning of one in pain. All hastened to the spot whence the cries proceeded, and, weltering in his blood, we found an American named Shotwell. The poor fellow had incautiously taken his gun by the muzzle to draw it from his wagon, the piece was accidently discharged, the bullet pierced his liver, and in two hours he was dead. We could offer him no consolation, for

we found him insensible, and he remained in that condition until death put an end to his agony. We buried him there on the prairies and mournfully continued our way westward.

Sometimes we fell in with bands of Sioux and Cheyennes, but though importunate in asking us for various articles, they did us no harm. To lose the road and be in want of water had become such an ordinary matter as to be daily expected. But why speak of road when no such thing existed? Plains on all sides! Plains at morning; plains at noon; plains at night! And this, day after day! The want of water was sometimes so great that we were forced to boil putrid yellow water, which we found collected in some hollow, and strive to quell the pangs of thirst at the price of others equally great. But while water was scarce, game was often abundant. Prairie-cocks, prairie-hens, prairie-chickens, antelopes, supplied us with food. At times we saw the distant hills covered with what seemed to be clumps of stunted trees, but if even a gentle wind happened to blow towards that quarter, the trees would move up the sides of the hills and disappear; they were immense herds of buffaloes. Sometimes we fell in with a village of prairie-dogs, and once with a village of rattlesnakes. This latter we declined to enter, and prudently passed around it. I had begun to shoot the snakes as they rose hissing from the grass, but, seeing from the multitude of heads that I was wasting my powder, I soon desisted.

Thus time wore on until, upon reaching Rock Independence, it became necessary for us to cross the Platte River. It was about a mile wide, full of islands, and had a strong current. John Grey went in search of a ford and came back saying that he had found one. He immediately started ahead, and the wagoners began to follow. But, as people generally do, some thought that they could find a better way for themselves and so scattered after entering the river, thus leaving it uncertain, for those that came last, what way the guide had taken. A wagon had just entered the stream when I reached the bank, and I determined to follow it. All went well for some time, and we were nearing the other bank when suddenly I beheld the wagon upset, and at the same moment, I felt the earth slipping from beneath my horse's feet. I clung to the neck of the animal, if not gracefully, at least firmly; for, as I could not swim, I held on to life the more vigorously. The current was strong, but my horse was a good swimmer and in a few minutes both of us were landed on the bank. I turned to look at the wagon and saw it abandoned and floating down the stream. No lives were lost, but a man whom we called "The Major" had been in

imminent danger. I retired quite a distance from the others, hung up my clothes to dry and, comfortable once more, I betook myself to camp.

Slowly we toiled on while May, June and July scorched our pathway. At length, separation from the emigrants became necessary; they took the road towards Oregon and California, we kept more to the northward and pushed on towards Fort Hall.

We reached our destination on the feast of the Assumption and found some twenty Flatheads awaiting our arrival. Our provisions had been already exhausted and we had expected to replenish our stores at the fort. In this we were disappointed; for the commander, though very kind and obliging, could spare us only two bags of toro at one dollar a bag. Toro, a luxury not sold in civilized markets, is a mixture of buffalo meat, grease and berries; and though this was our first experience of it, it was far from unpleasant. But two bags could not last long, especially as the Indians were our guests and we were supposed to observe the rules of hospitality. However, when the end came and we had no more, we politely informed them of the fact, and notwithstanding that we had already faced hunger so often, we found its visage as ugly as ever. François Saxà, however, with Indian ingenuity, soon rid us of our unwelcome visitor. Fort Hall is on a branch of the Snake River. Taking a line and unbaited hook, he went to a hole in the river, threw in his line and began to twitch it from side to side. The hole must have been swarming with fish; for, in a short time, he had landed such a number, some caught by the fins, some by the tail, some by the belly, that all danger of starvation was quickly dispelled.

Snow had already fallen to the depth of four inches, when, in company with the Flatheads, we began, on Sept. 9th, the last stage of our long journey. Several days passed without any event of importance, when, all at once, we saw our Indians hastening down from the mountains and making signs that enemies were at hand. Soon we saw warriors galloping towards us, until about fifty Bannacks, armed with poisoned arrows, were drawn up at a short distance. At the first intimation of danger, our captain had ordered the wagons to be drawn up in a circle, and had seen that each man was at his post. None of the Indians of our party advanced to meet the Bannacks, for they had been engaged in a fight with them the previous year; neither did any of their party come over to us. Our captain advanced a little and told them by signs that we were Blackrobes, that we spoke to the Great Spirit, and that we were peaceable. They sat

there with countenances perfectly impassive and answered neither by word nor by sign. I had put on my cassock and had persuaded Fr. De Smet to do the same; and when the Canadians asked me where my gun was, I pointed to my reliquary.

As evening approached, our visitors drew off and camped at a short distance. When we arose in the morning, they were already up; and when we started, they followed. This they did on that and the next day also, never attempting to harm us, yet always close behind us. When the morning of the fourth day dawned, we arose expecting a repetition of the programme of the preceding days, but the Bannacks were nowhere to be seen. They had decamped in the night and we never saw them again.

Thus journeying we arrived at Hell Gate. If the road to the infernal regions were as uninviting as that to its earthly namesake, few I think would care to travel it. The trail, for it was nothing more, ran along the sides of steep mountains; so steep, in fact, that oftentimes it was only by attaching ropes to different parts of the wagons, and asking our Indians to help us, that we could keep the wagons upright; at other times we had to climb the mountains, and, unhitching the mules, to drag the wagons by ropes. At last, all difficulties happily overcome, we decided after two days' search, to settle on the St. Mary's River, about twenty-five miles from Hell Gate.

Our five months' journey was ended that the toil of a missionary life might begin. We pitched our tents and waited for our future flock to gather around us. Messengers were sent to call them; and meanwhile provisions grew scanty. Only a little *pecheleuse* remained in the bottom of the bag, and the brother came asking what he was to do. "Cook what you have," said I, "God will provide." The brother obeyed and his obedience was rewarded. That very afternoon the Indians began to arrive, each with his load of buffalo meat, and abundance was now our portion. "Did I not tell you," said I, "that God would provide?"

We soon set to work to erect a log-cabin and a church, and built around them a sort of fort protected by bastions. The earth was already frozen and the trench for the foundations had to be cut with axes. Trees had to be felled and trimmed in the neighboring forest, and hauled to the place destined for the buildings. The Indians were not inclined to lend a helping hand, and we needed their assistance. "Example is better than precept," thought I, and seizing an axe, I began to work. Some half-breeds would have deterred me by telling me that thus I would lose authority

with the Indians. I let my advisers talk and worked away. Soon a chief, throwing down his buffalo-robe, stepped forward, asked for an axe and joined me in my labor. The young men hastened to follow him, and our house progressed beyond expectation.

Let not my readers, accustomed to grander buildings, sneer at the first church and missionary residence among the Rocky Mountains. The walls were of logs interlacing one another, the cracks being filled with clay. The partitions between the rooms were of deer-skin. The roof was of saplings covered with straw and earth. The windows were 2 x 1, and deer-skin with the hair scraped off supplied the place of glass. Small as these windows were, the cold of winter crept in through them so persistently that we found them abundantly large.

I scarcely dare attempt to describe the cold; for, even now when I think of it, a chill comes over me, so vivid is the impression upon me. At night we rolled ourselves in several blankets, and then in a buffalo-robe; yet in the morning we awoke to find robe and blankets frozen into one piece. We crept out of our frozen shell and set it before the fire to thaw; and this we did daily throughout the long months of winter. Mr. McArthur, clerk of the Hudson Bay Company, asked for two or three pairs of blankets more. The request astonished me, for I had already given him quite a supply. He explained to me that it was colder in-doors than out. "For," said he, "outside, a dew falls by night, and when the dew freezes it forms a coating impervious to the cold; but nothing of the kind happens inside." Though not lacking confidence in his out-door theory I never cared to test it. Shortly after the house was finished, a little incident occurred which will give some idea of the intensity of the cold inside our dwelling. I had filled a pan with water and placed it on the floor under my bed. It was not yet sunset when suddenly I heard a crackling noise, proceeding from the direction of the pan; I went to examine matters and found the water converted into one solid cake of ice, which, rising into a kind of hemisphere, was splitting into four parts. To say Mass was impossible except by keeping a fire upon the altar; for otherwise the water and wine would freeze. The loss of hands and feet from the severity of winter was a common thing not only in the beginning of the mission but also afterwards.

We were no sooner settled than Fr. De Smet, together with some Indians who knew a little French, began translating our prayers into Flathead. If all translations are doomed to lose either in exactness or in elegance, no one

will be astonished to learn that this first translation lost in both. Hearing François saying one day, "Lord, if you like, take my heart and my soul," I asked him whether he understood the meaning of the words. "Of course;" replied he, "nothing is plainer."—"And what is the meaning?" said I. "Well," answered he, "if God likes to take my heart, let him do so; If he doesn't, well, let him leave it alone." Thus, as we became better acquainted with Flathead, we found a new translation necessary, in order that Christian ideas might be presented in a form better adapted to Indian intellects. We no longer said, "Please, Lord, take," or "Be pleased, O Lord, to take,"—a form which to the Flathead was equivalent to "If you like, O Lord, take," but we used the simple imperative, "Take, O Lord," and they understood us. In fact, this prayer, so beautiful in every language, is especially so in Flathead. For this imperative form strictly enforces acceptance and admits of no refusal. When an Indian says "Take," the thing *must* be taken; and if he says "Take," he means to give. Hence, when the Flatheads offered their hearts, they really made the offering, and felt convinced that our Lord would not violate the most sacred rule of Indian etiquette by refusing the gift.

Thus were the material and the spiritual temple of the Divine Master daily progressing among them. Two things opposed the rearing of the second: polygamy and medicine. Multiplicity of wives, though almost universal in the tribe at the time of our arrival, was not a primitive institution among them, but a custom of recent introduction. When Clark was returning from his first expedition across the Rocky Mountains, he prevailed upon several Nez Percés Indians to accompany him and see with their own eyes the wonders of which he had told them. Among these Indians was one who was made a chief. Several years elapsed, and the Nez Percé returned to his tribe. His people gathered around him to listen to his story, and learned, among other things, that it was a doctrine of the whites that no man could be saved unless he had more than one wife. The Flatheads believed his words and began, each according to his wealth, to take wives. But there was one, an angel in human flesh, who was true to the nobler instincts of nature and the dictates of reason. This was Peter, the Grand Chief. Though urged to polygamy by the example of others, he always remained faithful to his first wife, and would think of no other. Admirable soul, to save whom Divine Providence had brought us thousands of miles! Already ninety years old, but with his mental faculties unimpaired, Peter had long desired to be a Christian. He had heard of our

religion from some Hurons, improperly called Iroquois in histories relating to the Rocky Mountains, and was among the most earnest in requesting the coming of the Black-robes.

The Hurons, or Iroquois as we shall call them conforming ourselves to received custom, had come from Canada as servants of the Hudson Bay Company, and, remarking the fidelity of Flathead women to their husbands, had settled with the Flathead tribe but with no other. Staunch Catholics themselves, they stirred up a desire in their new friends to embrace the faith which they themselves professed. The nearest place, however, at which a missionary could be had, was St. Louis, over a thousand miles away, and the intervening country was overrun by hostile tribes. A journey to St. Louis was enough to appall even a stout heart, yet several Hurons were found ready to risk their lives for the spiritual welfare of their adopted people. They set out and journeyed on for some time, but their destination was still in the remote distance, when, terrified by the dangers surrounding them on all sides, they abandoned the project and retraced their steps. A second party of Hurons was, however, found to engage in the enterprise, and, under the leadership of Big Ignace, penetrated even to the country of the Sioux; but, in endeavoring to cross it, they were discovered and all perished. Undismayed by the ill-success of the two former bands, a third was formed, and, under the direction of Little Ignace, happily reached St. Louis; but their difficulties and hardships were almost too much for human endurance and all except Little Ignace sickened and died.

This was the appeal of the Flatheads which had inspired Bishop Rosati's letter to Very Rev. Fr. General, and it was in answer to this appeal that we had come to the Rocky Mountains. His Lordship promised to do all in his power, and the brave Iroquois, now alone, started on his homeward journey. The joyous tidings of which he was bearer buoyed him up, and, though his horse gave out under him and dangers beset him on every side, he reached his tribe in safety. All had a warm welcome for him, but none a warmer one than the aged Peter. Months of expectation followed; then came the interview with Fr. De Smet at Fort Union, the baptism of Peter and some of the oldest warriors, lest death should snatch them away before the founding of the mission, the departure of Fr. De Smet for St. Louis, and his return with ourselves as missionaries.

(*To be continued.*)

# THE JESUITS' ESTATES IN CANADA.

"I am happy to inform you that the question of the Jesuits' Estates, which has been so long pending between the religious and civil authorities, and which has caused so much uneasiness in this country, will soon be decided favorably and to the satisfaction of all who are interested, and that my Government hopes, during this session, to submit a settlement in this connection for your approval. The obstacles which prevented the sale of the site of the old college of the Jesuits in this city have been removed, the principle of restitution in kind has been abandoned by the interested parties, and all that remains to be done is to determine the amount of the compensation granted. On the occasion of the settlement of this delicate question, certain Protestant educational institutions will receive a fair allowance, proportionate to the numerical importance of the minority in this Province."

Thus spoke His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Canada in his address from the throne at the opening of the last session of the legislature. The proposed settlement was brought about by a bill introduced by the Hon. Honoré Mercier, Premier of the Province of Quebec. The bill, as presented, recalls the confiscation of the Jesuits' estates by the imperial authorities, under the reign of George II, and the transfer of the same at a later date to the authorities of the former Province of Canada. It recounts the numerous appeals made to the civil authorities respecting these estates since 1799. It discloses the interesting correspondence, beginning Feb. 17th 1888, between the Hon. Honoré Mercier, the Holy See, and Fr. A. D. Turgeon, Procurator of the Jesuits in Montreal.

The government, in consenting to treat with Fr. Turgeon as representative of the Jesuits in Canada, wishes it understood from the start "that it does not recognize any civil obligation, but simply a moral obligation in the matter; that there cannot be a question of restitution in kind, as this has been abandoned by those concerned, but only a compensation in money . . . . ; that the amount fixed as compensation be exclusively expended in the province ; that any agreement made between the government and the Jes-

uit fathers will be binding only in so far as it shall have been ratified by the Pope and the legislature of the province; etc."

These terms were accepted by Fr. Turgeon, and, in consequence, he was invited to submit to the government, in writing, his claim for a "reasonable and moderate compensation." Fr. Turgeon's reply to this invitation is a modest appeal for only one half of a single property—conceding twenty others. "I ask," he says, "from the Government of the Province of Quebec, one half of the actual value of only one of the properties which our fathers bought with their own money, the one in Montreal, that is to say $990,009,00." He then suggests that, as soon as a settlement is arrived at, it may be possible, outside of the compensation allowed, to grant also a lot of land which would be a "monument to commemorate the eminently Catholic and conservative act" about to be performed.

This last suggestion was favorably acted on by the government, granting to the fathers the common of Laprairie. But in answer to the main request for compensation, the council answered as follows: "Seeing the difficulties surrounding the question, and the situation of the province, we are obliged with regret to say to you that we cannot offer more than $400,000.00. To arrive at this figure, we do not take as a basis the intrinsic value of the property, as the religious authorities long ago abandoned the claim for a restitution in kind, and invariably limited their claim to an indemnity. The amount of this indemnity was even indicated by the religious authorities of this country, at Rome, which authorities on several occasions declared themselves willing to accept $400,000,00. It is therefore impossible for us to exceed that sum." This offer, small as it was, considering that the property known as the Jesuits' Estates was worth over two million dollars, was accepted by Fr. Turgeon.

After presenting at length all the correspondence that brought this settlement about, the bill goes on to ratify the agreement, and to authorize the Lieut. Governor to carry it out.

So the matter now rests. The government feels that it has done its part "to put an end to the uneasiness which existed in the province in connection with the question of the Jesuits' estates." Meanwhile, our fathers are awaiting the decision of the Holy See as to the disposal of the compensation granted.

# Catalogus Sociorum
# Missionis
# AMERICÆ FŒDERATÆ
# SOCIETATIS JESU
Ineunte Anno 1810.

R. P.

## CAROLUS NEALE
SUPERIOR MISSIONIS

A DIE 9 DEC., 1808

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## IN DISTRICTU COLUMBIÆ
### COLLEGIUM GEORGIOPOLITANUM

P. Franciscus Neale, *V. Rector, Mag. nov., Proc. Miss., Rect. eccles. SS. Trinit., Excurr. ad Alexandriam*
P. Enoch Fenwick, *Min. Oper., Conf. et conc. in T., Excurr. ad Alexandriam*
P. Petrus Epinette, *Soc. mag. nov., Doc. theol.*

MAGISTRI

Adamus Marshall, *Aud. theol.*
Carolus Bowling
Gulielmus Queen
*Doc. catech. in T.*

COADJUTORES

Gualterus Barron, *Ad dom.*
Joannes McElroy, *Empt., Adj. proc. miss.*
Laurentius Lynch, *Ad dom.*
Patritius McLaughlin, *Ad dom.*

NOVITII SCHOLASTICI

P. Gulielmus Matthews *a die 17 Martii 1809, Rect. eccl. S. Patrici Washington.*
Ignatius Clarke *a die 1 Oct.* "
Josephus Clarke " " "
Simon Gartland " " "
Franciscus Hopkins " *28 Dec.* "

NOVITII COADJUTORES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Petrus Kiernan | *a die 7 Jul.* | *1808* |
| Christophorus O'Hare, | " *11* " | " |
| Christianus Simmering | " *20 Dec.* | " |
| Bartholomæus Redmond | " *1 Oct.* | *1809* |
| Gulielmus Mullen | " " | " |
| Gulielmus Byrne | " *28 Dec.* | " |
| Gulielmus McDevitt | " " | " |
| Ricardus O'Hare | " " | " |
| Ricardus Robinson | " " | " |
| Joannes Britt | " *1 Jan.* | *1810* |

## IN STATU NEO-EBORACENSI

### RESIDENTIA AD S. PETRI

et Collegium Inchoatum

New York Literary Institution

P. Antonius Kohlmann, *Sup., Vic. Gen. diœces., Rect. eccles., Conf. et conc. in T.*

P. Benedictus J. Fenwick, *Adj. rect. eccles., Oper., Conf. et conc. in T.*

MAGISTRI

Jacobus Ord

Michael White, *Doc. ling lat., græc., angl.*

Jacobus Redmond

Jacobus Wallace, *Doc. mathes.*
*Doc. catech. in T.*

## IN STATU MARYLANDIÆ

### RESIDENTIA AD S. THOMÆ

R. P. CAROLUS NEALE, *Superior Missionis, Dirig. Moniales Montis Carmeli*

P. Joannes Henry, *Oper., Excurr.*

### RESIDENTIA AD S. IGNATII

P. Carolus Wouters, *Oper.*

Josephus Mobberly, *Coadj., Empt., Ad omnia*

### RESIDENTIA AD NEWPORT

P. Sylvester Boarman, *Oper.*

### RESIDENTIA AD NEWTOWN

P. Leonardus Edelen, *Oper.*

### RESIDENTIA FRIDERICOPOLITANA

P. Franciscus Malevé, *Oper., Excurr. ad stationes in Maryland. et Virginia.*

# IN STATU PENNSYLVANIÆ

## RESIDENTIA PHILADELPHIENSIS

### Ad SS. Trinitatis

P. Adamus Britt, *Rect. eccl., Oper.*
Josephus Marshall, *Coadj., ad omnia*

## RESIDENTIA LANCASTRIENSIS

### Ad S. Mariæ

P. J. Gulielmus Beschter, *Rect. eccl., Oper., Excurr.*

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Residentiæ Conewaginensis, Goshenhoppenensis, et ad S. Josephi, Philadelphiæ, in Statu Pennsylvaniæ; et Bohemiensis, Alba Paludana, et ad S. Josephi in comitatu Talbot, in Statu Maryland., propter penuriam Nostrorum, ab aliis sacerdotibus occupantur.

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# VITA FUNCTI

Magan, Michael, *Nov. schol., 6 Jun. 1809, Resid. S. Ignatii.*
P. Byrne, Joannes " " *28 Sep. 1809, Coll. Georgiopol.*

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## AURIESVILLE, N. Y.

Two pilgrimages were made this year to the shrine of our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y: one by the men of Troy and Albany, on the 12th of August, the other by the women from the same two cities on the 19th. Up to the present, the report of this shrine seems not to have spread beyond the places named, and some have in consequence lost interest in the cause so intimately bound up with the place, namely the canonization of our Fr. Jogues and René Goupil and of the Indian maiden Catharine Tegakwita. The cause of this seeming indifference is not any lack of piety in the faithful, as was proved by these two pilgrimages, and by the fact, which the writer learned from a resident at Auriesville, that hardly a day passes that some stranger to the little village is not found visiting and praying at the cross, that marks the spot whereon René Goupil is supposed to have been tomahawked for teaching the little Indian children to make the sign of the cross. On Sundays, not a few, but numbers come from the neighboring towns and the country round with the same pious intent. In view of this state of things the interests of the Martyrs of the Mohawk may be confidently left in the hands of Providence. There is every sign of a silent and gradual development of devotion to our Lady of Martyrs and to her servants; and time will show whether the hand of God has not been directing the movement, which began with the desire to find the spot sanctified by the labors of Fr. Jogues; a desire which occurred in so remarkable a way to so many, at the same time.

How the spot came to be identified, and the little chapel of our Lady erected, and the pilgrimages inaugurated is already known to the readers of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS. Perhaps a word on the pilgrimages of this year will inspire some to pray for a speedy manifestation of God's will with regard both to their continuation and the glorification of his servants.

A triduum preached in our church (St. Joseph's, Troy) by FF. Loyzance and Nagle, prepared the men for their pilgrimage. The morning of the 12th was dark and rainy, but in spite of the weather nearly 300 men assembled at the church in the early morning and marched from there to the

train, which was to take them to Auriesville. All these men were to go to Holy Communion at the shrine. The trip therefore was made in prayer and silence. A delegation from Albany, with the Very Rev. T. M. A. Burke, Vicar-General of the diocese, at their head, joined them before starting. So the pilgrims numbered nearly 400 men. The rain fell during the whole journey, and the procession of these 400 men up the hill at Auriesville, in silence and under the falling rain, was a sight not soon to be forgotten. It was an act of genuine faith and piety which speaks well for our people in Troy and Albany. On the arrival at the shrine, Mass was said by the vicar-general, who was followed by Fr. Loyzance and Fr. Nagle. After the last Mass Fr. Burke preached. After the sermon, the procession back to the train was organized, and at 1.30 P. M. the shrine was once more deserted. It had been intended to bless the Calvary, which Fr. Loyzance, whose interest in the shrine has never abated, had prepared, and to erect a way of the cross; but the rain prevented all this.

During the week following the men's pilgrimage, Fr. McElhinney preached the triduum of preparation for the women. The effect of his labors, or of the greater devotion of the 'devout female sex', was manifested in the number of confessions on Friday and Saturday evenings. On Saturday especially, eight of the fathers were kept busy all the evening hearing the confessions of intending pilgrims. (It is no violation of the *sigillum* to mention this: that not a few asked whether they could offer up the pilgrimage for more than one intention, for the conversion of wayward son or husband, etc.) Something more than usual, of earnest faith and the penitential spirit, was felt in the atmosphere of St. Joseph's that whole evening. The next morning was all that could be desired as regards the weather. The women began to assemble at the church before 5 A. M. About that hour the church bells rang, warning them that, in half an hour, they should be ready to start; but the trains did not move till nearly 6 A. M.; twenty-one cars were needed to carry all who wished to take part in the pilgrimage, sixteen from Troy and five from Albany. As on the Sunday before, the trip was made in silence and recollection. There were over 1300 women on board the train. On arriving at Auriesville, the young ladies' sodality led the procession, chanting the litanies of our Lady as they marched up the hill to the shrine. There they found Fr. Quin (Vice-Pres. of St. John's College, Fordham) ready to begin Mass. At the Gospel, the father turned to the people and spoke for some time on the virtues of Fr. Jogues and his companion René Goupil, and

of the holy maiden Catharine. At the proper time, two fathers began to distribute Holy Communion, and for nearly an hour, they were employed in this consoling office; there were more than 1350 communicants, many coming from Amsterdam and from across the Mohawk. Fr. McElhinney of St. Joseph's, Troy, said the second Mass, and Fr. Fagan of St. John's College, Fordham, the last Mass; Fr. McElhinney preached the sermon.

After the last Mass, about half an hour was given for breakfast; it was then a little after 11 A. M. About 11.30, the pilgrims were again assembled and followed the procession from the shrine to an enclosure about 200 feet in diameter, some fifty yards off. Here the Calvary had been erected. The mound on which the cross has been planted is eight feet high and about twenty feet across. The figures of our Lord, of the Blessed Virgin and of St. John are six feet high. Fourteen men had come from the neighboring town of Amsterdam to carry the wooden crosses that were to mark the stations. Fr. Allan McDonell, of St. Joseph's, gave an exhortation here, after which came the ceremony of erecting the way of the cross. About 12.30 P. M. everything was over, and the pilgrims returned quietly to the trains which were awaiting them. The trip back to Troy was almost a repetition of that of the early morning. The day was fittingly closed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at St. Joseph's. Everything had been done to take away from the pilgrimage all appearance of a pleasure trip, and to make it, what the Church would wish it, an act of faith and of penance. The attempt was successful, and all who shared in the pilgrimage came away consoled and edified. The success is due of course to our fathers in Troy, and especially to Fr. Loyzance whose connection with the building of the shrine we have already mentioned.

## FR. OUELLET AT GETTYSBURG.

The veterans of the *Irish Brigade* who are still alive met at Gettysburg last July to dedicate a monument to the brave comrades who fell beside them on that field twenty-five years ago. Two of the old army chaplains were present on the occasion: Fr. Thomas Ouellet S. J. of the 69th N. Y. Regiment and Fr. Wm. Corby C. S. C. of the 88th N. Y., now provincial of his congregation and resident at Notre Dame University.

Fr. Ouellet had left his Indians at Indian River, Ontario, in answer to the invitation to join in the celebration; and during his stay at Gettysburg, he and Fr. Corby were the guests of Fr. J. A. Boll of St. Francis Xavier's Church. To this church, on Monday July 2nd (as we learn from a local paper), "the veterans of the three New York regiments of the *Irish Brigade* (the 63rd, 69th, and 88th Infantry) marched with Gen. Robert Nugent at their head. A solemn Mass of requiem was celebrated by the beloved chaplains of the *Brigade* who, twenty-five years ago, administered to the spiritual wants of the brave soldiers, and to whom had often been entrusted the last wishes of their dying comrades." It was Fr. Ouellet, the senior chaplain of the *Brigade*, who celebrated the Mass, while Fr. Corby preached on "Prayer for the dead."

After the Mass came the ceremonies at the monument. In each of the speeches a neat tribute was paid to the chaplains present. Gen. Denis Burke, "the orator of the day," after eloquently recalling many an incident relating to that earlier meeting twenty-five years before, went on to say: "But we have witnessed some scenes which are not recorded by historians, but which nevertheless were as heroic as the charges of the *Brigade*, I refer to the conduct of our chaplains, Frs. Ouellet, Corby and Dillon, in the discharge of their sacred duties. In the uproar and tumult of battle, when terror and death were nigh, and many a cheek turned pale, they have been with us; constant in their trust, faithful to their duty, and devoted to the flag. Unwavering in their loyalty and unsurpassed in their devotion to their country and religion, these meek and humble followers of the Crucified bore with heroic fortitude all the trials and privations

which surrounded their perilous mission. When night closed on the victor and vanquished, we have seen them, lantern in hand, visiting the wounded, kneeling beside them, consoling those in pain and shriving the dying. They were the custodians of the last message from the departing spirit of the dying soldier to loved ones at home. It mattered not to them what religion the unfortunate sufferer professed, their generous souls went out in sympathy for his agony. And could our fallen comrades, the brave dead speak, their willing lips would this day swell the glorious testimony to their worth."

Gen. Burke's speech was followed by appropriate prayers for the dead comrades offered by the reverend and venerable chaplains.

In many a group of veterans on that day, stories were told of remarkable deeds of daring, on many a field of battle, in which one or other of the chaplains of the *Irish Brigade* played an important part. One of the clippings sent us says: "Soldiers tell of the fact that when the hail of bullets was falling around them, Fr. Ouellet was there. He did not care for the shot and shell. He was a soldier of Christ. One incident that Major Haverty tells is especially touching. At the battle of Malvern Hill, which was one of the fiercest during the war, they were literally fighting by the light of bursting shells. Fr. Ouellet, with his stole on and a lantern in his hand, was out at the very front line of battle, seeking out the wounded and asking: 'Are you a Catholic?' and 'Do you wish absolution?' One man who was badly wounded answered him: 'No, father, I am not a Catholic but I would like to die in the faith of any man who has the courage to come out and see me in such a place as this.' Fr. Ouellet gave the poor fellow conditional baptism and then continued on his work of mercy, giving absolution to the wounded and the dying, and cheering those who were likely to get well."

The veterans had not many words for Fr. Ouellet; they evinced the depth of their love for him by the warmth of their grasp and their manly tears of gratitude; but when the venerable chaplain had passed on they were eloquent in their praise of him to others.

## AN ACCOUNT OF THE DROWNING OF MR. DUGUAY.

MONTREAL, Aug. 1st, 1888.

EDITOR WOODSTOCK LETTERS,

P. C.

Your readers may be pleased to learn something of the boating accident which took place here during last villa, in which one of our scholastics, Mr. Adélard Duguay, lost his life. The details of the sad affair are simply these. Twelve or fourteen scholastics from the two villas of Hochelaga and La Broquerie had arranged an excursion to Nun's Island, a mile or two above Victoria Bridge. Four boats started from Hochelaga early in the morning of July 7th, rowed around St. Helen's Island, and then steered across towards the city. This passage is always difficult, owing to the strong currents and the eddies formed by the massive piers of the bridge; but no danger is ever anticipated. It is granted that the Jesuit scholastics know the shoals and reefs and currents around the port of Montreal as well as the harbor-pilots, so that their frequent appearance during villa time along the docks, on their way up the St. Lawrence, does not excite any alarm in the minds of the onlookers. The four crews made their passage across the river without accident, and then, aided by a favorable wind, started for the island, reaching there long before noon. At three o'clock they were ready to leave for home; but the wind which had been so favorable in the morning was then blowing furiously. The waves ran too high for the scholastics to leave the shore without being taxed with imprudence; but the security that habit gives made them venturesome. Two skiffs started out, each containing four scholastics. These had not gone more than a quarter of an hour when they realized their folly. The water was so agitated, that wave after wave entered the boat in which Mr. Duguay was seated. Some one stood up to call for help, when the frail bark suddenly capsized, throwing the four occupants into the water. The confusion that immediately followed is indescribable. The sides of the boat were clutched by the drowning men; but, whether for the heavier weight on one side of it or for the waves, it began to roll like a log. The

unfortunate scholastics lost their grasp at every revolution of the boat, but succeeded in regaining it each time. Mr. Duguay, more unfortunate than the rest, was carried away a few feet by a wave, and not being able to swim back, disappeared beneath the surface.

In the meantime, the occupants of the other boat, itself in a dangerous position and gradually filling with water, were in consternation when they saw their companions, five hundred yards off, struggling for life. It seemed almost certain death to attempt to take them into their boat, but they banished this servile fear, and hurried to the rescue of their drowning comrades. The sight was heart-rending. Mr. Duguay had already disappeared when they arrived; the three remaining were clinging to the boat; blood was streaming down the face of one of them who had been struck by a rowlock during the overturning. It was the work of an instant to help the nearest one into the boat, but seeing the danger to all attending the task of taking all into the already overladen skiff, the remaining two offered the sacrifice of their lives, begging their companions to let them alone, and try to reach shore. "It would be better," said they, "to have us perish alone than five others with us." This noble act has not passed unnoticed; but we suppress names rather than wound the modesty which accompanies true heroism. Their offer could not be entertained by the rescuers, who insisted on taking them into their boat, exhorting them to confidence in our Lady of Liesse—to whom, by the way, our scholastics have great devotion, and after whom the boat was named. Two began to bale the water out, all to say the rosary; then was to be witnessed the surprising spectacle of a little skiff, half filled with water and laden with seven full-grown men, starting off against wind and waves for the nearest shore—Point St. Charles—nearly a mile away. The dangerous passage was made in less than a quarter of an hour. A sincere and fervent act of thanksgiving was offered to our Lady of Liesse when the boat touched the point. All Montreal saw nothing less than a miracle in the happy outcome of this dangerous trip. Much sympathy was shown to the scholastics by the large crowd that had gathered on the shore, but it was a sorry balm for sick hearts when the excitement began to abate, and they realized the dreadful loss they had sustained.

The remaining excursionists stayed on Nun's Island till the end of the storm. They reached the villa late in the evening, to learn the sad news of the drowning.

Mr. Duguay was born at La Baie du Febore, Que., on the tenth of December, 1861, and was one of a family of eigh-

teen children. To show at a glance the manner of life this large family led and the tenor of the lessons they received at the family fireside, it will suffice to say that, of the number, four are nuns of the Precious Blood, two Assumption nuns, and one brother is still in the Society. Adélard was sent to Nicolet College at the age of thirteen, completed an eight years' course of studies without interruption, and entered the novitiate at Sault-au-Récollet in March, 1882. According to the testimony of seven of his classmates, who are now in the Society, he always stood at the head of his class. Gifted with a brilliant imagination and sound judgment, he excelled in literature. During his juniorate he showed a preference for Greek authors, which he read at sight. Homer was his favorite. He wrote pure French; his style was charmingly simple and delicate. Everything his pen touched revealed a delicacy that could not fail of pleasing.

Since he entered the Society he has been connected with the music department; and during the past three years at St. Mary's College, Montreal, besides his ordinary class duties, he did much to keep up the musical reputation of the Gesù. He succeeded more than any one before him in making Fr. De Vico's Holy Week service popular in Montreal, by the brilliant rendering he gave it in 1886. On Fr. Rector's feast this year, he put *Athalie*, with Mendelssohn's music, on the stage. The invincible patience he displayed during the three months' preparation, in training eighty voices for this, was the object of praise both of fathers and scholastics. The preparation was long and wearisome; but the execution on the night of the feast surpassed even his highest hopes.

He was sent frequently to high-class concerts, and, last year, to the General Convention of the American St. Cecilia Society in Rochester, N. Y., to listen to good music, and to gather in material for future efforts of his own. He wrote music with facility.

He had already become well known in the city,—witness the manner in which his sad and untimely end was deplored in the numerous letters received by Ours. The Montreal *Star* (Protestant) produced a portrait of him, and spent itself in praise of his talents, musical and literary. The other French and English newspapers followed in the same strain. But these showed up only the qualities the outside world saw and admired. Those who knew the good scholastic behind the scenes, in the seclusion of community life, have only one verdict in praise of his childlike simplicity, his charity, patience and devotedness. His time and labor belonged to whoever asked for them. His whole soul entered

into the work he undertook, whether for himself or for the community; and the result was, what might have been expected, always happy.

His body was found after it had been four days in the water. It had floated down to Verchères, twenty-three miles below the scene of the accident. After an inquest, it was brought back to Montreal, then taken to the little cemetery at Sault-au-Récollet, where it now lies in peace.—R. I. P.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

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## LETTERS FROM ALASKA.

*Letter from Fr. G. Genna* [1] *to Rev. Fr. Cataldo.*

ST. MICHAEL'S, ALASKA,
July 1st, 1888.

REV. FR. IN XT.,
P. C.

According to your desire, I write once more this year, while still at the terminus of my long voyage. From San Francisco to Unalaska took eleven days. The long voyage on the Pacific was delightful, until the last night before we sighted the coast of the island. We had to wait at Unalaska a whole month, until the steamer, after its return from the islands of St. Paul and St. George, could take us to St. Michael's, where we arrived early on the morning of the 26th of June. Fr. Tosi came on board immediately to meet us and take us ashore, where Fr. Ragaru was waiting for us. All five of us were in good health, though we had suffered somewhat, especially during the early part of the voyage. Fr. Rosati had been sick on board for some days, but immediately on touching land he was well again. We refreshed our souls with the Spiritual Exercises, and the devotions of the month of the Sacred Heart. During this time, I gave a triduum to the sisters, who even wished to be given the Spiritual Exercises, either before setting out from San Francisco or in Unalaska.

[1] Fr. Genna set out from the Rocky Mountain Mission in April, 1888, for Victoria, in order to obtain the necessary faculties from the ordinary, at that time administrator of the diocese, Fr. Jonckau. The latter gave him the faculties and advised him besides, to take with him three sisters of St. Ann, in order to open a school for the Indian children. After this, Fr. Genna proceeded to San Francisco, where he met Fr. Rosati who was also going to Alaska. On the 13th of May, the five of them embarked in an Alaska Commercial Company's steamer.

Well, we are at the end of our voyage. So far, it seems that some of us will go to the place of the mission, to build a house for Ours and another for the sisters; the others will remain here for a month or so, until the steamer from Yukon returns to take us and what remains of our goods. At present Fr. Tosi is suffering from a cold; we hope that he will soon get over it. It can be easily seen that he has had to work a great deal. Your Reverence should send us fathers and brothers who are truly missionaries—strong saintly men. Bless me; pray for me. In union with your holy sacrifices, in the Sacred Heart,

Your Reverence's least and most devoted son in Xt.,

G. Genna, S. J.

*Letter of Fr. Tosi to Fr. Cataldo.*

Alaska, July, 1888.

Rev. and Dear Fr.,

P. C.

I intended to write you at some length and give you all the news from the North, but for quite a while I have not felt very well, and to do any considerable amount of writing causes distress. Your Reverence will be satisfied with the little I am able to say. First of all, as regards what I wrote last year concerning the missions of Alaska, when I was at Portland or Vancouver, I should rather increase the number I then gave of stations and Indians. I have not been able to go to the North this year, but hope to have a chance to do so next year. During the winter, if I am well, I shall visit St. Michael's in the South—a journey of about six hundred miles. Last autumn on the 24th of Sept., we arrived at Nuklukahyet where we found Fr. Robaut. As Fr. Ragaru felt quite played out, I left him there, where he passed the winter and learned the language. Nuklukahyet is at the mouth of the Tanana. Its small tribe is already more or less perverted by ministers and English Protestants. It appears that a minister will establish himself there, labor among the Indians for some time (i. e. usually until he has spoiled them), and then suddenly abandon them.

The Indians of the Tanana form three tribes who have not as yet been perverted to Protestantism. The other Tanana Indians, who live near the source of the river and speak a different language, have gone to Fort Reliance, where a minister established himself over a year ago. Fr. Ragaru will go with a brother to pass the winter there, but I told him, in case he found too much difficulty either with

the Indians or the Protestants, he should join the fathers at Nulato in the spring, where he will be able to stay. I passed the winter at Nulato, and had good health there. I found the Indians, though more or less spoiled by the preachers, very desirous of learning the true religion, especially the children. These are very good and full of intelligence.

From there we can visit Koyonkuke, five small villages that desire to have a father. Lower down are the Molumute whose number is not known. A minister who had occupied Anaklit on the coast, four days' journey from Nulato, made a great mess of it and is gone. *Deo Gratias!* Anaklit is the key to get at the Molumute of Golving Bay. It is a very important place and we shall have to occupy it later on; but now we must wait and strengthen ourselves in Nulato.

Last year I sent Fr. Robaut to Anvik, where the company had given me buildings for our use, but after two months, finding that he could not remain, he went to Nuklukahyet, where I found him on my return. In the meantime, two preachers had established themselves there to do their mischief; they have already bought a house and are building a school. I sent Fr. Robaut down with a brother to learn the language. The Indians became much attached to Fr. Robaut, who shortly after, from not taking care of himself, fell sick for a month. After his illness, he had to leave Anvik and go to Casuresky, fifty miles lower down, where there is a tribe of two hundred and fifty Indians untainted by Protestantism. There are also fish and meat in abundance all the year round. It is not however a central place for the other tribes either on the Shagalutk or Anvik rivers. As I have found a good place to build I shall establish the first school there, all the more as it is difficult to go to Nulato, since the company has not sufficient means to transport our things to Casuresky. Next year we shall see what can be done. Nulato is certainly the best place, but not just now. However, it will not be abandoned, but one of the fathers who went lower down will be stationed there, at least for some time. Up to this, the sisters have scarcely begun to labor; but I do not know how I can do so much, especially as everything has to be bought at a high price. On this account we must practise the greatest economy, and limit ourselves to absolute necessaries. If Your Reverence will send two fathers and two brothers next year, perhaps I may be able to move lower down; otherwise I do not think I shall be able to leave the places already occupied. During my stay at Nulato, I built a chapel, and a house containing two rooms.

We have no need here of many brothers, one for each station is sufficient, but he should be able to do a little of everything. We cannot get carpenters here except by bringing them from San Francisco and paying them five dollars a day, as the company does. Now add the expenses of coming and going, and tell me whether it is possible for us to pay so much. The Indians can do nothing until they have seen it done beforehand; in time, however, even they will learn. I hope Your Reverence will do all you can to help us, and send us, as soon as possible, brothers who have solid virtue and practical talents. It is true that these missions are hard, but they give us very great hopes. The good to be done is incalculable; and besides, it will last as long as the Indians exist. It is almost certain that this territory will never be populated by whites, there are only some mines and a few fisheries, and these, in proportion to the size of the territory, do not count for much. Do me the favor to greet kindly for me all our fathers and brothers. Fr. Robaut, being four hundred miles away, could not write this time.

Yours in Xt.,
P. Tosi, S. J.

*Extract from a Letter of Fr. Ragaru to Fr. Cataldo.*

St. Michael's Alaska,
June 30th, 1888.

Rev. Father Superior in Christ,
P. C.

Since my last letter to you, of Aug. 18th, '87, up till now, no occasion has presented itself to enable me to write to you again. Frs. Genna and Rosati have arrived from Victoria in good health and with three sisters of St. Ann. What shall I tell you of myself? Last year's journey was extremely severe on me, as was afterwards the very hard life, especially in winter. I have been eight months alone, and yet I find myself happy and most ready to labor and suffer without discouragement, although I well see that the work that offers itself is without limit. If we were able to have seven or eight fathers and brothers, we could at once take possession of other places of great importance, and thus save those poor Indian tribes from the invasion of the Protestant ministers. For example, in travelling I have had to pass through a small encampment of Indians all anxious to be instructed. Fifteen miles from these, there is another encampment of about two hundred Indians, also desirous of

instruction. I have not been able, nor am I now, to do anything for them, although there is danger of their being perverted by the Protestants. I am told that at another station there are more than four thousand who would very readily become Catholics, if a father could take charge of them before they are spoiled by the whites.

The Lord has twice saved me from drowning in the river Yukon. These accidents were due to the fact that I have no one to assist me. We have need here of brothers who are good religious and at the same time fit for active work; also carpenters and boat builders. Fr. Genna tells me that Your Reverence expected more letters from me last year, but you know that one can get letters from Alaska only once a year. Please send me a statue of our Lady; it would be a real treasure for us to possess one in these abandoned regions.

I commend myself to your holy sacrifices and prayers.

Your servant in Christ,

L. Ragaru, S. J.

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## CALIFORNIA.

*Letter of Father John J. Moore.*

Santa Clara College,
Santa Clara, California,
August 15th, 1888.

Rev. and Dear Father,
P. C.

The California Mission is so separated from the rest of the Society's fields of operations in the United States, that some account of the work done by Ours in this remote corner of the country may well be presumed to be of interest to a majority of the readers of the Woodstock Letters. With a view to stimulating a laudable interest in our affairs I have put together a few notes on the chief events of the past year.

Beginning with the advance made in the way of building and extending our lines, mention is to be made, in the first place, of the building and opening of the new novitiate, juniorate and house for tertians at Los Gatos, Santa Clara County, ten miles south-west of San José. It was erected entirely last year at a cost of somewhat over $40,000. It

stands on rising ground and consists of a central building three storeys in height with a high mansard roof, and two wings on the east and west sides, of the height of two storeys. The central portion is sixty-four feet in front by a depth of fifty-five feet, while the wings, which are each twenty-seven feet in width, have a depth of eighty feet. So that by running back from the main building about twenty-eight feet, they form a court in the rear, opening towards the south. This court is surrounded on three sides by verandas; upon the upper one are placed the bath-rooms and other offices which are thus outside the main building. The third floor of the central building consists of two apartments, for the novices and juniors respectively, each twenty-five feet in width and fifty-two in length, with lavatories at each end of the rear veranda, and separated by a wide corridor. The second storey, which extends throughout the whole building, is occupied by the chapel in the east wing, the infirmary rooms in the west, and the rooms of the fathers in front. On the first floor are the refectory, with a kitchen adjoining but distinct from the main building, the library, school and meeting-rooms, parlors and store-rooms. The basement under the first storey, which is about eight feet in height and wholly above the ground, furnishes store-rooms and cellarage for the products of the vineyard and orchards belonging to the novitiate.

The situation of the buildings is unsurpassed in natural beauty, and the view from the upper windows takes in a stretch of over eighty miles in length, including the valley of Santa Clara, the bay of San Francisco and the ranges of the Coast, Santa Cruz, and Contra Costa mountains. The site of the building is about three hundred feet above San José which is in full view from it.

The solemn opening and dedication of the new house took place on the octave of the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 15th, when a community of tertians, juniors and novices was installed in it. It was the intention to have the ceremony take place on the feast itself, but that could not be conveniently carried out owing to the closing exercises and exhibitions which were taking place in the colleges at the time. It is called the Novitiate of the Sacred Heart, though it is more popularly known as "The Ranch," but we hope before long to educate our party up to the use of its right name. Many may be interested to hear that it was handed over to its superior free from all debt, save one of gratitude to some generous benefactors. Seventeen acres of an adjoining vineyard were added lately to the property which now contains in all sixty-two acres. By this addition

has been obtained what we may call "a scientific frontier" such as will secure the seclusion befitting a novitiate.

In Santa Clara College the memorial chapel is approaching completion and will be ready for use within a few weeks. It will probably be opened by the 9th of September. The cost of its building being wholly defrayed by the students who have been in Santa Clara from the foundation to the present time, it is to stand as a perpetual memorial of the years spent within the college walls and of the love with which they cherish the memory of old school-days. There is no gainsaying that our students keep a warm place in their hearts for the college, for when called upon about two years ago by Father Kenna, the present president, who was himself at one time a student here, they responded in a manner that enabled him, within a short space of time, to carry out his project of building a chapel that should hold the first place in grandeur and solidity among the college buildings, and this without allowing it to be burdened with a dollar of debt. Work was commenced on it in the month of August 1886, and every care was taken to ensure its solid and permanent construction. It faces the playground of the college from which it is entered by three double doors having a portico in front. The latter, however, is not yet erected, though the steps and platform are. The building is of brick, one hundred and ten feet long by fifty in width, exclusive of projections at the sides for confessionals. The sanctuary is semicircular, with a domed roof. The pilasters around it are cased with mosaic marble and have metal Corinthian capitals. The altar-rail will be of the same material, as well as a wainscot five feet deep, and the pilasters of the nave throughout the chapel. The windows are to be of stained glass. One of them, representing St. Clare, is almost finished and will be set in place in a short time.

In San José, progress has also been made. A few years ago, the parochial school budded into a *collegium inchoatum* and has flourished so well that this summer it blossomed into a *collegium simpliciter*, with Father Congiato, who has watched over and guided its destiny since 1871, as its first rector. The church, which stands on the site of the old Pueblo mission church, was completed last year by the construction of the external dome and lantern, at a total cost of about $9000, which was defrayed wholly by the generosity of three gentlemen of the city. The church, as completed, is the fourth or fifth in size in California. It faces on Market street where it has a frontage of 136 feet, its depth on San Fernando street being 156 feet. It is built in Italian style, in the form of a cross, and is flanked at the front by two

towers twenty feet square at the base and octagonal above the roof. The intersection of the arms is surmounted by a dome fifty-six feet in diameter and a hundred and thirty-four feet in height. The towers rise to the height of a hundred and twenty-five feet and the ceiling inside is fifty feet from the floor to the centre of the arches. The entrance on the Market-street end is finished with a portico of four Corinthian columns, with a flight of seven granite steps, fifty-four feet in width in front. Within, the ceiling is arched in a single span fifty feet in width and the same in height; over the main entrance there is an organ gallery, supported by six fluted pillars twenty feet in height by two in diameter, but no other galleries. At the corners, where the nave and transepts meet, are four circular chapels with domed ceilings below the main dome. The main altar is as yet a temporary structure of wood, but the ends of the transepts are occupied by two elaborate altars with *baldachini* of white marble. The total cost of the building exceeds one hundred thousand dollars, and its construction has extended over twelve years. The contract price of it was $51,500, all but ten thousand of which was paid up before its dedication on the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, April 22d, 1877. From that time nothing worth recording was done towards completing it until 1882, when the portico was built at a cost of $10,000 and the two towers at $5000 apiece. The marble altars were put up at the same time, one in honor of the Sacred Heart and the other of the Blessed Virgin, at about $6000, along with an excellent organ costing $5000.

A few words about the church which preceded this new structure may be of interest, as showing the liberality of our California people in contributing to works of this kind. The old adobe San José Pueblo church, which was built in 1798, served its purpose down to 1859, when it was remodelled in the exterior at an outlay of $10,000, and so continued until 1870, when a new front was added to the San Fernando-street side, giving it the appearance of an entirely new building. This improvement involved the outlay of $25,000, exclusive of the interior furnishing which cost $10,000 more, not counting $4000 for an organ. Its glory was, however, short-lived; for the afternoon of Saturday April 24th, 1875, saw it crumbling into a heap of burning cinders with nothing saved except the altar and the pulpit. A mission conducted by the Paulist fathers from New York was in progress at the time, which made the calamity keenly felt, though at the same time, perhaps, it was providential that it occurred just then, when the people were ani-

mated to undertake the building of the grand church just completed.

Of St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, there is no improvement in the line of building to be recorded, for the very simple reason that he who built it nine years ago did his work so thoroughly that he could not have a successor in it.

Fear of drawing out this letter to an unwarrantable length warns me to be brief with what remains to be said. Though there are other interesting topics, I can venture upon noticing but a few, and those as briefly as possible.

The degrees taken by our graduates, for many years past, were mostly those of the non-classical course; but it was formally announced at the close of last session that the giving of those degrees would cease with the class of '91, that is, in three years. The reports of work done in the graduating classes last year were very satisfactory. In Santa Clara, seven took the degree of Bachelor of Arts and twelve that of Bachelor of Science; the greatest number on record since the founding of the college. In St. Ignatius', two were graduated Bachelors of Science, four Bachelors of Arts and one Master of Arts.

A few miscellaneous events of the year merit notice here before concluding. The past year had run about a month of its course when we had the honor of welcoming as our guest the Most Rev. Ricardo Casanova, Archbishop of Guatemala, who, along with two of his clerics, was driven into exile by the government of that republic. His Grace remained our guest until the time of his departure for Rome, about the middle of last May. During his stay here he was honored with a letter from the Holy Father testifying approval of his course of action in dealing with "the powers that be" in Guatemala, and expressing sympathy and congratulation on his suffering for justice' sake. During the month of October, no less than four archbishops were at the same time under our roof, upon the occasion of the visit of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, who spent a day with us in company with the archbishops of San Francisco and Portland, Oregon.

The winter of 1887–88 had a smack of real winter about it, and exceeded anything hitherto experienced in Santa Clara. The thermometer fell as low as 17° Fahrenheit, something that occurs but once in a long lifetime here, and blasted all our beautiful orange and lemon-trees. But the mission has a more chilling memory of the past year to recall in the deaths of three comparatively young and really

efficient fathers. In September it lost Fr. Patrick Kelly, who was carried off by apoplexy at the age of fifty-two. The amount of good he did among the people in San José remains to be told, and his place to be supplied. In the month of April, two followed him to the grave. Fr. Joseph Isolabella[1] was minister and procurator of Santa Clara College, and had just completed his fiftieth year when an attack of rheumatic fever prostrated him. A few days later, Fr. Vincent Reitmayr,[1] assistant prefect of schools in St. Ignatius' College, succumbed at the age of thirty-six, after struggling with consumption for three months. The necrology of the year is completed by mentioning the death of an aged lay-brother, William Lakebrink, of whom a notice may be found among the Obituaries of the present number.

Passing out of the valley and the shadow of death, a few events remain to be recorded, which show that there is still promise of life and a prosperous future for the old mission. In July, news came of the appointment of Fr. Joseph Sasia to succeed Fr. Nicholas Congiato as superior of the mission. The outgoing superior is one of its pioneers, having come hither from the rectorship of St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, Ky., in 1854, when the California and Oregon Missions were united. Since then several posts of government have been entrusted to him, that just vacated having been held since January 1883. The new superior is well known to the Woodstockians of 1873–77. He was for three years rector of St. Ignatius' College, and now the care of all the colleges is committed to him. Good things are augured for the mission during his term of government. Shortly after his appointment he made a visit of our four houses and was everywhere received in a way that showed he possessed the hearty goodwill of all his subjects.

Mention has been made of the loss the mission sustained during the year by the death of three fathers; it may afford consolation to know that the loss was at least numerically repaired during the last week of July, when three scholastics were promoted to the priesthood in the parish church of Santa Clara, the first Jesuits ordained within its historic precincts.

The session of 1888–89 has opened with a bright prospect for the coming year. A class of fourteen scholastics has been formed in St. Ignatius' to study philosophy under Fr. Pollano. Liberatore has been replaced as a text-book by Fr. S. Schiffini, adopted by order of Fr. Provincial

[1] See previous number—Obituaries.

of Turin. The number of students in our colleges bids fair to equal the greatest number yet accommodated.

On St. Ignatins' day, a new novice-master, Fr. Paul Mans, was installed in Los Gatos, where about a dozen novices, belonging partly to the Colorado-New Mexico Mission and partly to our own, are gathered to make a trial of religious life. The house not yet being in perfect running order, no tertians are there this year.

JOHN J. MOORE, S. J.

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## FRENCH CANADIANS IN NEW ENGLAND.

*Letter from Fr. Hamon.*

BOSTON, Aug. 22nd, 1888.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

To comply with your desire, I send you some notes about the French Canadians in New England and northern New York.

It was only twenty years ago that emigration to the New England states began amongst the Canadians. Before that time, there was, it is true, quite a number of Canadians in Vermont and around Lake Champlain, but they were scattered among Protestant farmers and did not form anything like a colony of their own. Immediately after the civil war, a great impetus was given to business in the eastern states; factories were built in many places and the Canadians began to flock in large numbers into the manufacturing districts. Since that time, year after year, they have continued to pour into those states, notwithstanding all the efforts made by the legislature and the Canadian bishops to stem the current of emigration. Now the Canadians form an important element in all the industrial towns and villages of New England; they are in the majority in several places, and they seem to be called by Providence to play a not insignificant part in the advancement of religion in this country. Here are some statistics I have drawn up in my missions:—

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| Archdiocese of Boston | 31,000 | Canadians. |
| Diocese of Springfield | 58,489 | " |
| " of Providence | 47,000 | " |
| " of Portland | 42,144 | " |
| " of Manchester | 34,930 | " |
| " of Hartford | 21,400 | " |
| " of Burlington | 24,000 | " |
| " of Albany and Syracuse | 20,350 | " |
| " of Ogdensburg | 51,770 | " |
| Total | 331,083 | |

They have one hundred and four churches of their own, and, in ninety other parishes, they form the majority of Catholics. Moreover, they have built thirty-six Canadian convents; and all this work has been done in twenty years by poor working people. They form now nearly one third of the total number of Catholics in the states of New England, and more than one half of the Catholic population in the dioceses of Portland, Manchester, Burlington and Ogdensburg. These figures speak well, I think, for the religion and generosity of the French Canadians.

We often hear it said in various quarters: "Those Canadians are mere foreigners, coming to the States to work at low wages, intending when they have made some money, to go back to Canada." Well, such may have been the case some ten years ago; such is still the case with a certain number of them; but it would be entirely inaccurate to apply that statement to the great majority of the Canadians in New England at present. They have come to stay; and this is the reason why they are not afraid of building churches that cost from sixty to a hundred thousand dollars, as they have done in Woonsocket, Holyoke, North Adams, Worcester, Manchester, Biddeford, Great Falls and Burlington. From the same motive, too, they have erected convents at the cost of some $20,000, as in Webster, Manchester, Biddeford and elsewhere. Besides that, in almost all the manufacturing centres, quite a number of Canadians are owners of neat cottages, valued at from one to two thousand dollars. All this proves their intention of making America a permanent home for themselves and their children; and, in fact, all the Canadian congregations are increasing everywhere. In the diocese of Springfield alone, seven new parishes were lately established in one year.

As to their social standing, the great mass of them are workingmen in the factories or skilful mechanics who find ready employment in the large cities. As a body, they are

sociable, good tempered and very devoted to their wives and their large families. They generally flock together near the church, living by themselves in large tenement houses. If you chance to pass through the Canadian quarter, on a fine summer evening, you will see the streets full of children at play; while the men, collected in groups, smoke their pipes, quietly chatting together. (Canadians are great chatters.) And if you look up at the windows, you will see them bordered by the good and comely faces of Canadian women enjoying the sights and singing Canadian ballads. The whole picture presents a people well pleased with the world in general, and with their present kind of life in particular. And, in fact, these Canadians, in their humble situation, possess all the elements required for a real and durable happiness. They live well, they have a gay and amiable temper, many children around them, deep religious feelings rooted in their hearts, churches and schools of their own. Nothing, therefore, is wanting to keep them at peace with God and men.

The great mass of Canadians, that have emigrated during the last ten years, came from the country. They were what is called in Canada *des habitants*. Burdened with large families of twelve and fifteen children, living on poor farms in the backwoods, far away from church and school, they are certainly greatly benefited materially and spiritually. Being a good, simple hearted, religious people, they brought with them all the devotions practised in Canada—the recitation of the rosary at their evening prayers, a great devotion to the souls in Purgatory and to *the good* St. Ann. In almost every parish there is a flourishing sodality of married women, called *Les Dames de la bonne Ste. Anne*, who go to Communion once a month; while the men have enlisted in large numbers in the society named *La Ligue du Cœur de Jésus pour les Hommes*.

This league is the Apostleship of Prayer, especially adapted to men and to their particular needs. Four years ago, Fr. Hamon, with the approval and encouragement of Fr. Regnault, started that form of the Apostleship, to keep alive piety in the family through the influence of the men. The members promise: (1) To go to Communion in a body at least four times a year: at Easter, in the month of June, in the month of November (for their dead parents), and in January (to obtain a good death). (2) Not to blaspheme, and to prevent blasphemy as much as it is in their power. (3) Not to go into saloons to drink there. (At home they may take what they like.) To these they add two other practices, namely, the offering of their actions to the Sacred

Heart, in the morning (by which promise they belong to the *first degree* of the Apostleship), and the recital, at their evening prayer, of one *Pater* and *Ave* and three *Glorias* in reparation for the blasphemies against our Lord. They have a meeting once a month, a nice badge and a flag. This society has taken wonderfully well among the Canadians. Started in 1883, it numbers now seventy parishes, with a membership of more than twenty-five thousand men. Forty of these parishes are in the States, with fourteen thousand men; the rest in Canada. At the end of a few days' mission for men, we take the names of members; as a general rule, half of the men in the parish enlist, and the great majority of them remain faithful to their promises. Men like to have a society of their own, they come to the general Communions in large numbers, and the priests do not find the burden too heavy on their shoulders.

I could give you many details about the Canadian missions; they are always very well attended and full of consolation for the missionary; but I am afraid to be too prolix, so I will wind up this letter by answering briefly some questions that were asked of me about these French Canadians.

*Do they remain in the States?* Yes, the greater part of them; and their parishes, instead of decreasing, have to be divided, as is the case in Worcester where they number eight thousand, Woonsocket where there are nine thousand, Holyoke ten thousand, Manchester twelve thousand, Lowell sixteen thousand.

*Do they get naturalized?* Yes, very rapidly. They have now at work more than a hundred naturalization clubs; and all the priests are in favor of it.

*Do they lose their language?* In small places and in mixed parishes, yes; in the parishes where they have a priest and schools of their own, no; the young men and children talk French just like their parents.

*Will they not be finally absorbed in the great mass of the English-speaking people?* Perhaps, but not for many years; and these are my reasons for the assertion:— They have everywhere schools of their own, where French and English are taught on the same footing; they marry among themselves, and generally the French Canadian women know very little of English; they are still close to Canada, and what is lost on one side is recovered on the other by the constant influx of emigrants who do not speak a word of English. Consequently, these Canadian congregations may last for years and I think they will, because I believe that the French people have a special mission to fulfil in these eastern states. The Irish Catholics have the majority in

the large cities, but in a few years the Canadian Catholics will command the vote in nearly all the manufacturing towns and villages of New England, and therefore, uniting together, they will be able to defeat any measure directed against religion. Such is the idea I have formed of Canadian emigration and of the mission it is called to fulfil. Hoping that these details may prove interesting to you and to your readers,

I remain, dear father,
Yours truly in Xto.,
E. I. M. Hamon, S. J.

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## FATHER CHARLES PICCIRILLO.

### A SKETCH.

Charles, son of Raphael Piccirillo and Josephine Chiapparo, was born at Naples on the 25th day of December,[1] in the year 1821. He was educated at the college of the Society in Naples, where he had among other teachers the celebrated Antonio Cercià. Of his schooldays no information has been procured, except that he showed remarkable talent and made such progress as to be admitted to the Society at the age of thirteen. Fr. Joseph Ferrari, Provincial of Naples, received young Charles on the 24th of April, 1835, and sent him to Sorrento for his noviceship. In the novitiate, so soon did the sweet spirit of contemplation take possession of his soul, that his master of novices, Fr. Henry Borgianelli, when ill, sometimes summoned Brother Piccirillo to make the morning meditation with him. An equally extraordinary mark of interest was shown him by his superior on a very different occasion. Attached to the house of probation at Sorrento was a church, in one of the chapels of which stood a large urn containing a relic of St. Philomena, enclosed in a wax figure of the saint. Here the master of novices was wont to pray, and on one occasion, whilst at his devotions, he beheld the saint standing in the window of the chapel. This vision having been repeated for several successive days, Fr. Borgianelli summoned his novices, who seemed to gaze with admiration at

[1] Although the 29th of Nov. is given in the *Civiltà* as the date of his birth, we hold to the 25th of Dec., as this is found invariably in the catalogues of the Province of Naples and was always given by Fr. Piccirillo himself.

the radiant vision. One only was candid enough to state that he saw the wall and the window, nothing more. The good master of novices, alarmed at this want of spiritual discernment, told young Br. Piccirillo that some serious sin must be the cause of his blindness. Straightway his conscience was strictly examined, the peccadilloes of childhood repeated in a general confession, and no crime of the first magnitude being revealed, a triduum was ordered. The triduum was gone through with, in what spirit it is as well not to know, but at the end of it appeared no St. Philomena, and Br. Piccirillo remained in boyish darkness.

Our novice though pious was by no means without his faults. Meeting Br. Paresce, a fellow-novice, face to face one day, and struck by his somewhat severe expression of countenance, he remarked: "Br. Paresce, how ugly you are!" Straightway the Father Master was notified of this display of candor, and Brother Charles had a chance to say his first 'culpa.' On his knees in presence of the community, Br. Piccirillo accused himself of telling Br. Paresce how ugly he was; provoking a burst of laughter from all who heard him. A more innocent sin was his habit of going down stairs on the banisters instead of the steps, a fault for which he made reparation by going up three steps at a time. Walking in ranks with the community he found a great cross, being perpetually inclined to slip forward at a more rapid pace than religious decorum permits. When we recollect his age, these trivial failings do but help us to fill up the picture of the light-hearted, joyous child of God, whom we imagine running about the long corridors of Sorrento in all the gayety of unconscious innocence, a sunbeam in a shady spot.

Another anecdote of this period adds a finishing touch to the picture. The lay-brother having one Saturday distributed the clean linen in blue bags, according to time-honored custom, Br. Charles diving into his bag drew forth a shirt of prodigious size, taken of course from the common stock, and designed to be an easy fit for some religious Hercules. Gazing enraptured at its ample proportions, he drew it on over his cassock, and with white skirts trailing on the ground and empty sleeves flapping a foot beyond his hands, ran gleefully about among the novices to exhibit the generous garb provided for him by his mother the Society. What shrieks of laughter disturbed Fr. Borgianelli at his quiet devotions that day we may easily imagine.

When his two years of probation were accomplished, in April, 1837, Br. Piccirillo joined the juniors and studied rhetoric with them, first under Fr. Raphael Cercià and

later on under Fr. Christopher Coppola, a great Latin scholar and poet. At what precise date he pronounced his first simple vows cannot now be stated with certainty. One reliable document gives as the date the 21st of June, 1837, at which time he was but fifteen years old. Of course, this could not be the case unless he had obtained a special dispensation. The story used to be current at Woodstock that he wrote a long Latin poem in honor of the sovereign pontiff and that the pope, pleased with his precocity, gave the necessary permission. This story is emphatically denied by a fellow-novice of Fr. Piccirillo, who says that the vows taken in 1837 were merely vows of devotion, and that he was not allowed to pronounce the simple vows of the Society until he had completed his seventeenth year.

In the juniorate he developed rapidly, and displayed a wealth of rhetorical power, and fine command of elegant Latin which he never lost. On one occasion, the juniors were ordered to write a Latin oration in imitation of one of Cicero's. Whilst others contented themselves with four or five pages, Br. Piccirillo presented his professor with an elaborate oration of twenty-five pages, thus showing remarkable ease and readiness in Latin composition, which was destined to prove of great service in after-life.

His course of rhetoric completed, philosophy would have followed at once, had he not been obliged to interrupt his studies for a year on account of ill health, induced partly by precocious mental development. The next year, 1839, he joined Fr. Liberatore's class of logic, and continued to study under the same distinguished professor for two years, completing his ethics and the special metaphysics of third year with Fr. De Rosa. Fr. De Sinno was professor of mathematics and FF. Medina and Palladini of physics, during Fr. Piccirillo's course at the college of Naples.

A story he used to tell of this period of his life illustrates his love of neatness and tidiness. On taking possession of a room assigned to him by the Fr. Minister, not finding it altogether to his taste, he proceeded to clean the room, paint it, and then decorate it as nicely as the rigid rules of holy poverty would permit. Inspecting the house as usual, the Fr. Minister was pleased with the renovated cell, and soon transferred Mr. Piccirillo to a second little apartment, which before very long was as cosy as the first. Again the minister changed his quarters, and again he displayed his love for the beautiful in similar improvements. And so he was changed from room to room until all the quarters of the

scholastics had been rendered as inhabitable as paint could make them.

After finishing his philosophical course, he was employed as professor of mathematics and physics in the college of Salerno, completing a two years' course in 1844. With a happy effort at variety, not unknown in other provinces of the Society, the young scholastic had to teach classes of ethics, rhetoric and humanities, in addition to the above-mentioned branches. He was next transferred to Benevento,[1] one of the largest and most flourishing colleges of the province, where he again taught physics and mathematics for two years. The trying ordeal of the class-room was now over, as he thought, and the queen of sciences opened her arms to receive the young aspirant for the honors of the altar; and cheered by the new prospect of the priesthood, he threw himself into the study of theology. But alas, after a first glimpse into the depths of sacred lore, he was summoned to turn back and resume his professorship at Benevento. Whilst teaching, however, he continued to study theology privately, passing his examination in first year's dogma in 1847, and in moral theology in January, 1848. In addition to his duties as teacher, and student of theology, Fr. Piccirillo also preached regularly in the church attached to the college.

The Society was now in the midst of the storm of the revolution. "During the winter of that eventful year," says a writer of our history, "the violence of the persecution against the Jesuits increased with fearful rapidity. The most absurd lies were printed, the most revolting calumnies placarded in the streets; men were paid, some to clamor at night around the Gesù, others to break the windows of the house. At length the pope, feeling that his government had lost all power to protect the religious, whom the revolutionists regarded as their first victims, advised the general to bow before the storm and to disperse his subjects for a time. The suggestion was obeyed. What threats and intimidation could never bring about, a word from the pontifical throne immediately obtained; and on March the 28th 1848, the desire of Pius IX. was communicated to the community, and before night the Gesù was deserted."

In February, 1848, little more than a month before the dispersion, Fr. Piccirillo was ordained by Cardinal Carafa, Archbishop of Benevento, in the private chapel of the episcopal palace. His ordination was doubtless hastened on

[1] Benevento, as the reader will remember, is a small strip of territory belonging to the Papal States, but lying within the boundaries of the Kingdom of Naples.

account of the troublous times. Thus the first joys of the priesthood were on him whilst Europe was in convulsion; the Society was feeling the power of her enemies in the dispersion of provinces and the loss of unworthy sons, many of whom failed to stand the trials, doubts and difficulties incident to days of persecution. During the time of dispersion, Fr. Piccirillo was rector and professor of physics of the college of Piè di Monte d'Alife, an episcopal seminary in southern Italy. After six months of his rectorship, the discipline of the seminary had been thoroughly renovated, many students devoid of qualities necessary for the priesthood had been expelled, and a vigorous administration successfully inaugurated. Not many months later, the Jesuits were recalled to their old residences and colleges, and resumed their former stations, covered with honor and renown. Like an April storm the persecution had but cleared the sky and shaken down the fruit already blighted in the bud.

Whilst Pope Pius IX. was in exile at Gaeta, it was suggested to him that he could make good use of some of the dispersed Jesuits by organizing a band of writers, and employing them in editing a magazine of political and religious character. The pope seized upon the idea, and soon a staff was formed, and the *Civiltà Cattolica* started at Naples under the auspices of the pontiff. The chief editors at this time were FF. Curci, Pianciani and Taparelli. They soon enlisted Fr. Piccirillo in their ranks, and at the close of the current scholastic year he gave up the chair of physics which he was then occupying in the college of Naples, to devote himself exclusively to the *Civiltà*. He was destined to be instrumental in helping to save it and the Society from serious complications. It soon became necessary to remove the headquarters of the *Civiltà* to Rome, where the editorial staff took up their abode at the Roman College. This arrangement not being suitable, Pius IX. procured a house for his corps of writers, and the fathers connected with the magazine formed an independent community. Of this little community Fr. Piccirillo was minister for many years.

In October, 1851, Fr. Piccirillo passed his examination *ad gradum*. The board was composed of FF. Passaglia, Perrone, Pianciani and Liberatore, and presided over by the general, Fr. Roothaan. It would seem that he had not taken any points, had had no definite period set apart for preparation, but that whilst he was in the midst of his literary labors and the business occupations entailed by the management of the *Civiltà*, he was suddenly ordered to present himself and undergo this severe and searching ordeal. When we

remember that, whilst teaching several branches at Woodstock, he succeeded in setting aside four hours a day for Hebrew, in order to render himself a more efficient professor of scripture, we can well understand how, whilst rector of the seminary, professor at Naples, and editor at Rome, this methodical lover of labor had foreseen that final examination and had armed himself quietly for the struggle.

The years glided by in literary labor, and not till 1854, when he had already been nineteen years in the Society, was he sent to his tertianship. Tronchiennes was the place selected by Fr. General for that second noviceship, which is to bring back the philosopher, the theologian, the priest, to the simplicity, docility and humility of a novice. Before the expiration of his tertianship, Fr. Piccirillo was called upon to exercise, in behalf of the Society and of the *Civiltà*, his practical talent for dealing with affairs of delicacy and importance.

Some of the articles in the magazine, especially those of Fr. Curci, were somewhat liberal in tone, and gave offence to the king of Naples. The Jesuit writers had the temerity to assert that constitutional monarchies were not necessarily evil, and that, under conditions, even a republican government might be tolerated. Such "revolutionary" doctrine, of course, could not be allowed to pass unnoticed. King Ferdinand first threatened to expel the Jesuits forthwith from his dominions. Having been assured, however, that such action would involve him in serious trouble at Rome, he so far moderated his ire as to consent to let the Society remain in his dominions, provided the provincial and his consultors would sign a document stating as the doctrine of the Society on the subject of government, that the only legitimate form is absolute monarchy.

Overawed by the royal authority, and terrified by the danger that threatened the province, the consultors of the Provincial of Naples succeeded in reading Suarez and Bellarmine through royal spectacles, and after an anxious night of consultation signed the fatal mandate, one only having the prudent courage to refuse. Straightway a bulletin was issued in the court newspaper, and in a day or two all Europe was startled to learn that the Society of Jesus was wedded to absolute monarchy. Fr. Beckx, with prompt decision, sent an indignant protest to the *Univers*, the leading Catholic paper in Europe of that day, and at once deposed the provincial, scattered his three consultors, and made the dissenting consultor provincial.

Notwithstanding the fact that this crushing punishment followed the fault so speedily, the enemies of the Society

in every country were quick to take advantage of the false step made by the Neapolitan fathers, and the legislative halls of the world rang with diatribes against the Jesuits. In Belgium things looked serious; for the liberals, who were pressing the Catholic party closely, now loudly demanded the expulsion of our order, as opposed to constitutional government. Fr. Piccirillo, from the quiet of the tertianship, was sent by Fr. General to De Broglie, Prime Minister of Belgium, and also, it is said, to the national assembly, to explain away or palliate the mistake made in Naples and to vindicate the true doctrine of the Society. This delicate mission he successfully accomplished, and the storm soon abated.

Returning to Rome he made his solemn profession in the church of the Gesù, into the hands of Fr. Beckx, on the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, 1855. From this period until he came to America his connection with the *Civiltà* was uninterrupted. Fr. Liberatore speaks of him as one of the strongest pillars of the magazine, owing as well to his practical abilities as to his mental acquirements. He wrote many articles on political economy, spiritism, and on literary subjects. Among other tales which he composed, the one entitled 'Orfanella' may be mentioned as a specimen.

The literary work of the *Civiltà* was accomplished by establishing several departments and intrusting each to one of the editors. A day before the appearance of each number, the editors met in committee of the whole, all the articles intended for the succeeding number were read aloud, and mutual criticism and suggestions followed. This open editorial comment was in addition to the usual censorship of the Society. It was desirable that the *Civiltà* should have the charter and privileges of a college, but serious difficulties had to be overcome to secure this result. It was Fr. Piccirillo who undertook the task, cheerfully surmounted every obstacle, and brought the affair to a successful termination.

During the Council of the Vatican, he gave very efficient aid to the bishops engaged in checkmating the opposition to the proclamation of the dogma of the infallibility. Fr. Liberatore, who was theologian to Cardinal Manning, ascribes his success to Fr. Piccirillo's active assistance in procuring him necessary documents. At this period he was chief director of the *Civiltà*. For many years he was confessor to Pius IX., enjoying the confidence of the pontiff and being on most intimate and familiar terms with him. He was entrusted by the pope with several negotiations requiring great

tact and knowledge of affairs, thus entering by deep inner lines into the heart of events that have stirred the world, and had a lasting effect upon the interests of the Church.

Fr. Piccirillo came to America in 1875. For twenty-five years he had not entered a class-room, yet on resuming the professor's chair, he fulfilled the arduous duties of his office with alacrity and vigor. During his first year at Woodstock he taught ethics, canon law and ecclesiastical history. These tasks proving too heavy, he was obliged to drop first one and then another branch, till finally he confined himself to scripture. When Fr. Mazzella was called to Rome in 1878, Fr. Piccirillo succeeded him as prefect of studies, an office which he continued to fill until his death. The interests of the college were very dear to him, and he was earnest and energetic in adding to the library, and in procuring collections of minerals, plants and fossils. Of the 40,000 works in our library, we owe perhaps 20,000 to Fr. Piccirillo's untiring efforts in our behalf; and nearly if not quite all the scientific collections of the college are the fruits of his efforts. In securing books for the library and specimens for the museum no expense was spared. Sometimes he paid as high as sixty, eighty or a hundred dollars for single crystals of rare occurrence or remarkable size. He visited the Centennial, the exposition of New Orleans, and other great public displays, where he could hope to procure rare objects of natural history. His collection of polyglots includes all that have ever been published, not excepting the polyglot of Ximenes, a copy of which he secured, to his great delight, shortly before his death.

As prefect of studies the scholastics of Woodstock knew him best. In the constant intercourse he had with large numbers of students, he displayed an eager interest in ascertaining the tastes and securing the advancement of each and all, ever ready to cheer and encourage, to open fresh fields of information, to suggest plans for their improvement. Always genial, bland and condescending; open, frank and courteous; with a beaming countenance on which sat that joy which is the fairest fruit of meekness, Fr. Piccirillo was warmly loved by all who knew him. His connection with the *Civiltà* and with the Vatican had given him no little acquaintance with the world and with politics. A shrewd observer of men and manners, his memory was stored with most interesting information of a historical character, which he was ready to communicate, with charming openness and unreserve. It had cost him a great effort to master the English language, especially on account of its unbroken array of brist-

ling consonants in many words. Such words as "stretch" and "strength" he could scarcely utter in less than three or four syllables. But he faced the enemy boldly, and continued to the end to battle with his unnumbered Saxon foes, availing himself of every auxiliary, from the youngest scholastic to the most venerable father, in the life-long struggle with our stubborn tongue. Among his documents was found an English grammar, which he had composed for his own use.

On the 27th of May, 1885, Woodstock celebrated the golden jubilee of its honored prefect of studies, by one of those old-time *academies* in which the prose and verse of living languages are made to vie in harmony with the stately measures of Greece and Rome. The praises of Fr. Piccirillo resounded in French and Italian, in English and Spanish, in Latin and Greek; yet, as the WOODSTOCK LETTERS of that day remark, it was eulogy but not flattery. The community deemed it a happy privilege to have this chance of showing their appreciation of all that he had done for their best interests. The day was one of religious gayety and literary jubilation, such as well fitted the joyous but earnest laborer in whose honor it was celebrated.

Fr. Piccirillo attended the third plenary council of Baltimore in the capacity of theologian to Bishop Janssens. At an important session, the question was mooted whether the impediment of clandestinity should be extended to all the dioceses of this country or removed from those in which it already existed. After several speeches had been made on the subject, chiefly in English, Fr. Piccirillo was called upon informally to express his opinion. He rose and, after a modest and appropriate opening, poured upon the astonished ears of his northern listeners a splendid address in handsomely rounded Ciceronian periods, full of solid thought, and convincing all who heard. The bishops were loud in their congratulations, and still speak with praise of this scholarly effort. He favored the entire removal of the impediment, and as the sentiment of the council was with him, a postulate was sent to Rome asking its abolition. The postulate was however rejected.

In the summer of 1887, Fr. Piccirillo's health failing rapidly, he consulted physicians in Baltimore and New York who advised perfect repose from serious labor, with gentle exercise in the open air and plenty of social intercourse. He was accordingly relieved of class-work but continued to take charge of the library and to fulfil the duties of prefect of studies. It now became difficult for him to move about, and he commonly rested two or three times

between the refectory and the chapel, though he had to ascend but one flight of stairs on the way. Almost daily, severe attacks of cardiac asthma prostrated his system and kept him in constant expectation of death; and still, if one of these paroxysms left him ten minutes before a community exercise, he would beg the infirmarian to let him join his brethren. Frequently he passed from what might have been the embrace of death to the community recreation, entertaining his companions with many an anecdote of his early days, concealing by his playfulness and vivacity the terrible malady that was eating away his life. The last time he took his turn in delivering an exhortation to the community, scarcely were the first words uttered when his throbbing heart warned him of danger. For a moment he hesitated, then rousing himself by a great effort, he continued to speak with redoubled vigor, delighting his hearers by his zealous fervor. When he had concluded, it was with difficulty that he dragged himself to his room near by, and there for several hours he lay gasping for breath. These attacks continued, and even increased in frequency, sometimes occurring as often as three times in twenty-four hours. All the ordinary remedies, such as leeching and blistering, were applied by the faithful infirmarian, but they afforded slight relief. A little broken ice gave him more help than any medicine. His daily Mass now became a preparation for death; but he had still a year to suffer and even a fresh burden of responsibility to bear.

Woodstock will long rejoice in the fact that it became necessary for Fr. Piccirillo to act as spiritual father during his last months on earth. With the sweet unction of charity, forgetful of self, he poured from his fatherly heart the stores garnered during a lifetime; and by showing us the secret well-spring of all his own joyous activity, urged us to drink deep at the eternal fountain of religious happiness. His life had been a model of prayerful energy. Rising at 3 A. M. he completed his hour of meditation, said Mass, recited by special privilege the whole office, and was ready for labor before the rest of the community had well begun their morning devotions. This austere practice was continued until, broken by age and infirmity, he was positively forbidden to rise at so early an hour. When the time came for the annual examinations last June, he assigned himself to one of the boards of examiners, and in spite of the intense heat, labored four hours a day at this trying duty. Many of us saw him for the last time in the examination hall, and will think of him as of one who died in harness, a cheerful martyr to duty.

As soon as the examinations are concluded at Woodstock, the students are sent in a body to the villa to rest and recruit. On the morning of their departure, Fr. Piccirillo seated himself in the main corridor of the college to catch a last glimpse of the scholastics. He wished to be recollected as one eager to usher in the time of innocent enjoyment and needed rest, fully conscious, as he expressed himself to some, that before we returned from our brief holiday, he would have gone home for the long vacation which lasts forever.

In his last letter to Fr. Liberatore he said that he might go at any moment, adding: "This being the case, I prepare myself carefully every day as if on that day I was to die."

On the 5th of July came the fatal attack. He had been to evening recreation with the few fathers remaining at Woodstock, and then withdrawing to his room said his beads, and made his spiritual reading. Whilst engaged in these exercises of devotion, the infirmarian entering to make the usual evening visit, Fr. Piccirillo asked him why he had not gone to the villa with the scholastics. The brother replied that there were two sick lay-brothers in the house and that Fr. Rector did not wish them to be deprived of his care. "It was for me you stayed," quickly rejoined Fr. Piccirillo. He then said that his head felt duller and heavier than usual. Shortly after, having prepared his points for the morning meditation, he made ready to retire. Drawing down his old-fashioned long stocking, worn on account of varicose veins, he was about to dress an issue which had been open for thirty-eight years and had required constant care, when he was seized with a violent attack of the cardiac asthma. Fortunately, at this very moment, a junior who wished to go to confession entered the room, and seeing Fr. Piccirillo's condition, hastily summoned the infirmarian, whose skilful eye told him that his patient was about to have a severe hemorrhage. Immediately Fr. Piccirillo was informed of the fact. Fr. Minister having entered at this moment, the brother hastened to procure remedies if perchance they might be of any avail. In the meantime Fr. Sabetti, followed by Fr. Brandi, entered the sick-room. The dying man reclined in his rocking-chair, pale and haggard, rendered speechless by the terrible oppression on his heart, but perfectly conscious. Standing at his side, Fr. Sabetti said: "Make an act of contrition, father, and I will give you the last absolution." Straightway the dying father joined his hands and bowed his head upon his breast. These were

sufficient signs of perfect consciousness. The absolution pronounced, Fr. Sabetti hastened to the sacristy for the holy oils, and returning anointed the forehead, using the short formula, for fear that death might come too soon. He then proceeded to anoint the five senses, the hands and feet, and soon after this sacred rite was completed, and the indulgence *in articulo mortis* had been given by Fr. Giraud, Fr. Piccirillo quietly breathed his last. The immediate cause of his death was a hemorrhage which sent the blood rushing up to the head, suffusing the brain and thus stopping all vital action. Several fathers, juniors and brothers had gathered about him, reciting the prayers for the dying, but no one knew the precise moment when he expired, so calm, so tranquil was the end. When the *De profundis* bell was rung, some ten minutes later than the one which is usually rung at the end of examen, many of the community thought that a mistake had been made. On learning that it rang for the soul of one who had been seen a day or two before walking down to the grotto, who on the preceding day had been entertaining guests, and on that very afternoon had mingled with the juniors on the lawn, delighting them by his sprightly conversation, nay, who an hour ago was with the fathers at evening recreation, we may imagine the painful shock caused by a death so slow in coming but so sudden at the last. Next morning, a brother who lives in a building adjoining the college, wishing to go to confession as usual, knocked at Fr. Piccirillo's door about 6 o'clock, and hearing no response, opened it and found his confessor stark in death.

Where the light spray of the willow mingles with the dark fronds of the arbor vitæ, at that point of our little graveyard nearest to the college he loved so well, lies all that is left to us of Father Charles Piccirillo, save the sweet memory of his kindness, and the fragrant recollection of his exalted virtues. The passer-by will scarcely note the plain white slab with its name and dates, as much like its neighbor as one Jesuit cassock is to another; but if a ray of culture may ever have pierced his soul, he cannot but pause over the inscription common to all our dead but singularly appropriate to dear Fr. Piccirillo: *Societas Jesu quos genuit eorum caros cineres cœlo reddendos sollicite hic fovet.*

T. E. S.

NOTE.—Since the first part of this sketch went through the press, we have discovered that although the 25th of Dec. was always given by Fr. Piccirillo as the day of his birth and is the only date found in our catalogue, yet in the catalogue of Naples the 20th of Nov. is given; the same is found in the Roman catalogue up to 1865, and from that year onward the 29th of Nov.

# FATHER EDWARD J. SOURIN.

## A SKETCH.

Fr. Sourin was born in Philadelphia, of Irish Catholic parents, both of whom died while he was still quite young. The withdrawal of the home solicitude and separation of the children consequent on this, proved fatal to the religion of one of the sons, who, adopted by Protestants, grew up alien to the true faith, and became afterwards a Methodist minister. Edward, the youngest child, had the good fortune to be taken care of by Catholic friends, and was sent at an early age to Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg. Here he soon became distinguished for his rapid and brilliant success in literary studies, and grew up with the infant college, overshadowed by the holy and strengthening influence of those pioneer bishops of Catholic America, Bishops Dubois and Bruté. There are records in Bishop Bruté's handwriting laudatory of the young scholar's remarkable talents. He excelled in Latin and Greek, and wrote poetry with ease and grace. Some of his hymns are quite popular now, though their author is not generally known.[1] His professor at this period was he who afterwards became the celebrated Archbishop Hughes, and Fr. Sourin was wont to speak, in later days, of those striking traits of character which gave foundation for the great hopes entertained of him, which were afterwards so grandly realized.

After completing a brilliant collegiate course, during which he was a classmate of the late Cardinal McCloskey, he studied for the priesthood and was ordained in 1832. Then began with redoubled ardor that life of self-sacrifice and zeal for the salvation of souls, which was to last till strength of body could no longer lend itself to the grand intentions of a soul thoroughly devoted to the work of God. Philadelphia and Baltimore, besides many other places in which he gave proofs of his sanctity and devotion to the spiritual good of others, were witnesses of his apostolic endeavors and holy triumphs. At St. Mary's, in Philadelphia, he was at one time assistant pastor, then associate at St. John's of Fr. Gartland, with whom he had been ordained, and who afterwards became first bishop of Savannah; between them there existed a lifelong friendship. After Bishop

[1] If any of our readers can supply us with more exact information about the hymns written or translated by Fr. Sourin they would thus enable us to publish an interesting supplement to this sketch.

Gartland's consecration, Fr. Sourin became pastor of the cathedral at Philadelphia. This was at a time when to be a priest meant to be the champion of the faithful persecuted by the fury of the intolerant Protestants of those days. There are extant many interesting anecdotes of his conduct during the riots of those troublous times. When the city was filled with cries of rage against Catholics, and threats of church-burning, his coolness and gentlemanly behavior did not fail of its effect on that fanatic mob, which he disarmed by his mere presence.

When Archbishop Kenrick was transferred to the archiepiscopal see of Baltimore, Fr. Sourin was made administrator of the diocese, until the appointment of the saintly Bishop Neumann. Then it was that, freed from this responsibility, he recognized the opportunity provided by God for devoting himself to the religious life to which he had for some time past felt himself called. He applied to this holy bishop, secured his permission, and entered the Society of Jesus in November 1855, pronouncing his vows on the feast of St. Stanislaus. On August 15th, 1866, he pronounced his last vows. He was the only professed of the three vows in our province. His first appointment after entering the Society, was as pastor of St. John's Church, Frederick, Md. He was next stationed at Loyola College, Baltimore; and his thirty years as a Jesuit have been spent almost entirely between these two places, where the memory of his virtues will not soon die out.

He was especially the consoler of the unfortunate, and within the walls of the penitentiary at Baltimore, the tear unknown and unsuspected by the outer world will fall from the eye of many a one whose heart, hardened for years, will melt for him who was to the convict a comforter and a friend. From the 8th of February, 1879, till about a year before his death, Fr. Sourin was a constant visitor to these souls, of whom he made devout Catholics, and of whose sincerity he never, with but one exception, had reason to doubt. Glorious work! and very pleasing in the eyes of God! "I was in prison and you came to me." "Amen, I say to you as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me."

Learned in the science of the saints, Fr. Sourin was not wanting in ability in instructing others with success in the truths of salvation. There was a time when his eloquence could fill the largest halls of Baltimore; and many were those for whom his words of holiness and wisdom were the means of coming back to God. And indeed, whether he spoke words of encouragement to the faint-

hearted, of instruction to the ignorant, or of exhortation to the dejected, it was the same spirit of earnest zeal and abiding sanctity which animated him.

His edifying death was what might have been expected from his holy life. Peacefully he passed from the arms of his beloved Society on earth to the company of those who had gone before him to receive their reward. As we linger over the memory of that saintly career, beautiful in its holy simplicity and exalted virtue, we are struck with admiration at what a consummate work that life is which has answered the designs of the Divine Architect.

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## BRAZIL.

*Letter from Fr. Galanti.*

ITU, ST. LUIZ COLLEGE,
Aug. 29th, 1888.

REV. DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

* * * * * * * * *

Please accept my thanks for the March and July numbers of the LETTERS. Everybody here takes great interest in the news the LETTERS bring us.

Items of news are rather scarce here, but such as they are I send them, hoping they may prove interesting to your readers. Although we are hampered in our work by the fewness of our fathers and the want of applicants to the Society, the bishop of Goyaz, while in Rome last January, prevailed on V. Rev. Fr. General to send a few fathers to evangelize the savages in his diocese. Accordingly, two fathers and a brother left us on the fourth of last May to found the new mission. The journey from Itù to the scene of their future labors is long and toilsome, and up to the present we have received no news from them, except that they had arrived at the city of Goyaz, the capital of the province of the same name. The country committed to their care is said to be as large in extent as the whole of Italy. If any one should be interested in knowing its exact location on the map, the following directions will be of help in finding it. From the city of Pará follow the course of the Tocantins a little beyond the fifth degree of southern latitude, till the tributary Araguaya is reached on the borders of the provinces of Goyaz, Maranhaò and Pará. Here a

large part of the country lying between the Tocantins and the Araguaya, beginning at the place where the two rivers meet, is wild and inhabited by the Indians whom the fathers have set out to convert. To reach their destination the fathers started by railroad for Goyaz, but long before reaching that city they were forced to leave the railroad and finish that part of the journey on horseback. From Goyaz, they were to follow the Tocantins partly on horseback and partly by boats which they hoped to secure on their way. Before they left, I begged the superior of the party to send me a letter giving an account of the journey and some idea of their future work; but so far, no news, I am sorry to say, has come since their departure from Goyaz.

Fr. Mantero, while still retaining the office of rector here, was appointed superior of the Brazilian Mission, but shortly after suffered so much from an attack of rheumatism that he was confined to his bed for a whole month. Fr. Aureli is still working alone at Rio, as we cannot send him a companion to share in his labors. The boarders in this college number three hundred and thirty, and are enjoying remarkably good health. Small-pox has appeared in many places in the province and even in this town. One of our fathers has been attending the sick for two months past, and though at times he has but little to do, he is obliged to stay on the other side of the town and is not allowed to come to the college under any circumstances. It is surprising how contagious this disease has become. To pass near a man afflicted with it is enough to catch it; and the people have come to fear it so much, that it is very difficult to get nurses for the sick. As soon as any one is found infected with it, he is immediately sent to the lazar-house, situated some distance from the town, and while on his way through the streets an officer, trumpet in hand, precedes him, shouting from time to time: "Small-pox! make way! small pox!" Needless to say, the street is cleared in a moment, but as soon as the unfortunate has passed, the street is as quickly filled with persons inquiring who he might be and where he had come from. Sometimes a small flag is displayed in front of a house, and thereafter that house is scrupulously avoided. No one receives anything that comes from the lazar-house, not even money, and few are found bold enough to speak to the priest or the doctors who visit it, though it is well known that they take every precaution to avoid spreading the disease. Sometimes a whole family goes to the lazar-house for the simple reason that no one will sell them anything if they remain in town. Some time ago we were very much frightened. One day a servant fell sick of what seemed to

be small-pox. He was sent to the hospital at once, and precautions were taken to protect the rest of the household. Though we tried to keep the fact secret, the rumor got abroad in the city that the dreaded plague had settled on the college. We were in a sad state for some days, when our poor sick servant, the cause of our trouble, came back to give us relief. It turned out that not only had he no small-pox, but what is more remarkable, he did not take it while in the hospital. However, from prudential motives, we thought it better not to allow him to come back to us.

You can hardly imagine the fear that seized the boys and their parents; some of the latter wrote to have their boys sent home at once. But not a boy left us; and although we are out of danger, we are not without apprehension.

The Brazilian government has abolished slavery at last, and happily no disorder of any importance has come of it. The slave owners have a bill before congress asking for indemnification. The abolition of slavery brought a beautiful letter from His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., to the bishops of Brazil, and the Golden Rose to the princess regent.

Our august Emperor has just returned from Europe where he was for a time dangerously ill.

Congress is now engaged discussing the "freedom of worship" bill. There is no opposition in congress, but of late a petition against the bill has appeared in the newspapers, signed by about twelve thousand citizens.

Please have the kindness to tell good Fr. Piccirillo that his letter has reached me, and that I thank him heartily for it. Please remember me to all my friends at Woodstock, and believe me always in the union of your holy sacrifices.

Ræ. Væ. infimus servus in Xto.,

J. R. M. Galanti, S. J.

P. S. We have just received a letter from the bishop of Goyaz, stating that our fathers have reached their mission and are settled in a little village, from which, as soon as circumstances permit, they will go in search of the Indians.

## IDAHO TERRITORY.

*Letter of Fr. Soer.*

St. Joseph's, Lapwai,
June 30th, 1888.

Rev. and dear Fr. Superior,

P. C.

According to your wish I shall give you a few items that may be interesting about my work in the Nez Percés Reservation and at St. Peter's, near Cottonwood, on Camas Prairie. I have been in charge of this parish since last October. Before my appointment, it had been attended by Fr. Diomedi, and by Fr. Morvillo from Lewiston, I. T. My congregation is made up chiefly of Germans, who came to this region about five years ago, and finding the plains already occupied settled in the mountains. I started for my mission on the 9th of October. It is a long and lonesome journey. After an hour's ride on horseback, I took the stage. We ascended a mountain for about four miles on a very stony road. We travelled for over three hours through the Indian reservation without seeing a house. Later on, we saw from time to time a little farm, a rustic post-office or a saw-mill. Soon after, we reached the great Camas Prairie, spread out at the foot of the mountains. The only house visible was a white one on Mt. Idaho, really eighteen miles off, but seeming to be only about six miles away. All the other houses of the well settled prairie are built behind little hills as if to escape observation. We passed the grave of Forster who fell during the Nez Percés war, and on a sudden reached Cottonwood, hidden hitherto from view, at the foot of the mountain, at the entrance to the prairie. It consists of a nicely built hotel, a store, a saloon, two blacksmith shops and a sort of general trading-house. Four or five miles from there, to the right, towards the woody mountains, lies the German settlement with a fine church dedicated to the Sacred Heart, the first and only church on all Camas Prairie. There is no town here, only a store and the house of Mr. Anthony Hendricks, who gave a part of his ranch for the church and priest's house. But on Sundays you would be surprised at the size of my congregation. They come to

the church every Sunday, even when I am not there to say Mass, for catechism, the rosary, hymns, etc. So devout and exemplary are they, that I know of only one who has not been to her Easter duties; and when I remain on Monday, they all assist at Mass.

The 3rd of June was a happy day for these good people, for on that day Rt. Rev. Bishop Glorieux blessed their church, which by hard work they had just succeeded in finishing. The altar, and especially the tabernacle, the work of a farmer, might do credit to a skilled carpenter, and looked bright and beautiful when adorned with bunches and garlands of flowers. In the afternoon, the bishop blessed the graveyard, a statue of the Blessed Virgin, and a fine bell weighing over one thousand pounds, whose clear notes can be heard for nearly four miles. Fr. Diomedi is the founder of this mission, which he called after St. Peter, that the church founded on Peter might take possession of the prairie; but the church he consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that all might be inflamed with love for that Divine Heart. A school has lately been opened here.

Last November, the church, though then unfinished, was the scene of the abjuration of two Lutherans. Herman Helm is a young Saxon, twenty six years old, who has been in this country several years, first in a Catholic settlement in Kansas and now on Camas Prairie. He formerly had all the prejudices instilled by his Lutheran minister, but he found by degrees that Catholics and their religion were not what he had been taught. Once when going alone through the mines, he heard the fearful howling of a panther near him. Terribly alarmed, he began to pray, but the danger seemed imminent until he felt inspired to make the sign of the cross, and the enemy disappeared. He did not however make up his mind to become a Catholic. That came about in a strange way. He wished to marry. He wrote to his parents in Saxony to choose a bride for him. The lot fell on Wilhelmina Ernst, who nothing loth accepted the offer, left her native land and in October 1887, reached St. Peter's where Herman awaited her. The next step was to be married. But by whom? There was no Lutheran minister. By a judge? That shocked the religious ideas of Wilhelmina. The only alternative was to be married by a priest. And that was equally shocking in her eyes. She had been brought up to believe that priests were men who lived a double life; apparently good and holy, but really wicked and depraved. Besides, in order to be married by a priest she thought she would be expected to become a Catholic. So the marriage was postponed. But Wilhelmina soon per-

ceived that she had misjudged Catholics and their religion, and in a short time she was under instruction and became much attached to her new-found friends and their religion. By November both she and her lover were ready to be received into the true Church. Accordingly, on the 13th, they made their abjuration of heresy, received their first Communion and were married. They are very edifying and fervent, and their recreation is to read together the lives of the saints. Others will follow their good example; for many of different sects attend our church. One lady has already expressed her willingness to become a Catholic, provided her husband will do the same.

Let me now say a few words about the happy death of a Spaniard named Astiago, commonly known as "George," the leader of a pack-train. Last winter he was paralyzed, probably owing to exposure to the fearful cold, and suffered extremely. Fr. Diomedi had visited him, but failed to get him to confession at that time. Death was approaching and he resolved to prepare himself. Hearing that a priest was at Lewiston, he himself asked to see me. Of course I went, and I found him distorted with suffering and scarcely able to speak. He made his confession and I anointed him, and on the following day gave him Holy Communion. A lady, who witnessed the happiness of George after receiving the sacraments, was so touched by the grace of God that she said: "Let me know, Father, when you will return, that I, too, may confess." She kept her word, and on my return she was reconciled to God after thirteen years of neglect of duties. Though Astiago had not gone to church for many years, he had never forgotten a single day to say his prayers.

But you will think that it is about time for me to tell you something about the Nez Percés Indians. In my last letter I mentioned the conversion of a girl named Alliototai, who had come with her mother and brother to the reservation a year ago. It came to pass in this way. An Indian, Damian Niniszikustin, had promised, at the death-bed of his first wife, to become a Catholic; he kept his word, and is now very practical and fervent. Wishing to console himself, he was looking out for a good Catholic girl to marry, but could find none to suit. He met Alliototai, who was still a pagan, and made his proposal. At first she was unwilling, but finally yielded to her mother's and brother's persuasion. She consented to marry him and also expressed herself willing to become a Catholic. So I instructed her carefully, and on the 21st of August, 1887, I baptized her by the name of Anna. May her conversion lead to that of her mother and brother.

I was called one day to baptize a little boy six years old. His parents were not Catholics, but as he was very ill and had himself asked for baptism, his father came to tell me the wish of his little son. The consent of the mother had not yet been given, so the father told me that he would return after a few days. As the child appeared to get better they put off sending for me, till at last the little fellow said to his father reproachfully: "Father, you told me very often that the Samgzemngzemng (Blackrobe) would come, but I do not see him." This reproach could not be resisted and I was sent for. I went to the house accompanied by many influential Indians. After the baptism, I addressed the family through an interpreter. I told them the reason of my coming among them and explained to them how happy the little boy would soon be for all eternity because they had consented to let his sins be washed away in the waters of regeneration. I then asked leave to baptize their other little boy; but the time had not yet come and they would not consent. I invited them to come to the church. The mother came, and since the death of little Joseph, she has continued to come.

Some time after, I was told that a grandchild of these same Indians, living in the same house, was very ill. I called and found the mother alone with two children. I spoke of baptizing the sick boy, but she would not allow it as her husband was not at home. She is a young Protestant of Camiag. I told her of the necessity of baptism and showed her how to baptize in case of danger of death. Some days passed, when Damian came on the part of the parents to ask me to baptize their little boy, which I accordingly did, naming him Joseph. They even consented to my baptizing their little girl, whom I called Agnes. Joseph soon after died. I visited the family in March and found they had moved into a new house. In the meantime, the grand-parents had had a little girl born to them; and the young parents a little boy, to fill the places of the two little Josephs they had lost. I warned them not to defer the baptism of these babies, and they asked when the next great feast would come. St. Joseph's day was approaching, so they selected it for the day of the baptism. I explained to them the Catholic pictures that hung upon their walls and they seemed much interested, and I left them hopeful of the conversion of the whole family.

This family is very widely connected, their chief is Piopiu Maksmaks (Yellow Bird). He often visits the mission, and had received some instruction, and was once on the point of being baptized. Brother Priotto enjoys telling of a meeting between

this chief, in full paint, and the bishop. Instead of kneeling as others did to kiss His Lordship's ring, Piopiu and his band remained standing, bowed with great ceremony, then shook the bishop's hand. Hearing that the name they intended giving him in baptism was Timothy, "Timothy," he cried out, "is grass!" Ten years passed and found Piopiu still unregenerated. Finally he wished to marry the daughter of Kainipaz, a patriarch with forty children and grandchildren, all distinguished for their piety and devotion to the Church. Consent was obtained on condition that he become a Catholic. So he put himself under instruction and was baptized on All Saints' day, 1887. He might have great influence for good over his band, but he is not fervent enough to enkindle others. I visited him the other day in his big tent, which contained at least fifteen beds—that is to say Indian beds, one or two blankets on a little straw; they also serve as seats. I was invited to dine with them. Piopiu picked out the best potatoes and put them on my plate and helped me to butter. He himself was served by his wife, who, as wife of a chief, enjoyed the privilege of sitting near her lord at table; while all other women eat apart from the men. Everything was clean. The food was served on a cloth spread upon the floor, which required a rather awkward position, for me at least, as I am not accustomed to sit tailorwise. Each of us was provided with a plate, knife, fork, cup and saucer. When I asked for a drink of water, Mrs. Piopiu handed it to me in a sugar-basin, which was somewhat incongruous. I admire the way in which so many women can live together in peace and concord. If only they all had the true faith! But they live at a great distance from the church. I hope however to make some conversions among them, as one woman has already expressed her wish to become a Catholic.

The Indians living at Pisgnisse, on the side of the Clearwater, show signs of interest in our religion. Those who are already Catholics assemble twice every day for prayer and three times on Sunday. Not a few of the pagans and Protestants join with them and ask for explanations of the Catholic doctrine. On my next visit, I shall baptize Tamsas, whose wife is already a neophyte. The last time I was there, a boy, whose parents are infidels, was so much impressed by my sermon that he came to me and told me that he did not want to live like a heathen any longer, and that he would try to get his parents' consent to his becoming a Catholic.

I must now say a few words about the extraordinary fruits the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus bore at Lapwai.

Rev. Fr. Cataldo began to make the devotion more popular last November. He had forborne to speak of the First Friday Communion of reparation, lest they should thereby neglect coming on Sunday, as very few Indians live near the church. But thinking that now they were sufficiently instructed in their duties, he spoke of our Lord's wish. The result was that there were more Communions on the first Friday than on great feasts in former years. Nor did this devotion interfere with Sunday; for they approached the Holy Table again on the following Sunday. In a word, the number of Communions in the whole year (1886) was about 1000, while in the half year from January to June, 1887, the number was 1324.

These poor Nez Percés have such a horror of sin that most of them cannot rest in peace if they have the least venial sin upon their conscience. No wonder, then, that the devotion to the Sacred Heart has produced great fruits in these pure, simple-hearted people.

Commending myself and my missions to your prayers,

I am etc.,

A. Soer, S. J.

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## FR. JOHN BAPST.

### A SKETCH.

(*Continued.*)

For three years Father Bapst devoted himself with a truly apostolic zeal to the conversion of the poor Indians, who had been, for twenty years or more, destitute of all priestly ministrations. His boundless charity, however, did not suffer him to confine his labors to these poor Indians, but while dwelling in their midst he made frequent excursions in search of the stray sheep among their white brethren, as is beautifully attested in the following interesting letter written by him, during the second year of his residence on Old Town Island, to his beloved friend, Fr. Charles Billet, S. J., of Brussels.

Old Town, Maine, April 27th, 1850.

Reverend and very dear Father,

P. C.

I must first offer you my excuses for the long silence I have maintained. I would certainly not have deferred writing to you until this late day, had I thought that you still continued to reside at Brussels; but knowing that our European provinces were the scene of ever-recurring political upheavals, I deemed it possible that you might have changed your residence, and in this uncertainty I delayed continuing my correspondence with you. But now you are about to see how I will make up for the past. Oh no, Reverend Father, I need no extrinsic motives to induce me to write to you; I have but to follow the bent of my heart's desires, I have but to indulge the sweetest inclination of my soul. The ocean that separates us will never cause me to forget our old friendship. Indeed during my two years' residence on Old Town Island I have been subjected to very severe trials, which have in every case resulted in intensifying my regret at my enforced separation from dear friends in Europe.

There is an American proverb to the effect that in this world one should go ahead, and count only on himself. It is precisely what I have to reduce to practice in my own regard. I have on my hands a mission of many thousand Catholics, scattered over an immense extent of country; now, to convert them and to preserve them in the faith I can count only on myself. In the tribunal of penance, few weeks go by that I do not have to deal with penitents who have not confessed for twenty or thirty years or more; and without passing any rash judgment, you can easily suppose that such penitents have consciences heavily laden with sin, and present cases generally pretty complicated, especially when you consider that my Catholics are all poor, and are brought into contact every hour of the day with the American Protestants, upon whom they depend entirely for subsistence. Now, the majority of Americans in these parts bend the knee to no other divinities than Plutus and Venus. With many, the most frightful abominations are crimes only when made public. In secret everything is permitted. It is a law of nature, they say, and besides there is no hell, or if there is, it is not for men, as Christ has ransomed us all You might know all Liguori by heart and yet not discover a solution of the difficulties that present themselves in the confessional. In the midst of such doubts, when one is by himself, to whom can he apply for advice?

A Catholic priest in this country is apt to have some differences with the civil authorities who are all Protestants; in these junctures, to whom can he apply for assistance when he is alone and knows not the language of the country? In this country of liberty *par excellence*, where among many vice reigns almost without bridle, and where the thoughts, the words and the actions of men are as they were at the period of the deluge, when "omnis caro corruperat viam suam"; . . . . a religious deprived of all companionship, depending only on himself, not wearing the ecclesiastical dress, almost always on the road, having no one to edify him, able with impunity and without any one being the wiser to omit for years together meditation, examen, spiritual reading, retreat, etc.,—how, I ask

you, can a religious thus situated contend against the torrent that overturns and bears along in its impetuous flood almost every one about him? But if perchance there should spread among the community a contagious malady, the cholera for example (and this is no longer a mere supposition), what will the missioner do who is thus left companionless? If he takes to flight, he is a mercenary; if he does not desert his post, it can very easily happen that he fall a victim to the disease, and run the risk of dying, and that too without sacrament, without friends, without priest, and perhaps without any succor. . . . In a word, in all these difficulties that beset him, in these moments of sadness, of discouragement, of sickness, to whom will he have recourse for aid? His reply is very simple—to God alone. And assuredly he whom God protects is well protected. In my own regard, despite the slightly sombre hue of the picture in which I have just portrayed my own position, I can assure you that God has not ceased for a single instant to pour in abundance into my soul his strengthening grace and to give me almost an excess of consolation. For up to the present period, I have weathered with safety all the storms that threatened me; God blesses my labors in a manner not only visible, but I even dare say miraculous. And yet, notwithstanding all this, or rather because of all this, I cannot help directing my gaze towards Europe, not to regret my absence from that old land which God seems to have cursed, but because the longing is big within my soul to share these labors that I sustain, and these astonishing benedictions with which they are crowned, with one of my European brethren. But I have reason to hope, Reverend Father, that this happiness will soon be mine. Rev. Father Brocard has at last promised to give me a companion, a father from our province. Guess who he is. Father Maurice Gailland! But yet, I have not, up to the present date, welcomed his advent to this island, and I have some reason to believe that my hope may only be a deceitful one. But at any rate, Father Provincial has promised him to me. In the meantime, if there were at Brussels a father called Fr. B. [Billet] or Fr. de F. [de Forell] who would be willing to descend from the lofty heights of a prefectship of studies or a chair of rhetoric in a great college and a great city, and begin to instruct Indians on a little island of America, I would tell them of the well founded hopes that I conceive for the future of religion not only among the Indians, but especially among the whites, in these northern regions of the United States.

I will not repeat here all that I have said in my preceding letters. I will content myself with writing only as much as will give you an idea of my present position. To begin with the Indians: on my arrival here I took them all for little saints; but how greatly was I deceived! They restrained themselves somewhat in the beginning, but when they saw that I was not content with fair words merely, but required good works also, then it was that they revealed themselves at length in their true colors. I am now certain that half of my Indians have lost the faith; for that portion of them retain no belief in the doctrines of hell, of purgatory, of the real presence, of the remission of sins; while they reject all feasts, abstinences and fasts; in a word they are Protestants at heart, owing as well to their continual intercourse with Protestants, as to the twenty years' absence of a priest from their midst. The majority of them are

habitual drunkards. Nor is this all. My presence among them has become extremely irksome to them, because it acts as a restraint upon their vices and infidelity. Now as these Indians are capable of anything, and as they (that is to say, their ancestors) have already killed more than ten priests, do not be at all surprised if some fine morning you should hear that Father Bapst, not feeling within him the martyr's courage, has taken it into his head to decamp.

Yet, thanks to God, I have not yet reached that pass; and as half the tribe are excellent Catholics, I hope to succeed in leading back the others to the practice of their religion, and in rendering the tribe as flourishing, perhaps, as it was in the time of their first missionaries who were all Jesuits like myself. But for this, much time will be required, and as I have but little hope of effecting this with the present generation, all my hopes are centred in the children, whom I am instructing myself. And to this end I continue to pursue my study of their language, and will strive to establish a Catholic school on my island. If I can but realize this project, everything is gained; but I have to conquer almost insurmountable difficulties. The Americans have put into the heads of my Protestant Indians to have a Protestant school-master, and as it is the State that pays the salary, if the Indians demand such a preceptor for their children, they are sure to obtain him; and then the evil is without remedy. For I have not the necessary funds to establish a Catholic school which will hold sessions at the same time with the Protestant school, and thus neutralize the action of the latter. If, on the contrary, the Indians were unanimous in demanding a Catholic school, the school-board, although wholly composed of Protestants, could not refuse their request. If I only had a few hundred francs at my disposal, I would soon be able to bring this about. Meantime, I continue to do all I can for them. I preach almost every Sunday a little written sermon that I compose during the week with the aid of one of the Indians. I have already a large number of such sermons prepared, and I have also translated all their prayers.

Their language resembles Hebrew somewhat, and it is even asserted by some that the Indians of these regions came originally from Palestine. And just as it is impossible to translate Hebrew literally into French, so it is impossible to give a literal rendering of the Penobscot language. Between this Indian tongue and the living languages of civilized people there is no analogy, there are no derivations. The letter *r* does not enter into their language; they supply its place by the letter *l*, which possesses a sweeter sound. Thus for Mary (the name of the Blessed Virgin) they say *Maly*. They have a syllable or rather a sound which does not exist in any of our modern languages; it is somewhat like the sound of "ou" obscure; but it is impossible to represent it exactly by the letters of our alphabet; to catch the sound, one must hear it from the mouth of an Indian. But enough about the Indian for to-day; in my next letter, perhaps, I shall enter into the subject of their origin, their manners, their language, their occupations, their color and their dress, as well as their history since the arrival of the Europeans, but above all their conversion to Christianity, and the incredible labors of our first fathers in their midst.

If from the Indians we pass to the consideration of the whites, we find

the situation quite different. For while the Indians, as I have declared, inspire serious apprehensions as regards their future, the white population on the contrary give grounds for the fairest hopes. In my preceding letters I spoke of the Canadians, of my missions to them, and of the success with which they were crowned. Lately I recommenced these works of zeal among them, and I reaped the same harvest of joys and of consolation. At Waterville I established a temperance society last year. When I visited them again this year I found that out of more than sixty habitual drunkards, who had previously not spent a single week without becoming intoxicated, some had passed three months without drinking a single glass of liquor, others six months, and the greater number the entire year. The victory is so wonderful that the Protestant magistrates themselves, witnesses of this change, regard me with great favor, and are making every possible effort to effect my permanent residence in their midst. They have induced the Canadians to set about building a church, and have promised them generous aid. Many of the most distinguished gentlemen of their number have visited me; many have begged me to deliver some lectures in English for the Americans. If I only knew their language I have not the least doubt that it would be an easy task to dispel the rest of their prejudices, to awaken their slumbering consciences, and to effect, perhaps, a veritable religious revolution. But alas! I have not yet mastered the English tongue.

At Skowhegan, a pretty town situated eighteen miles from Waterville, there is witnessed, on the part of the Catholics, the same earnestness, and on the part of the Protestants, the same good will. On my last visit, as we had no suitable place for our meetings, the Protestant magistrates generously offered us the use of the town-hall; and every evening, at the instruction, the hall was crowded with an attentive audience, of whom half, perhaps, were Protestants. How much they would have given to understand me! The chief of police wrote me a letter in English couched in the most flattering terms, in which he assured me of his protection, and even of his co-operation in the cause of temperance. On the day when I spoke on temperance, as I was descending from the platform at the end of the lecture, an American gentleman advanced into the middle of the hall to meet me, and, before the whole audience, shook me warmly by the hand. To understand all this good will on the part of the enemies of our faith, one must be acquainted with the fact that among the Americans there are many who, though Protestants, are enthusiastic advocates of temperance. Some weeks after my departure from Skowhegan, the chief of police, to whom I have referred above, wrote me another letter to inform me that, since my departure from their midst, all had gone well with the Canadians.

Not long ago, I baptized two Protestant ladies. Another, who lives twenty miles from here, has sent to me begging me to come and baptize her; she is sick and feels her end approaching. Still another lady has been begging me to administer baptism to her for some time past, but I have thought it better to defer it a little while until she is sufficiently instructed. Another lady, who was very well instructed, requested an

interview with me, in which she sought many explanations on controverted points. In taking leave of me she expressed herself perfectly satisfied with the result of our conference, though I had spoken in English. I have also met some Protestant ministers and other Protestant gentlemen, from one of whom I forced the avowal that the Catholic religion was the only true one. I proved to a Universalist the existence of hell, a doctrine which his religious sect rejects; and the only reply he could make in parting from me, was: "Though the case may be as you state it, yet the contrary is my opinion." "It may be your opinion," I replied, "but it is not that of the Bible;" for I had previously proved to him the thesis from the Bible itself, whose testimony he was willing to admit.

I may be mistaken, but I feel convinced that if there were in this part of the world some zealous and learned missioners, capable of speaking the English language well, a great number of conversions would soon be effected among the most prominent people of this part of the United States. For Protestantism in this region has seen its best days; it cannot maintain its stand before the good sense of the Americans. Nothing is more common among us than to hear enlightened Protestants declare: "I have no religion; but if I professed any, the Catholic religion would be my choice. The others do not stand the test of an examination."

There is still another thing which is worthy of consideration. The United States is the freest country in the world. You believe yourselves free in France and in Belgium; but be assured that you possess but the shadow of the liberty which we enjoy in America. I can establish here as many schools as I wish, and no one will interfere either for the purpose of superintending or even inspecting them. What is more, I could preach the doctrines of the Catholic religion in the most Protestant town, before an audience composed entirely of Protestants, and I feel sure that I would not suffer a single interruption. Recently, an American gentleman delivered a public lecture at Bangor, a town not far from here. He was a Protestant; and what do you think was the subject of his lecture? A strange one indeed! I will wager a dollar that you will not guess it. He chose for his subject no less a topic than the Jesuits; and a Catholic priest, who was one of his audience, assures me that he never heard a eulogy of the Society of Jesus that was more eloquent, loftier and more correct than this tribute from a Protestant. And in what spirit do you suppose his hearers greeted his remarks? They responded by frequent applause, although his entire audience was composed of Protestants, and the city itself is Protestant. What do you say to such an event as that? Let a like discourse be delivered in your Catholic France or Belgium, and we shall see whether it meet with a like reception.

For my own part, I can honestly assert that since my arrival in these regions, I have been treated with the greatest respect by the Protestants, although every one knows that I am a Catholic priest and even a Jesuit. Indeed I enjoy an esteem which would certainly not be mine, were I not a priest or a Jesuit. You may think, perhaps, that I am indulging in exaggeration, but only listen to a little incident that happened to me some time ago on a steamboat, and you will be convinced that I have confined myself within the

bounds of truth, in speaking of the respect paid by Protestants to the priest. The deck on which I stood was well filled with passengers, who were not long discovering by my bearing, and above all by my accent, that I was a foreigner. They quickly surrounded me. I found them all very polished gentlemen. In the course of the conversation they had with me, they asked me in English (for you must know that in my travels I have not yet heard a word of French): "From what country do you come?" "From France," I replied. "How long have you been in this country?" they asked. "Some months," I answered. "What is your profession?" Here was a delicate question. Its answer I wished to evade, but they pressed me very politely for a direct reply. I mustered up courage, therefore, and told them boldly that I was a priest. "Of what religion? Have you any children?" I began to laugh, and said that I was a Catholic priest. In France, that very Christian republic (one dares no longer call it a kingdom), a like avowal would perhaps have been received with a very bad grace, while here, on the contrary, the case is quite different; for when I had declared that I was a Catholic priest, all these gentlemen gave proof of a regard for me, which I have reason to believe they do not entertain towards their own ministers. After landing at my destination, I met one of these gentlemen on the street, and he saluted me most respectfully, removing his hat as he passed, a mark of respect which in this country is paid only to persons of the highest distinction.

Such is the bright side of American liberty; some other time, perhaps, I shall present the reverse of the medal. Yet I have said sufficient, I hope, to inspire some of those numerous priests, who remain behind in Europe, with the thought of coming to America where "messis quidem multa, operarii autem pauci."

Your devoted brother in Christ,

JOHN BAPST, S. J.

In September, 1850, Father Bapst gave up his residence at Old Town and removed to Eastport, which he constituted the head centre of the numerous Jesuit missions in Maine. He had resided for three years and one month among the Indians, but he found his apostolic zeal completely thwarted by the internal dissensions existing among them. No sooner would he succeed in bringing the poor Indians to a sense of their religious duty, and in weaning them from their barbaric vices, than an uprising of the factions, which divided the Indian tribe into hostile camps, would cause the poor Indians to cast to the winds all their virtuous resolutions, and, while satisfying their vengeful inclinations, give full vent to their recently bridled passions. In view of this melancholy condition of affairs, the Rev. Father Provincial deemed it better that Fr. Bapst and his catechist, Mr. Force, a Jesuit scholastic, should withdraw from residence among the Indians, and while not abandoning the poor children of the forest altogether, extend their labors to the thousands of Irish emigrants and French Canadians who had hereto-

fore been but poorly attended to. Eastport was considered at the time the best town for a missionary centre. Two other Jesuits, Fathers Hippolyte De Neckere and Basil Pacciarini, came to re-enforce the missionary band shortly after.

Before leaving Old Town, Father Bapst assumes the rôle of a gallant champion of the reputation of one of his brethren, against whom charges, seemingly well substantiated, had been lodged with both the bishop of Boston, Dr. Fitzpatrick, in whose jurisdiction the State of Maine was then contained, and Rev. Fr. Brocard, the provincial. It was well for the accused that he found so able an advocate of his cause as Fr. Bapst. The defense, which formed part of a letter to Rev. Fr. Provincial, was very remarkable, both for its great vigor and the lawyer-like skill with which it was drawn up. It not only shows Fr. Bapst as a gentle, warm-hearted friend, but discloses also the good missioner's great force of character and keen sense of justice. Father Bapst was indeed possessed of meekness, but like his Divine Model, he could on occasions "be angry and sin not." It manifests, moreover, that no member of the Society, let his position therein be what it might, could with impunity be made the victim of an unjust attack, and not have Fr. Bapst to wield in his behalf a gallant and powerful pen, inspired by his truly sympathetic heart. We regret that it cannot find space in this limited sketch. The second part of the same letter, however, relating as it does to what Fr. Bapst calls "the tempest on the Indian island," demands insertion as it stands. It is addressed to Rev. Fr. Brocard and bears date Oct. 11th, 1850.

Reverend Father,

I wrote to you that the Indians had put an end to their difficulties, on the fourth day of July, by the voluntary abdication of the head chief of the "new party." I subscribed to this treaty of peace on three conditions, one of which provided for the establishment of a Catholic school on the island, to be entirely under my direction, as well with regard to the choice of the master, as to the management of the school. On the acceptance of this condition by the agent and the Indians, I consented to remain in their midst. Recently, as I wrote you, I went to Boston for the sole purpose of hunting up a school-teacher. I found one who suited me in every respect. On my return to Old Town, I wished to open my school immediately, but the "old party," headed by those two bad subjects who had resisted the bishop of Boston to his face, came and offered numerous objections, declaring, among other things, that they were entirely averse to the school-teacher I had chosen. Urged to give the reason for their opposition, they were forced, after many evasions, to avow their sole reason to be that my school-teacher was a Catholic. They desired a

Protestant teacher, in the hope of thus strengthening their party which was in quite an unstable condition. On the other hand, the "new party" declares that it will never accept a Protestant school-teacher. Now how am I to act? If I hold firm and insist on keeping my Catholic teacher, a rupture of the peace will ensue once more, and party hatred become rife with so much the more fury as a religious element will be added to the war. Indeed it will degenerate into a war of religion. This is evident, for the "old party" combats for Protestantism, and the "new party" for Catholicism. If pursuing a contrary course I yield, everything is lost and Catholicity abandons this unfortunate island. Mr. Merrill, the Protestant minister, who is the soul of the whole opposition, deludes the poor Indians with respect to the Protestant teacher, 'spouting' much about the blessings of liberty of conscience and of religion.

My advice is to await with patience the issue of the affair. If the "old party" absolutely refuse to receive the Catholic school-teacher, and persist in gratifying their impertinent pretentions to having a Protestant teacher, I shall be obliged to withdraw from the island, rather than be the cause of a deplorable conflict. In these disturbances among the Indians, matters may at any moment be brought to the last extremity. If therefore we are obliged to take a precipitate departure, it is to Bangor, or rather to Ellsworth that we shall retire, and thence I shall write at once to Your Reverence in order to receive your further orders.

In closing, Reverend Father, I must assure you that if these storms which overwhelm us cause us some pain and uneasiness, they cannot rob us of our peace of heart. We are ready for whatever may happen. We are conscious of having developed, if not into perfect missionaries, at least into missionaries by no means degenerate; and I pray Heaven, I pray Mary above all, to obtain for us the grace that we may continue so to conduct ourselves in the future, as never to cause the Society to blush at numbering us among her children. It was on the feast of the Holy Rosary that the storms burst forth.—A good omen!

I commend myself earnestly to the prayers and holy sacrifices of Your Reverence.

Your devoted son in Xt.,
JOHN BAPST, S. J.

A little over a month after the departure of Fr. Bapst from Old Town, he wrote the following beautiful letter to one of his brethren in Europe, descriptive of the affecting incidents attending his separation from the Indians, and of a trip through the province of Maryland made shortly before the date of the letter.

EASTPORT, Nov. 10th, 1851.

REVEREND AND VERY DEAR FATHER,

I am no longer at Old Town in the midst of my Indians, but at Eastport surrounded by civilized people. It was on the second of September last that I quitted Old Town, after having lived three years and a month with my dear Indians. All who were on the island on the day of my departure accompanied me to the river-bank, with every mark of deep

sadness and sincere regret. I had instituted, some days before, a species of bazaar for the purpose of disposing of the furniture which I did not wish to carry away with me. All the Indians, men and women, vied with one another in buying up at the highest price any object that had belonged to me, wishing to preserve it as a precious souvenir. I had not believed them capable of such delicate sentiments. Then too, when the moment of my departure had arrived, and I saw the tears streaming from those eyes which even at the death of their nearest relatives remain dry, my heart was touched with the deepest emotion, and during the whole time that I remained on the boat which bore me away from that unfortunate island where I had experienced so many hardships and so much happiness, I did not venture to raise my eyes for a farewell look, fearful of betraying too much weakness. And yet I had not abandoned them altogether, since they still remain my parishioners, to whom I must from time to time minister the consolations of religion.

The reasons of my withdrawal from permanent residence among the Indians are the following: first, the bishop of Boston has confided to my care a mission made up of French and Irish, scattered over a territory more than one hundred and forty miles in circumference; and as Eastport appeared to be the most central point, that town was chosen as our headquarters, in preference to Old Town; second, as a faction among the Indians, which we may fitly term the "radical party," had formed a species of schism from the Church, the bishop of Boston and Rev. Fr. Provincial thought it advisable to teach the refractory a salutary lesson by withdrawing the priest from them.

Eastport is situated on the limits of the United States and New Brunswick, being separated from the latter country by the Sainte Croix River. It is a seaport to which the steamboats of the two countries make regular trips. The town contains a pretty little Catholic church and a handsome pastoral residence, very well furnished. It is here that I live happily with FF. Force and De Neckere,[1] the former of whom is an American,[2] and the latter, a Belgian and a nephew of the bishop of the same name. They are both full of youthful vigor, and possessed of much talents; and what is better, excellent Jesuits and zealous missionaries. There is only one Frenchman here, all the Catholics being either Irish, or American converts. There is also, a mile from the town, an Indian tribe, all Catholics, with whose spiritual care we are also entrusted. The entire mission embraces thirty-three different stations, each of which would form in Switzerland a very pretty little parish. (What do you say to that?) So you may be sure no one can complain of not having enough to do.

From Eastport as a central point, these three companions in arms, for-

[1] This is Fr. Hippolyte De Neckere who has already been mentioned by Fr. Bapst on p. 368, in connection with Fr. Basil Pacciarini. He was a brother of Fr. F. X. De Neckere, for many years superior of the mission of Conewago, and nephew of Bp. Leo De Neckere of New Orleans. He was sent to help Fr. Bapst in 1851, immediately after his tertianship. He was afterwards connected with the old Seminary in Washington of which he was rector from '54 to '57, when he became rector of St. John's College, Frederick, where he died on June 6th, 1859.

[2] Fr. Bapst must be mistaken when he says Fr. Force was an American; we have unquestionable authority for the statement that he was a Hanoverian whose real name was Voors. His name disappears from the Maryland catalogue in 1856,

tified with a courage and ardor that the sight of an innumerable army of enemies excites within them, sally forth to the immense field of battle which lies open before them; and I hope that subsequent letters will convey to you the cheering news of the bloodless carnage they will have effected in the ranks of the enemy, and the victories they will have gained for Christ. For the present, I will content myself with giving you the result of the jubilee missions which we have been conducting at our various stations. These spiritual weapons were the means of reclaiming a very large number of bad Catholics, and of converting about thirty Protestants or infidels. Besides this, we are able to preserve in the faith and in fervor about nine thousand Catholics, for whom we are now engaged in building three churches which will be completed next spring. No, I do not believe that in Europe I would have been able to do the hundredth part of the good that I now effect in this country. Indeed I am tempted to thank Heaven for the tempest that cast me on these remote shores, far across the seas.

About a month ago, when I was worn out by the labors of the missions and not fully recovered from the oppressing influence of a three years' solitary life among the Indians, where I was deprived of all the pleasures of fraternal intercourse, Rev. Fr. Brocard, who bears towards me a love truly paternal, invited me, nay even urged me, to seek a little necessary recreation by taking a trip to Georgetown, and visiting on the way the various houses of the Maryland Province. This journey of three hundred miles I made in three weeks, going by easy stages. I visited Boston, the wealthiest city in the United States, where we have two houses; New York, the most populous, where there are two colleges, which belong to the French Province; Philadelphia, the most beautiful, where likewise we have two houses; Balimore, the oldest, where we have but one residence; Washington, the capital of the United States, where we have one college; Georgetown, the seat of the mother-house of the province; Frederick, where are situated the novitiate, the third year of probation and a college; and finally, Holy Cross College, Worcester, the second boarding-school of the province.

Before undertaking this long journey I had formed many prejudices against the province of Maryland, due to the unfavorable reports with reference to it which I had frequently heard before my coming to this country. But this visit has dispelled all my prejudices. I now firmly believe that the province of Maryland is as flourishing, from a religious point of view, as any province in Europe; I would no longer have any repugnance to casting my lot with that of this dear province, and becoming a member of it. Wherever I went I was received by my Jesuit brethren with so much charity and so much cordiality, and so well did I find the rules observed in the various houses, that I felt as if transported, after three years of exile and isolation, to the happy times in which flourished that famous college and that famous boarding-school where we spent together such happy days — never alas, to return — and where we have left behind so many souvenirs. I found in all these houses a true image of Fribourg; the same spirit, the same virtues, the same religious atmosphere. In the course of my trip I visited the novices, the scholastics, the professors, the tertians; and I was back in spirit at Estavayer, at Brieg,

at Notre Dame d'Ay. In every house I met some member of our dispersed province. It was a touching sight to behold these meetings between brothers, on a foreign soil, three thousand miles from their native land; but it would be impossible to portray the varied feelings they excited in the depths of our hearts. All our Swiss brethren, with very few exceptions, are very happy here, and reflect no dishonor upon the Upper German Province.

My companions in arms, though strangers to Your Reverence, send you most respectful greetings.

Yours devotedly,

JOHN BAPST, S. J.

(*To be continued.*)

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## FATHER VILLIGER'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

The golden jubilee of Fr. Burchard Villiger, the Superior of the residence of the Holy Name in Philadelphia, on Oct. 4th, was a festival to which his parishioners had been looking forward with the most sincere pleasure for many months, and the magnificent way in which they celebrated it proves how warm their attachment to him has always been. One saintly old parishioner who died just a few days before, expressed it as his only regret that he could not live to join in the jubilee, while hundreds have declared that they looked upon it as one of the great events of their lives. As a sort of prelude to the great celebration of the4th, the school children tendered Fr. Villiger a reception on the 3rd. This occurred in the parochial school, and was just what the sisters in charge intended it should be, a loving home-festival, where the young folks gave their pastor a quiet little entertainment, in anticipation of the honors awaiting him on the morrow.

The hall was crowded with the children and their friends and relatives, the stage was draped with the Papal, Swiss and American flags, and was hung with festoons of evergreen and bordered with fragrant flowers. The entertainment consisted of a series of songs and addresses in verse, interspersed with duets on the piano and organ. The boys in their *Choral Greeting* were formed into a V with the smallest boys in front — a quaint conceit of the director of the school, Fr. John Finnegan. The *Little Pearls* address, by the youngest of the school-girls, was made up of a succession of verses in which each one told of the pearls she had gathered for her pastor and what virtues the different pearls represented; while the last and tiniest miss, who had stood very demurely with clasped hands as the others

told their stories, lisped that she had wandered over the shore in vain for pearls which the others might have overlooked, and so, in despair, had determined to be herself her pastor's pearl. The *Golden Gleanings*, however, was the feature of the evening. Four of the older girls came successively on the stage, attired to represent History, Switzerland, America and the Pacific Coast, and told in dainty and varied metre the history of Fr. Villiger's eventful life. Many of the passages were charming bits of description, full of devoted and affectionate sentiments. At the conclusion of the entertainment, the address was presented to Fr. Villiger, bound in rich dark-green leather, its pages illuminated by hand with numerous colored pictures and floral designs. Fr. Villiger then arose and thanked the children in a few happy words; after which he granted them a holiday on the morrow, and in the name of Fr. Provincial, who was present, a holiday on the following day as well. The entertainment was followed by a short reception, in which the parents of the children crowded about Fr. Villiger to wish him many joyous anniversaries of his golden jubilee.

The workmen on the new church labored late that night preparing it for the celebration, and at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 4th, the five monster bells in the towers rang out the jubilee chimes, and the doors were thrown open to the crowd which had been gathering for more than an hour. The magnificence of the edifice burst upon the people like a vision which surpassed their highest expectations. It was the first time that they saw the church free from the network of scaffolding which had all along obscured its grand proportions. It still, of course, requires considerable work before it can be permanently used for divine service. None of the eight side-chapels, which are to open down the nave, are as yet even plastered; but the fretted ceiling and the sides of the sanctuary and transepts, with their wealth of stucco work and their tall Corinthian pillars and pilasters, supporting arches of immense span, were completely finished. These were well set off for the occasion by garlands of green broad-leaved palms, ferns and other tropical plants. At the end of the semi-circular apse, one hundred feet in height, which serves as the sanctuary, was the temporary altar, which is to be succeeded in time by one of marble. High above this altar hung the three life-sized pictures of St. Ignatius at Manresa, St. Francis Xavier on Sancian, and, higher than all, St. Patrick explaining the Trinity. The last was given its special prominence partly as a compliment to His Grace, Archbishop Patrick J. Ryan, who assisted at the ser-

vices. Each of these pictures will adorn a special altar, St. Patrick's being a memorial of Fr. Patrick Toner, S. J., erected by his father. A handsome throne had been put in position for the archbishop, and around the sanctuary were seats for the fifty-one clergymen who were present. Twenty-five hundred chairs had been provided for the congregation, and room in the left transept had been reserved for the Little Sisters of the Poor and the Sisters of Charity, whose Home and Hospital respectively are attended by our fathers. The chairs were rapidly filled, and long before the procession entered the church, at least three thousand people were in waiting.

The morning was sunny, cool and cheerful, just such a day, Fr. Villiger said, as that on which he and half a dozen merry companions had entered the novitiate at Brieg in Switzerland, fifty years ago. Seldom did the reverend father, who is famous for his cheery smile, look so radiant with health and goodness. The archbishop and the most prominent clergy of his diocese, including several Augustinians and Redemptorists, and our own fathers from every quarter of the province, gathered early at the Gesù, and the heartiest congratulations were showered on Fr. Villiger till 10 o'clock, when the procession began to move. It started from the foot of the grand staircase in the residence and, passing directly out through the front doors, swept slowly up Stiles street to the main entrance of the new church, where a crowd was standing with uncovered heads.

The music of the Mass was under the direction of professor S. G. Gorman, with a chorus of fifty voices, chiefly from the Maennerchor Singing Society, the singing being accompanied by the Germania Orchestra of fifty pieces under Professor William Stoll. As the procession entered the church, the orchestra played Mendelssohn's *Overture*, "Calm of the Sea." The Mass was Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*, "St. Cecilia." At the Offertory, Cagliero's *Sit Nomen Domini* was sung; before the sermon, Geibel's *Veni Creator*; and at the conclusion of the Mass the orchestra played Rohbler's *Marche des Troubadours*.

The area of the sanctuary is such as to admit of the ceremonies of the church being carried out with the greatest fidelity and solemnity, as was certainly done on the present occasion, Fr. W. H. Carroll acting as master of ceremonies. It was remarked that Fr. Villiger intoned the Mass in an uncommonly vigorous manner and looked quite youthful for a man who has gone through his experiences. The sermon was preached by Fr. Jeremiah O'Connor, Superior at St. Lawrence's Church, New York. His theme was the 'character and aim of the Society of Jesus' and the 'dignity

of the priesthood.' From his eloquent and loving delineation of the character of the Society we give a few extracts. "It is obvious that in hurriedly limning here a few of the lovely features celestial of this spiritual mother, on this her high holiday, we aim not at glorifying any, but at pertinently giving, as in a glance, something of the beauty, strength, vitality, fecundity of her whom God's own Church, in her great Council of Trent, called 'a pious Institute,' whose honor has been lauded, privileged by pontiff after pontiff till the reigning Leo. He has confirmed every gift that all others have bestowed, and in this his own golden year of jubilee, has bound its members by the bond of Catholic charity still closer to the blessed above by the canonization of yet three more of their brethren—the apostolic Claver, for the fathers' special patron; his own life-long patron, the angel Berchmans, for the scholastics; and, for the brothers, the gentle Alphonsus. * * * * * * *

"Its end being so ample and varied, the means it uses, both natural and supernatural, are as multidinous and diversified. Yet the utmost indifference is prescribed in their use; such as aims at killing all preference or personal leaning, and looks only to God's glory, best to be attained with the immediate end. To omit, defer, change an accustomed work, take up another, turn even to the practice of a different virtue at the tinkling of a bell, to leave God for God as our Holy Father did, an ignominious scourging that was impending and that his cavalierly honor, humbled for Christ, yearned for, and turn himself to teaching little ones their primary lessons—this is the true Jesuit doctrine regarding the relation of means to end, which the world has ten thousand times knowingly perverted and will continue to malign. For the Master had foretold it: 'If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you.' * * * *

"Such would be the Society's son as her Institute would have him, and not the monster of craft and dark trickery, which the world, itself wicked, wickedly would have him be; such as, even in Fénélon's day, the Jansenist would paint him, 'the brain, the power, the malice of everything bad or questionable in civilization, of all even that is done in the Church;' as though, in spite of her Divine Spouse's promise, she had become an imbecile, led by these 'agents in the dark,' instead of being guided by the light of the Holy Spirit."

The sermon concluded by a rapid but loving sketch of Fr. Villiger's labors and a very feeling allusion to the orator's personal pride in the occasion, as he had received his admission into the Society in 1860 at the hands of Fr. Villi-

ger, who was then provincial. The pulpit, which projects from the wall of the nave, a little below the west transept, had been arranged temporarily, and the preacher's clear tones, penetrating distinctly into every part of the church, gave a happy proof of the judgment displayed in choosing the position. The services concluded by the giving of the pontifical benediction by the archbishop, after which the procession formed again and passed out through the sacristy and into the residence by the rear entrance.

At half past twelve, the guests of the day were invited to a dinner which had been prepared for them in the parlor. At the head of the room sat the archbishop, with Fr. Villiger on his right hand. During the meal, each guest was presented with a copy of the delightful lapidary inscription composed by Fr. Charles Cicaterri in honor of the day. We append it in full to the present narrative. Towards the end, one of the younger fathers of the Gesù arose and, after a few pleasant words of introduction, read the following:

GRATULATIONES ET VOTA.

Expectata dies—lux quinquagesima fulget
Aurea, quæ meritas cingit honore comas.
Gratantur superi—summo pia regia cœlo—
Gratatur mitræ quem sacer ornat honos.
Gratantur patres, fratres, pater optime, quemque
Cura premit gentis plurima Loyolidum.
Quæquæ et conspicimus solida jam condita mole
Augusti et templi mœnia sacra Deo—
Hæc tibi sunt voces, summo gratulantur honore
Quem non delebit deperitura dies.
Laudant te Helvetii colles, California tellus
Laudat, ubi surgit te duce magna domus.
Laudant te nostra urbs, turbæ juvenumque senumque
Languentes, inopes, tota caterva mali.
Littus ad extremum, terras penitusque latentes
Fama pererrabit, transvolet astra tui.
Plurima fert animus sacri monumenta laboris
Dicere, queis magnum est nomen in urbe tuum.
Ast pudor id prohibet: virtutis forma, venustas,
Ut rosa—splendenti lumine—tota fugit.
Hic maneat felix jam quinquagesimus annus,
Hic maneat nomen semper in ore tuum.
Sit tua vita tuis, populo, sit cara Beatis,
Nec metam tangat Nestoris ante diem.

Shortly after this address, the archbishop spoke a few felicitous words of congratulation, insisting on the great debt of gratitude which he himself and his whole diocese owed to Fr. Villiger, and heartily wishing him many another year to carry on his good work. Fr. Villiger responded briefly in words equally happy, and the company soon dispersed. As the time for the evening reception approached, another great crowd began to assemble in the new church, until at half past seven there was no longer standing room.

The fathers could see at least ten of the houses opposite along Thompson street brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and they afterwards learned that a number of houses on Seventeenth, Eighteenth and Stiles streets were similarly adorned. The reception was tendered to Fr. Villiger by the gentlemen of the Jubilee Committee, on behalf of the whole congregation. The church was splendidly lit up by calcium lights, and the same choir as in the morning rendered the musical services. The committee occupied a semicircular row of seats in the sanctuary, with Fr. Villiger seated in their midst. The music opened with Lambillotte's *Lauda Sion*, which was followed by selections from Giorza's *Gloria*. Mr. William Gorman, a prominent lawyer of the parish, then read an affectionate address, in which he spoke of the great esteem in which the congregation held their reverend pastor, and concluded by presenting Fr. Villiger, as a substantial token of their esteem, with a check for $11,100. In thanking them for their manifestations of love, Fr. Villiger humbly begged his people to remember that, without the grace of God and their earnest co-operation, his labors would have been of little avail, and that the grand new church was to be a lasting memorial of their zeal for the divine worship. The concert then closed with Carr's *Te Deum*, after which the fathers held an informal reception and the visitors lingered for about an hour inspecting the beauties of the magnificent edifice, which when completed will be not only the largest but the most magnificent sacred edifice in Philadelphia. A detailed description may be given to the readers of the LETTERS in connection with an account of the dedication, which will take place next December. A word here about the bells, of which mention has already been made, may not, however, be out of place.

They are five in number, their names and weights being as follows: *Holy Name of Jesus*, eight thousand pounds; *Blessed Name of Mary*, four thousand; *St. Joseph*, two thousand; *St. Ignatius*, one thousand, and *St. Francis Xavier*, seven hundred. When ringing, they harmonize perfectly. The ceremony of their consecration on July 31st, last year, was unique and exceedingly interesting, and is thus described by the *Catholic Standard* of August 6th, 1887:

"At the time announced for the blessing or 'christening' ceremonies to begin, there were fully two thousand people in the building, a large number considering the intense heat of the day and the charge of a high admission fee. Archbishop Ryan officiated. Taking his position by a small table near the front of the sanctuary floor, surrounded by the priests present, he recited the preliminary prayers, proceeding according to the form prescribed in the 'Pontifical.' The bells having been washed with holy water, the archbishop anointed each in turn, beginning with the largest and ending with the smallest, first outside with the oil of the sick, and then inside with the holy chrism.

After this a thurible containing burning incense was placed under each bell. His Grace prayed repeatedly that the sound of the bell might avail to summon the faithful, to excite their devotion, to drive away storms, and to terrify evil spirits. Thus consecrated, the bells have become spiritual things, and can be rung only with the consent of the spiritual authorities. As the priests left the place the bells were set a-ringing, starting with the smallest, and each taking up the notes until a deafening peal was heard from the largest. All present must have been delighted with the chime, for they lingered until it ceased."

Fr. Cicaterri's was a special tribute to Fr. Villiger of esteem and affection from his brethren in holy religion, and will form an appropriate conclusion to this account. It runs thus:

IV · NON · OCTOBRES · AN · MDCCCLXXXVIII
QVEM · DIEM · SODALES · E · SOC · IESV
PHILADELPHIAE · DOMVS · A · IESV · INCOLAE
CONSILIIS · CONLATIS · FAVSTVM · FELICEMQVE
DOMESTICA · LAETITIA · HABERE · STATVERVNT
QVOD

BVRCHARDVS · VILLIGER

EIVSDEM · DOMVS · ANTISTES
ANNVM · AB · INITA · SOC · IESV · L
AVSPICATO · EXPLEVIT
QVI · MODESTIA · MORVM · SVAVITATE · PATERNA · CHARITATE
LENITATE · NVLLIS · VERBIS · ADAEQVANDA
ANIMOS · SVORVM · SIBI · DEVINXIT
EGREGIE · DE · SOC · IESV · MERITVS
QVOD · TOTO · FERE · VITAE · CVRSV
TVM · PROVINCIAE · MODERANDAE · MAGISTERIO
TVM · ALIIS · PRAECLARIS · MVNERIBVS · OBEVNDIS
EXIMIA · PRVDENTIAE · LAVDE · ENITVIT
APVD · CIVES · PHILADELPHIENSES
ZELO · ET · PIETATE
MAGNO · IN HONORE · HABITVS
AEDIBVS · PVERIS · PVELLISQVE · A · PRIMA · AETATE · INSTITVENDIS
AB · INCHOATO · EXCITATIS
MOLITIONEM · TEMPLI · AMPLISSIMAM · ADORTVS
NVLLIS · DIFFICVLTATIBVS · TERRITVS
OPVS · SAPIENTER · DIV · EXCOGITATVM
INCEPIT · PROMOVIT · IAMQVE · ABSOLVTVRVS
LAETATVR
SODALES · TOT · VIRTVTVM · MEMORES
PATRI · CARISSIMO
EX · ANIMO · GRATVLANTVR
VOTISQVE · OMNIBVS · DIV · INCOLVMEM
PROSEQVVNTVR

# ELENCHUS

## SANCTORUM ET BEATORUM SOCIETATIS JESU.

CC. 11 ; MM. 83.—PP. 29 ; Sch. 32 ; Nov. Sch. 12 ; Coad. 20 ; Nov. Coad. 1. —Lusit. 37 ; Jap. 24 ; Hisp. 15 ; Ital. 7 ; Angli 5 ; Pol. 2 : Belg. 1 ; Corean. 1 ; Gall. 1 ; Holl. 1.

| | NOMEN. | ORTUS. | OBITUS. | BEATIF. | CANONIZ. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | S. P. Ignat. de Loyola, Confessor. XXXI Jul. | Hisp. 1491. | Rom. 1556. 31 Jul. | Paul. V. 1609. 27 Jul. | Greg. XV. 1622. 12 Mart. |
| 2 | S. P. Franc. Xaverius, C. III Dec. | Hisp. 1506. 7 Apr. | Ins. Sancian. 1552. 2 Dec. | Paul. V. 1619. 25 Oct. | Greg. XV. 1622. 12 Mart. |
| 3 | S. P. Franc. Borgia, C. X Oct. | Hisp. 1510. 28 Oct. | Rom. 1572. 30 Sept. | Urb. VIII. 1624. 23 Nov. | Clem. X. 1671. 12 Apr. |
| 4 | S. Aloys. Gonzaga, Schol. C. XXI Jun. | Ital. 1568. 9 Mart. | Rom. 1591. 21 Jun. | Paul. V. 1605. 19 Oct. | Bened. XIII. 1726. 20 Apr. |
| 5 | S. Stanisl. Kostka, Novit. C. XIII Nov. | Polon. 1550. 28 Oct. | Rom. 1567. 15 Aug. | Clem. X. 1670. 16 Aug. | Bened. XIII. 1726. 20 Apr. |
| 6 | S. P. Joan. Franc. Regis, C. XVI Jun. | Gall. 1597. 31 Jan. | Lalovesc. 1640. 31 Dec. | Clem. XI. 1716. 8 Maii. | Clem. XII. 1737. 5 Apr. |
| 7 | S. P. Franc. de Hieron. C. XI Maii. | Neap. 1642. 17 Dec. | Neap. 1716. 11 Maii. | Pius VII. 1806. 16 Mart. | Greg. XVI. 1839. 26 Maii. |
| 8 | S. Paul. Michi, Schol. Præd. martyr. V. Febr. | Jap. 1564. circiter. | Crucibus simul affixi 1597, 5 Febr. Nangazachi ; beatif. 1627, 15 Sept., ab Urb. VIII. ; tandem canoniz. 1862, 8 Jun. a Pio IX. | | |
| 9 | S. Joan. de Goto, Novit. Schol. M. | Jap. 1578. | | | |
| 10 | S. Jacob. Kisai, Novit. Coadj. M. | Jap. 1533. | | | |
| 11 | S. P. Petr. Claver, C. IX Sept. | Hisp. 1581. vel 1585. | Carthag. 1654. 8 Sept. | Pius IX. 1850. 16 Jul. | Leo XIII. 1888. 15 Jan. |
| 12 | S. Joan. Berchmans, Schol. C. XIII Aug. | Belg. 1599. 13 Mart. | Rom. 1621. 13 Aug. | Pius IX. 1865. 9 Maii. | Leo XIII. 1888. 15 Jan. |
| 13 | S. Alph. Rodriguez, Coadj. C. XXX Oct. | Hisp. 1531. 25 Jul. | Palm. Major. 1617. 31 Oct. | Leo XII. 1825. 12 Jun. | Leo XIII. 1888. 15 Jan. |
| 14 | B. P. Joan. de Britto, M. XI Febr. | Lusit. 1647. 1 Mart. | Marav. Jugulatus. 1693, 4 Febr. | Pius IX. 1853. 21 Aug. | |
| 15 | B. P. Andr. Bobola, M. XXIII Maii. | Polon. 1590. vel 1591. | Yanov. Excarnificat. 1657, 16 Mai. | Pius IX. 1853. 30 Oct. | |

Quadraginta martyres simul coronati prope insulas Canarias, anno 1570, 15 Jul., quorum cultum jam Romæ et alibi ab eorum obitu probatum, sed interruptum occasione decreti Urbani VIII., 1625, redintegravit et confirmavit Pius IX., 1854, 11 Maii.

| | NOMEN. | ORTUS. | OBITUS. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 16 | B. P. Ignat. de Azevedo, Super. Miss. Brazil. XV Jul. | Lusit. 1527. | Præferens Imag. Deiparæ. |
| 17 | B. P. Didacus Andrada. | Lusit. 1520. | Lancea. |
| | *12 Scholastici.* | | |
| 18 | B. Antonius Suarez, *Subminister.* | Lusit. | Gladio. |
| 19 | B. Bened. de Castro. | Lusit. 1543. | Sclopeto et gladiis. |
| 20 | B. Franc. de Magallianez. | Lusit. | |
| 21 | B. Joan. Fernandez. | Lusit. | |
| 22 | B. Ludov. Correa. | Lusit. | |
| 23 | B. Emman. Rodrignez. | Lusit. | In mare projectus. |
| 24 | B. Simon Lopez. | Lusit. | |
| 25 | B. Emman. Fernandez. | Lusit. | |
| 26 | B. Alvarus Mendez. | Lusit. | |
| 27 | B. Petrus Nugnez. | Lusit. | |
| 28 | B. Andr. Gonzalez. | Lusit. | |
| 29 | B. Joan. de San-Martino. | Hisp. | |
| | *10 Novitii Schol.* | | |
| 30 | B. Gonzalv. Henriquez, *Diaconus.* | Lusit. | In mare projectus. |
| 31 | B. Didacus Perez. | Lusit. | Hasta percussus. |
| 32 | B. Ferdin. Sanchez. | Hisp. | |
| 33 | B. Franc. Perez Godoï, *Stæ Teresiæ cognatus.* | Hisp. | Sclopeto. |
| 34 | B. Anton. Correa. | Lusit. 1555. | Hasta. |
| 35 | B. Emman. Paceco. | Lusit. | |
| 36 | B. Nicolaus Diniz. | Lusit. 1553. | |
| 37 | B. Alexius Delgado. | Lusit. 1556. | |
| 38 | B. Marc. Caldeira. | Lusit. | |
| 39 | B. San. Joannes, *Omnium junior.* | Lusit. 1557. | |
| | *16 FF. Coadjutores.* | | |
| 40 | B. Emman. Alvarez. | Lusit. | |
| 41 | B. Franc. Alvarez. | Lusit. | |
| 42 | B. Domin. Fernandez. | Lusit. | Gladio. |
| 43 | B. Casparus Alvarez. | Lusit. | |
| 44 | B. Amarus Vaz. | Lusit. | |
| 45 | B. Joan. de Maiorga. | Hisp. Vasc. 1553. | In mare projectus. |
| 46 | B. Alph. de Vaena. | Hisp. 1537. | |
| 47 | B. Anton. Fernandez. | Lusit. | |
| 48 | B. Steph. Zurara. | Hisp. | In mare projectus. |
| 49 | B. Petr. Fontoura. | Lusit. | Sclopeto percussus. |
| 50 | B. Greg. Scribano. | Hisp. | |
| 51 | B. Joan. de Zafra. | Hisp. | |
| 52 | B. Joan. de Baeza. | Hisp. | |
| 53 | B. Blasius Ribera. | Lusit. | Caput discissum. |
| 54 | B. Joan. Fernandez. | Lusit. | |
| 55 | B. Simon Acosta. | Lusit. 1552. | |

Quorum supplicium non indicatur, vestibus ad ludibrium exuti, conviciis et verberibus affecti, lanceis gladiisque transfixi, fractis cruribus et brachiis, bini vel terni in pelagus acti sunt.

| | NOMEN. | ORTUS. | OBITUS. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 56 | B. P. Petr. Canisius.<br>C.<br>XXVII Apr. | Holland.<br>1521.<br>8 Maii. | Frib. Helv.<br>1597.<br>21 Dec. | Pius IX. beatif.<br>1864.<br>2 Aug. |

Triginta et tres martyres quos beatificavit Pius IX. cum aliis centum et septuaginta duobus, 1867, 7 Jul.—13 PP.; 17 Schol.; 3 Coadj. temp.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 57 | B. P. Joan. Bapt. Machado.<br>XV Febr. | Lusit.<br>Azorum ins.<br>1580. | Omuræ.<br>1617.<br>22 Maii. | Capite truncatus. |
| 58 | B. P. Didacus Carvallius.<br>XXI Febr. | Lusit.<br>1578. | Sendai.<br>1624.<br>22 Febr. | Gelidis aquis mersus. |
| 59 | B. P. Michael Carvallius.<br>I Mart. | Lusit.<br>1577. | Omuræ.<br>1624.<br>25 Aug. | Lento igne crematus. |
| 60 | B. P. Paul. Navarrus.<br>V Mart. | Neap.<br>1562. | Scimabaræ.<br>1622.<br>1 Nov. | Item. |
| 61 | B. Dionys. Fugixima,<br>Catech. Schol. | Jap.<br>1593. | Ibid. | It. |
| 62 | B. Petr. Onizuchius,<br>Catech. Schol. | Jap.<br>1604. | Ibid. | It. |
| 63 | B. Leonard. Chimura,<br>Coad., frater Seb. Chimuræ.<br>XIV Mart. | Jap.<br>1575. | Nangazachii.<br>1619.<br>18 Nov. | It. |
| 64 | B. P. Franc. Paceco,<br>Provinc.<br>XX Jun. | Lusit.<br>1565. | Nangazachii.<br>1626.<br>20 Jun. | It. |
| 65 | B. P. Joan. Bapt. Zola. | Ital.<br>1575. | Ibid. | It. |
| 66 | B. P. Balth. Torresius. | Hisp.<br>1563. | Ibid. | It. |
| 67 | B. Caspar. Sandamatzu,<br>Coadj. | Jap.<br>1565. | Ibid. | It. |
| 68 | B. Petr. Rinxeius,<br>Catech. Schol. | Jap.<br>1588. | Ibid. | It. |
| 69 | B. Paul. Chinzuchius,<br>Catech. Schol. | Jap.<br>1572. | Ibid. | It. |
| 70 | B. Joan. Quizachus,<br>Hospes P. Paceco, Schol. | Jap.<br>1605. | Ibid. | It. |
| 71 | B. Michael Toxo,<br>Catech. Schol. | Jap.<br>1588. | Ibid. | It. |
| 72 | B. Vincent. Caunus,<br>Prædic. et Catech. Schol. | Coreanus.<br>1580. | Ibid. | It. |
| 73 | B. P. Anton. Yxida.<br>III Sept. | Jap.<br>1570. | Nangazachii.<br>1632.<br>3 Sept. | Aqua ferventi et igne mersus per integrum mensem. |
| 74 | B. P. Thomas Tzugius.<br>VIII Sept. | Jap.<br>1571. | Nangazach.<br>1627.<br>6 Sept. | Lento igne crematus. |
| 75 | B. Mich. Nacaxima,<br>Schol. | Jap.<br>1583. | Nangazachii.<br>1628.<br>25 Dec. | In aqua ferventi atrociter mersus. |
| 76 | B. P. Carolus Spinola.<br>XI Sept. | Ital.<br>1574. | Nangazach.<br>1622.<br>10 Sept. | Lento igne crematus, invictus Heros. |
| 77 | B. P. Sebast. Chimura,<br>Primus Sacerdos Japon. | Jap.<br>1565. | Ibid. | It. |
| 78 | B. Anton. Kiuni,<br>Schol. | Jap.<br>1572. | Ibid. | It. |

| | NOMEN. | ORTUS. | OBITUS. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 79 | B. Petr. Sampo, Schol. | Jap. 1572. | Nangazach. | Lento igne crematus, invictus Heros. |
| 80 | B. Michael Xumpo, Schol. | Jap. 1589. | Ibid. | It. |
| 81 | B. Gonzalv. Fusæi, Schol. | Jap. 1582. | Ibid. | It. |
| 82 | B. Thomas Acafoxi, Schol. | Jap. 1572. | Ibid. | It. |
| 83 | B. Ludov. Cavara, Schol. | Jap. 1582. | Ibid. | It. |
| 84 | B. Joan. Ciongocou, Schol. | Jap. 1582. | Ibid. | Capite truncatus. |
| 85 | B. Ambr. Fernandez, Coadj. | Lusit. 1551. | Omuræ. 1620. 7 Jan. | In carcere periit. |
| 86 | B. P. Camil. Constantius. XII Oct. | Neap. 1572. | Firandi. 1622.* 15 Sept. | Lento igne crematus. |
| 87 | B. August. Ota, Catech. Schol. | Jap. 1572 circiter. | Firandi. 1622. 10 Aug. | Capite truncatus. |
| 88 | B. P. Hieron. de Angelis. V Dec. | Siculus. 1567. | Yedi. 1623. 4 Dec. | Lento igne crematus. |
| 89 | B. Simon Jempo, Schol. Catech. | Jap. 1575. | Ibid. | It. |
| 90 | B. P. Petrus Faber. C. VIII. Aug. | Sabaud. 1506. 14 Apr. | Romæ. 1546. 1 Aug. | Statim ab obitu coli cœpit, quem cultum confirmavit Pius IX. 1872. 5 Sept. |

Quinque Martyres Angli, quorum cultus, ab ipso martyrii tempore Romæ probatus, a Leone XIII. solemniter confirmatus est 1886, 8 Decembris.

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| 91 | B. P. Edm. Campion. I Dec. | Anglus. 1540. | Londini. 1581. 1 Dec. | In patibulo suspensus; deinde semivivus eviscerratus et sectus. |
| 92 | B. P. Thom. Woodhouse. | Anglus. 1530. | Londini. 1573. 19 Jan. | It. |
| 93 | B. P. Joan. Nelson. | Anglus. 1535. | Londini. 1578. 3 Feb.† | It. |
| 94 | B. P. Alex. Briant. | Anglus. 1553. | Londini. 1581. 1 Dec. | It. |
| 95 | B. P. Thom. Cottam. | Anglus. 1549. | Londini. 1582. 13 Mai. | In patibulo suspensus. |

CC. 12 ; MM. 83 ;—PP. 30 ; Sch. 32 ; Nov. Sch. 12 ; Coad. 20 ; Nov. Coad. 1. —Lusit. 37 ; Jap. 24 ; Hisp. 15 ; Ital. 7 ; Angli 5 ; Pol. 2 ; Belg. 1 ; Corean. 1 ; Gall. 1 ; Holl. 1 ; Sabaud. 1.

# OBITUARY.

## Brother William Lakebrink.

Br. William Lakebrink died in Santa Clara College, Cal., on Sunday, July 1st, in the 83rd year of his age and his 36th in the Society.

This good brother was a native of Osnabrück in Hanover, where he was born on Christmas Day, 1805. He left his native country and came to the United States to seek his fortune in the mining regions of the Northwest. In this he was so far successful that in a short time he realized a handsome sum ($40,000 it is said), part of which he gave to our fathers in St. Louis, and the rest he brought with him to Santa Clara. Little is known of his life before his entry into the Society, for he steadily evaded all inquiries urged by those who suspected that his life had been marked by many interesting and edifying incidents. It is said that what determined him to enter religion was a vow which he made, when once in imminent danger of death through the falling in of a mine in which he was buried up to his neck with but one hand free to help himself. He began his novitiate in Santa Clara College on the 15th of May, 1853, and had for novice-master Fr. Peter de Vos, a venerable old Indian missionary.

During the time Br. William lived in the Society, he was ever a source of edification to all those who conversed or lived with him. Not only within the walls of the college was he loved and revered, but outside also he was held in high esteem by Catholics and Protestants alike, who were impressed by his gentle virtues. He seemed to have chosen St. Alphonsus Rodriguez for his special patron, he so forcibly reminded one of that model of lay-brothers. He was ever master of himself; and even in the most trying circumstances he never lost his wonted tranquillity and meekness. His spirit of devotion went hand in hand with his spirit of labor, so that not only was he adorned with the virtues the rules prescribe for his grade in the Society, but he was faithful even to the letter of the rules. He was never known to shirk work or hesitate to put his hand to the heavy end of a burden. When he was young and vigorous he was a source of admiration to all who witnessed the sturdy way he went about his business, and even in his decrepit old age he did his part faithfully and well to the last. For years he carried the mails to and from the post-office, which necessitated a good many journeys backwards and forwards, and besides he had the care of the back-gate where he had to dole out their pittance to the poor who come to the college for their daily bread.

The end of his long life came seemingly without an immediate note of warning. He had begun to make the annual retreat with the community, and had just finished the meditations of the second day, on death and judgment, when while he was on his way to pay a customary visit to the

shrine of St. Joseph in the vineyard, he received a stroke of apoplexy from which he died in a few minutes. The first intimation which the community received of what had happened came from a messenger who hurried into the dining-room during supper to apprise Fr. Rector, who hastened at once to the spot and arrived in time to give the last absolution. The tableau to the end of the day's meditations, presented by our good brother stretched on a mattress on one of the walks, with many members of the community kneeling in prayer around him, brought home to all the truth of our Lord's words, "Nescitis diem neque horam." — R. I. P.

### Mr. Joseph A. Heylen.

The novitiate of St. Stanislaus, Macon, Georgia, witnessed the edifying death of Joseph A. Heylen, a scholastic of the Society, on the evening of the feast of St. John Berchmans.

Born on Oct. 14th, 1863, in the village of Wolfsdonck, near Diest (the birthplace of St. John Berchmans), he quickly developed that pious disposition which was to render him ripe for heaven at so early an age. When old enough, he was placed in a college under the care of secular priests, at Aarschort, and there continued up to the end of poetry. About this time, feeling himself called to a missionary life, he applied for admission into the apostolic school of Turnhout. His request was granted and he was admitted in the month of September, 1883. He spent but one year there; long enough, however, to endear himself to his professors and companions. He was earnest, diligent and faithful in his studies. His piety was attested by his reception into the sodality of the Blessed Virgin long before the six months assigned for probation had expired. He had a filial love for our Blessed Lady and a special predilection for St. John Berchmans whose picture was always before him, and his name constantly on his lips in conversation. He considered it the greatest honor to have been born so near the home of his patron. Two striking features at this time, and afterwards, were his innocent gaiety in recreation and his equanimity of temper. No provocation, so his companions relate, could ruffle his feelings, though his very simplicity lent many an occasion for the trial of this virtue. On the completion of his rhetoric, he was received at his earnest request into the Society of Jesus by Fr. Miles, and joined the New Orleans Mission. Accordingly, after his voyage across the ocean, he was sent to Manresa together with nine others. From the first he never experienced any difficulty or repugnance in the exercises of the novitiate, and his two years of probation passed away in the peace and calm of a secluded life. On the closing of Manresa he was sent to finish his noviceship at Florissant. He took his vows with great fervor on the 12th of September, 1886; and after a year of studies, again changed his religious home to complete his studies at Macon. He labored there with unflagging diligence until, towards the end of the scholastic year, he was prostrated with fever. Nothing serious was apprehended until typhoid set in. With tender care, however, the fever abated and he rallied somewhat, in fact great hopes were entertained of his recovery. But on the 8th of August he had a relapse and his case was pronounced hopeless. Weak in the extreme and utterly helpless, he lingered on until the

13th of that month. At times he became delirious and, marvellous to relate, would describe beautiful pictures of the Blessed Virgin, St. John Berchmans, St. Ignatius, and especially of the Sacred Heart; and when asked if he saw all that he had described, he answered with candid simplicity that he did. Up to the end these visions were quite frequent. One other remarkable incident should not be omitted. The evening before his death, Fr. Rector caused prayers to be offered up by the community for his happy death. One who was watching with him, and wholly ignorant of the prayers which were being recited, says that Br. Heylen suddenly stretched out his arms, and gazing with a rapturous look, as if he saw some beautiful sight, exclaimed: "Oh, what a lovely picture! How beautiful our Lady is! God is wonderful in his saints! St. John will obtain favor for us all!" Sometimes he would become agitated and seem to be troubled with discouraging thoughts, but some father or brother was always at his side to suggest aspirations or sprinkle him with holy water, and then he would instantly become calm again. On the evening of the 13th, strengthened with the last sacraments, with all the fathers and brothers reciting the prayers for the dying around his bed, he surrendered his soul to God without a struggle. The odor of his virtues is still the theme of his brothers' conversation; and his angelic death, far from being a loss and a cause of grief, seems to have hallowed and consecrated the new novitiate, so deep is the love of the religious life, so lasting the impression left in the hearts of all by his last edifying moments.—R. I. P.

## Father Carmelus Polino.

Fr. Carmelus Polino was born in Modica, Sicily, on the 4th of July, 1844. His father was a Neapolitan officer and was at that time in charge of the garrison at Modica. As soon as young Carmelus was able to go to school, he was placed in one of our colleges, where he soon gave signs of the great talents he possessed and which he afterwards used to such good advantage in the Society. On the completion of his course of studies, he entered the novitiate at Naples, on the 23rd of December, 1859.

The cradle of his religious life was rudely rocked by the hand of persecution and, like many others who have left home to follow Christ, he had to taste the bitter cup of exile. Shortly after his entrance into the Society, the movement for Italian unity broke out and the Jesuits had to leave the kingdom of Naples. Accordingly, in June 1860, all the first-year novices from Sicily and Naples were sent to Ireland. Fr. Sturzo, the present superior of the mission in Australia, took charge of the young exiles, and, on arriving in Ireland, acted as socius to the master of novices. Having completed his noviceship in Ireland and his juniorate in France, Fr. Polino was sent for his philosophy to Tortosa in Spain. Here he imbibed his first love for St. Thomas, which grew with time and which he endeavored so earnestly to instil into the hearts of his pupils at Woodstock. The year following his philosophy was spent in our college of Manresa, after which he was sent to Manilla in the Philippine Islands. After five years of regency, during which he taught mathematics and literature, he returned to Europe to study theology with the scholastics

of the province of Aragon. As the Spanish Jesuits had been dispersed by the revolution of 1869, the scholastics of this province were at the villa of St. Cassian, near Toulouse, France. Here he was ordained in July, 1875, by Cardinal Despretz. In 1876, he arrived in America and began his third year of probation at Frederick. On Aug. 15th, 1877, he made his solemn profession at Georgetown and came to Woodstock as professor of philosophy. As such we know him best and owe him a debt of gratitude for his untiring labors for our intellectual improvement, as well as for a religious life whose edifying traits are still fresh in our memory and the more fully appreciated now that he is with us no more. Studious industry, untiring devotedness to his work, humility united to vast erudition, an harmonious blending of religious virtues with an ardent thirst for knowledge, were his distinguishing characteristics. Modest and retiring, so little did he meddle in the affairs of others and so absorbed was he in his own work, that he was called the *persona* (*alteri incommunicabilis*). But in the lecture-hall we recognized the great metaphysician, where his polished lectures showed a clear and logical mind, well stored with erudition, as well as an ever faithful memory. He had a natural eloquence which, joined to a finished diction, made his lectures most enjoyable; and so thoroughly convinced was he of the truth of his subject and so clear was it to his mind that he seemed at times to forget that others could have difficulties about it. He naturally possessed a fiery temper which he held well in check, or if it ever betrayed him and thus disclosed the life-long struggle he had in mastering it, he was most ready to apologize. He travelled much and, being a keen observer, he was a delightful companion in recreation, and his conversation possessed a peculiar charm despite the fact that he had but an imperfect knowledge of English. In 1884, he was called to New Mexico and labored as *operarius* in Denver, Pueblo and Las Vegas. His thorough knowledge of the Spanish language enabled him to render great service as one of the editors of the *Revista Catolica*. Early in September he was sent to Albuquerque to give a retreat in a convent, where he contracted mountain fever, of which he died at Las Vegas on Sept. 13th, 1888. We learn that he was about to return to Naples to teach philosophy, but his work was done and God called him to the reward of a well-spent life.—R. I. P.

### Brother John Cunningham.

Brother Cunningham was born in the County of Tyrone, Ireland, on the 22nd of June, 1804.

After the years of childhood, he seems to have been employed as a weaver, first in his native country, and afterwards in England. During this time he witnessed many of the effects of the Penal Laws, and doubtless some of the scenes which resulted from their enforcement, made a lasting impression on his mind, since throughout his life, he ever evinced a most tender love and compassion for the poor and the unfortunate. At the age of twenty-two, he sailed from Belfast for America, and after a voyage of seven weeks, reached Quebec. Having cast about for some time, he finally settled in Canada West, as a dealer in woolen goods.

Twelve years were thus employed, until the breaking-out of the disturbance known as the Mackenzie Rebellion in 1837; when having been too active in the movement, he considered it an opportune time for extending his business into the States. So he crossed over to Rochester, in company with all who had been engaged in the rebellion.

The immediate cause of this prudent move, was the announcement that Lord Durham, the Governor-General at the time, had, as Brother John used to say, "issued an essay" to the effect that all who had taken part in the uprising were to be hanged.

Having crossed the boundary, he did indeed extend his business; as may be judged from the fact that in a short time, he was travelling over the entire country, through which our present province extends, from Maine to Virginia. On one of his journeys, he made the acquaintance of a man, who had discovered a new method of making cisterns by the use of cement. This man being without any capital, invited him to become a partner with him. He did so, and gradually relinquished the woolen business, finally giving himself entirely to the new enterprise, and realizing in a short time a handsome profit. He still continued to travel, however, through the Eastern and Middle States, calling chiefly upon farmers, who would naturally appreciate the advantages of having a good cistern. This gave him quite an experience of life in various phases; for at one time he would be found spending a few days at the mansion of some well-to-do merchant; at another, he would be sharing the hospitality of a way-side inn; and at another, the cottage of a poor farmer would give him welcome.

Thus engaged, we find him about the year 1843, in the neighborhood of Martinsburg, Virginia, attending a mission which was in progress under the direction of a Jesuit father. Almighty God then gave him a portion of the reward for his hitherto well-ordered life, by calling him to a higher state, in the Society of his Divine Son. And indeed, that his life up to that time had been an unusual one, we know from the testimony of farmers, doctors, lawyers, priests and even bishops. He seems to have made himself very serviceable to Archbishop Hughes and to Bishop O'Reilly of Hartford, as also to several of their parish priests; and doubtless many a poor soul received the consolations of religion in life and in death, through the generous devotion of Brother John. He used to place himself with his horse and carriage at the disposal of the clergy during the winter months, thus enabling them to go amongst their people more than they could otherwise have done. He lost no opportunity for doing good; now by a kind word, now giving much-needed advice or relieving the distressed, and at all times exhorting his friends and acquaintances to look to the welfare of their immortal souls He endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact, by his generosity of spirit, and his amiable, gentle manner, so that with truth has it been quaintly remarked, by a good old lady in Washington, who knew him in those days: "Everywhere he left behind him the value of his night's lodging."

Having consulted the father in charge of the mission about his vocation, he was advised to drive down to Georgetown and apply to the superior there. Without a moment's hesitation he started for Georgetown saying:

"Forty years have I served the world; would that the Lord might grant me yet another forty, to serve him." Having arrived at the college, he was greeted by the superior, whom he asked to receive him as a lay-brother, at the same time presenting flattering letters of introduction from the bishops of New York and Hartford, as well as from several secular priests.

The superior, seeing that he was a man in the prime of life, with the dress and manner of a gentleman of the world, answered with some surprise: "My good man, you surely do not realize the character of a lay-brother's duties; you seem to be too much of a gentleman, to be willing to perform the humble offices of a lay-brother." "Father," he replied, "the gentleman, as you are pleased to call the character I represent, I can at any time put on or off; and will do so whenever Your Reverence so desires."

Even this earnest reply did not save him from the trial in store for him. His application was not entertained; and with a heavy heart, he faced the world once more. Soon however, hearing about the great reputation of Fr. McElroy at Frederick, he determined as a last resort to pay him a visit, and make another effort. He met with great encouragement from the good Fr. McElroy, but he was not received into the order. Nevertheless he remained around Frederick, building cisterns and contributing generously to St. John's Church; at one time giving the sum of $100 for the erection of one of the side-altars.

One day the Fr. Provincial of the Dominicans came along, and in the course of a conversation, he told the provincial how he had wished to become a Jesuit, but had been refused. The provincial replied: "All right, Johnnie, I will take you; and you may start at once for Zanesville, Ohio, if you wish." But Johnnie, as he was even then familiarly called, remained steadfast and loyal to the Society, despite his trials. The call to the Society which he had received at Martinsburg was not his first one. Years before, in his dear native land, his young mind had been strongly impressed by the vigor of an expression which he had frequently heard: "The Jesuit is the strongest rower in the bark of Peter." The result was that he actually set out for Clongowes College, to see Fr. Peter Kenney about applying for admission; on learning, however, that Father Kenney had been sent to America, as Visitor to the Maryland Province, he proceeded no further, but shortly after left for America himself.

Time passed on at Frederick, during which he had many interviews with Father McElroy, who finally advised him to see Father Verhaegen, who was the provincial at that time. He did so, and this time received a promise of admission, provided he first spend two years as a postulant in some college. To this arrangement, however, he was very much opposed, saying that he had already served in that capacity, during the two years which had then elapsed, since his application at Georgetown.

After further consultation he was finally received, and, to his great delight, enrolled amongst the novice-brothers, April 12th, 1845. After pronouncing the simple vows in 1847, he was sent to Georgetown College to act as infirmarian, remaining there until the year 1870; when he was transferred to Woodstock, to act in the same capacity. During the quarter of a century spent at Georgetown, he was always a consoler to the

afflicted and distressed. Even the animals were objects of his tenderness; and the knowledge he had previously acquired of their different ailments, particularly those of the horse, enabled him frequently to come to their relief; whence came the suggestive name, by which the college-boys often referred to him. Hundreds of Georgetown students might testify to his loving care and watchfulness over them in sickness. When they were really ill, he was all attention; but for those who feigned sickness in order to avoid class, he had no sympathy; for of all things he detested duplicity.

From the many instances of his kindness, we select the following. During the war a young lad was taken seriously ill; and, as his father was in active service for the government, his mother was duly notified, and she repaired at once, in company with her daughter, to the college. After three weeks of anxious care the boy recovered. The mother and daughter, who had witnessed the devoted attention to the boy, were lavish in expressions of gratitude; and, previous to their return home, came to thank the good brother for all that he had done; when to their amazement he answered: "Good ladies, no thanks are due to me; but in God's name, do you, my good woman, go at once and be reconciled to your God, by approaching the sacraments; and then return thanks to him for your son's recovery." What followed may be better imagined than described. The poor woman thought that the fact of her having been once a member of the Catholic Church was a profound secret. The advice was heeded; and thus Brother John was not only instrumental in procuring bodily health for the son, but, by the grace of God, contributed also to the spiritual renovation of the mother, and we may believe, of the entire family.

Of the many exalted gifts which fitted him for his office, perhaps the most attractive was the happy faculty he possessed of always saying something amusing just at the moment when his patient was suffering the greatest pain, and perhaps had reached the critical stage of a surgical operation. So ludicrous indeed at times were his remarks, that the poor patient would be obliged to laugh outright, forgetting for the moment the ordeal through which he was passing. His influence over the boys, even in spiritual matters, was extraordinary; and God alone can tell of the good he accomplished in this respect, up to the time when he was summoned to Woodstock, in October, 1870.

While speaking of Georgetown, it may be well to point out how perfectly he fulfilled the promise made to the superior there, when he first applied for admission. Beside the duties of infirmarian, he was expected to wait upon all visitors to the college, particularly the parents and friends of sick students; and when the number of the sick was small, he would employ his spare time in whitening various outer parts of the college-buildings, or in doing some mason-work. When, at the close of the school-year, the President of the United States, accompanied by several members of his cabinet, would become the guests of the college, an entertainment was usually given at the infirmary. Then indeed could be seen the realization of his promise; when, laying aside his trowel or white-wash brush, he would put himself in readiness to wait upon the distinguished guests, with that becoming grace which was so particular-

ly his own; and after all was over, "put off the gentleman," put on his overalls, and resume the work which for the time had been suspended.

The many who have come to, and gone forth from the house of studies since its foundation, know better than can be here described the portion of his life spent by our venerable brother since he came to Woodstock. If in the world and at Georgetown he joined to his manual labors the zeal of an apostle, how much more now did he exert himself to instil lofty thoughts and aspirations into the minds and hearts of those who were soon to labor for the Lord, in every quarter of the world! His many wanderings and travels had revealed to him the dangers and snares of the world, to which even missionaries were exposed; for, as we have already seen, he had preferred to associate with them as much as possible. And doubtless during all these years, many a silent prayer was offered for the perseverance of the Lord's anointed, and particularly those among his own brethren. Here, too, his spare time was usefully employed. Once, with the permission of superiors, he gathered the more delicate ones of the scholastics into a band, and invited them to assist him in some out-door employments, and thus better their physical condition; and, if need be, fit themselves for the Zambesi Mission, to which several of them in after years actually went. Thus he was ever the same, sparing no pains or labor, constantly consoling and relieving his sick brethren, or edifying them by his zeal in laboring at some useful employment. Seeking the favor of none, he knew no fear; never without a kind word for all, he was in turn loved, respected and revered by all. And so at length the forty years, for which he had prayed, came sweetly to a close.

Without the slightest warning, the Lord, in his merciful goodness, laid his gentle hand upon him, sending him a stroke of paralysis, which caused him to retire from his office of infirmarian. Recovering shortly after he had been anointed, he applied to superiors for some occupation, and during three years was variously engaged in little offices about the house. The paralysis returned each succeeding year, and each time he was anointed, only to recover in a short time. But at Christmas, a year ago, he became rapidly more and more feeble; so much so, that he required an attendant almost constantly, even at night. Thus assisted, however, he was able to go about the house, and to be present at all the community duties; in attending which, he was ever known to be most regular and constant. And here we might recall a beautiful instance of his lively faith and simple unaffected piety, which took place on last Good Friday. The hour for the morning services having arrived, it was deemed advisable not to notify him even for the adoration of the cross; because, on the same occasion in the previous year, after having performed his act of adoration, he was raised from his prostrate position only by the greatest effort on the part of his assistant; but the good old man was not thus to be deprived of his share in this consoling act of devotion. So, when he found that all were engaged elsewhere, and that even his attendant was absent, he quietly left his room, and with the aid of his cane succeeded in reaching the chapel. Going up to the sanctuary, all unobserved as he thought, with great difficulty he got down on his knees on the bare floor; then taking from his pocket his large crucifix which he had

brought from his bed-side, he laid it on the steps of the altar, and with profound veneration adored the five wounds. Then rising after a great effort, he proceeded with crucifix and cane in hand, to make the Way of the Cross; not resting on some convenient bench, which he never did even when in good health, but kneeling on the floor, and supporting himself with his cane. So dangerous was the effort, that the one present, but not seen, judged it better to notify his attendant, who in the meantime had begun to search for him.

Towards the end, it was with difficulty that he could be persuaded to refrain from going to meals with the community; but with this single exception, he faithfully fulfilled every duty, even that of recreation, where he was ever most welcome, because of his bright and cheerful ways, and many pleasant remarks.

Thus he continued up to the hour of departing for Baltimore, whither it was considered best to send him, and place him under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, who having heard of his condition, begged to be allowed to attend to the closing days of one, who for forty years had consoled and assisted so many. The good sisters had him but a few days, when they were delighted to find in him so saintly and amiable a character, so bright and amusing because of his quaint and pointed remarks.

How well, even during his few days at Baltimore, he realized the character of the true Jesuit, may be inferred from the confidence with which the sisters entrusted to him their petitions to our Lord. They regarded it a great blessing to have him die in their midst, and even placed a picture of him in the box for the corner-stone of their new building, fully persuaded that in him they would ever have a most powerful advocate in heaven.

Every possible attention was given him by the sisters, several of whom frequently came, in the midst of their work, to say a kind word to him, only to be edified by his saintly deportment and bright answers. This, together with the constant visits of his brethren from Woodstock and Loyola, made it seem to the dear old man scarcely possible that he was away from his own community. Even the daily Mass, said by one of the fathers from Loyola, in the neat little chapel of the sisters, was not wanting. Thus passed three short weeks, when the good sister in special charge of him, and the superioress, became anxious as to the meaning of his continually asking for the one who had been his life-long companion. The time for the usual visit of this friend had elapsed; so the sisters telegraphed for him, and as soon as the train could bring him, he was by the dying brother's side, and in time to be recognized by him. In the meantime, a messenger had been dispatched to Loyola College, and in a few moments the last sacraments were administered to him for the fourth time in four years. His entire right side, and even his tongue, had become paralyzed, so that only at intervals was he able faintly to repeat the words of some pious aspiration, suggested to him by one of the fathers, several of whom had been in frequent attendance during the eight days preceding his death. Although he was in his agony for twenty-four hours, no movement indicated the slightest pain. Thus in the fulness of years, at the age of eighty-four, our venerable brother passed to his re-

ward, early in the afternoon of the 27th of September. There were present to encourage him in his last moments, the Father Minister of Loyola, the Mother Superior and her two assistants, and the brother from Woodstock.

The body was taken to Woodstock during the night; and, on the following morning, the Office for the Dead was recited by the community, and the holy sacrifice of the Mass offered by Father Rector for the repose of his soul.

The funeral took place during the afternoon of the same day. May he rest in peace! Br. D——.

## FF. Weninger, Yenni and Valente.

We notice here the death of these three fathers who have died since our last issue, hoping to have a sketch or obituary of each in our next number.

# Varia.

***Alexandria, Va.***—Our new building is progressing rapidly and the builder hopes to have it under roof before winter sets in. It will be a handsome building and quite an ornament to our street. It is just opposite to our residence and will contain on the first floor a reading-room, a class-room and a gymnasium; on the second floor a hall. The building will be called "The Young Men's Sodality Hall." The sodality now numbers 34, all between the ages of 15 and 20. So you see we are taking them and banding them together at an age when they are most in need of Catholic teaching and practice. They hold *Society Meeting* every Wednesday evening in the Hall, and every Sunday evening the Office of the Blessed Virgin is recited in the church. — *Extract from Letter from Fr. A. P. Keating.*

***Austria, A cure through the intercession of Bl. Peter Canisius.***—Towards the end of September of last year, a swelling made its appearance on my back in the neighborhood of the spine. At first it seemed rather insignificant, but about the middle of February of this year (1888), it began to grow very rapidly, and in about a month it had risen to an alarming size. The family physician called in one of the professors of the university for consultation, and both agreed that it was a "cold abscess" and that decay in the spinal column must follow. A cure they said was not possible because no operation could be attempted. On hearing this I had recourse to Bl. Peter Canisius and besought him to obtain for me from the Sacred Heart a perfect cure of my malady; I made several novenas in his honor successively, the last one immediately before his feast. Every day I applied a relic of the blessed father to the part affected, and promised to make known the cure, if I were healed. In the meantime the physician declared that the swelling would open, that I would then become bedridden, and that fever and complete prostration would follow. But since the feast of the Blessed Peter, April 27th, I felt confident that I would be cured. On May 28th, the swelling opened of its own accord, and on May 30th, the physicians declared that the corrupted matter that came from the wound left it certain that the spine was affected and that fever would soon follow. On the 31st (Feast of Corpus Christi), my trust in Blessed Peter became unbounded; I felt sure that he would certainly obtain my cure, and I often mentioned this to those around me. Great was the surprise of the physician when, towards noon, he found me strong, without fever, without pain, and in good spirits. The consulting physician shared his surprise. It was determined to probe the wound. This was done on June 6th, and the bones were found entirely sound and healthy. I thank Blessed Peter Canisius for this preservation of my life, and gratitude prompts me to make known this wonderful cure. My greatest joy and happiness would be to see the great Apostle of Germany placed on the calendar of God's saints. — *Wahrheitsfreund.*

*American Scholastics at Innsbruck.* — Messrs. Barrett and Gasson of the Maryland New York Province, Messrs. Bechtel, O'Connor and Rother of the Missouri Province, and Messrs. Moynihan and P. Walsh of the New Orleans Mission are studying theology at Innsbruck. Their address is No. 8 Universitätsstrasse. A letter from Mr. Bechtel informs us that there are now 40 Americans in the university. He reports himself and companions as already broken in to the Austrian customs and very well pleased.

*Lainz.* — FF. Conway and Brett are this year at Lainz, Hauptstrasse 16, in their third year of probation. — The following items from a letter of Fr. Brett to Fr. Racicot will be interesting here:— The house we occupy was formerly the villa of a titled family; some remodelling of course was necessary to make it suit our needs. The garden is large and beautifully laid out; our neighborhood is very quiet. The numerous little villages that lie all about us offer plenty of opportunity, to those

whose mother tongue is German, for preaching and confessions, while on Sundays and holydays many are regularly sent out to say Mass in the convents of these places; now and then a call comes from Vienna for help of the same kind. Communication with the city is for us most convenient, as the railroad station for Lainz is just behind our garden, and the street dummy-road passes in front of our house. By either way the city is reached in a half-hour, both roads carrying one a good bit into the city itself. There is no lack of pleasant walks in every direction, and every twenty minutes brings one to a new village. The country is much above the city, so that one needs to ascend a very modest hill only, in order to bring Vienna full in view. There are also sufficiently near some high mountains, especially Kahlemberg and Leopoldberg, that can in some measure satisfy the appetite of mountain-climbers, if there be any among us. This pair of mountains all will ascend, at least once, as it was the scene of the utter rout and defeat of the Turks in 1683. Kalksburg on one side of us and about an hour and a half off (on foot) is the seat of the large boarding college, or Konvikt as they call it, of the province. It is a *Collegium Nobilium*, I believe, although untitled youths are found among the students. Between us and the city is one of the Kaiser's castles with its immense park that is always open to the public. Just north of us is the Kaiser's large hunting park; I have been told that it takes a good walker nine hours to make the round of the enclosure.

***Beatifications.*** — It is announced that the causes of the beatification of the Ven. Cardinal Bellarmin and of Fr. de la Colombière are well advanced.

***Books,*** *Recent publications:—*

La Prédication, Par le Père Longhaye, S. J.
L'Apostolat dans le Monde. Par le Père Brucker, S. J.
Vie du Père Chaignon, S. J. Par le Père Sejourné, S. J.
Recherches sur les origines de la C. de J. à Paris. Par le Père Lauras, S. J.
L'Eternité, Retraite. Par le Père Félix, S. J.
Le Père Jean Croiset. Par le Père Emile Régnault, S. J. Fr. Croiset's work on the Sacred Heart was lately struck from the *Index* through the efforts of Archbishop Stadler, of Serajewo, who translated it into the Slavonic language.
Grammaire Hébraïque. Par le Père Senepin, S. J.
Le Rosaire Illustré. Par le Père A. Vasseur, S. J.
Historia Sancti Mar Pethion, martyris (Syriace et Latine). Corluy, S. J.
Ebed-Jesu Sobensis Carmina Selecta ex libro Paradisus Eden. Latine reddidit G. Gismondi, S. J.—Beryti.
Institutiones Logicales. T. Pesch. (First Vol.)
Commentarii in lib. Judicum et Ruth. P. de Hummelauer.
Anthologia Græca. Edited by Fr. John Poland.
Apuntes de Astronomia Elemental o Cosmografia, por Enrique M. Cappelletti, S. J. Puebla de Los Angeles, Mexico, 1887.
God Knowable and Known. By Fr. Maurice Ronayne, Benziger Bros. N. Y.
Fr. J. F. X. O'Conor has translated the treatise on the Practice of Humility written by Leo XIII. when archbishop of Perugia.
Moral Philosophy. By Fr. Joseph Rickaby. (See further on.)
Fr. Strassmaier continues the publication of Assyrian texts in short numbers.
Fr. Blin of Cairo has printed the liturgical chants of the Copts. It is a magnificent work, worthy of the Society. The Propaganda bears the expenses.
The *Etudes* has 3800 subscribers. The *Civiltà* has over 8000 subscribers.
Conferenze, Prediche, Discorsi sacri del P. S. Sanguineti, Roma, 1887.
Fr. Brandi's pamphlet, "Why am I a Catholic" has been translated into Spanish.

*Books in the press or in preparation:—*

English Manuals of Catholic Philosophy—1. Logic by Fr. Richard Clarke, 2. First Principles of Knowledge by Fr. John Rickaby, 3. Moral Philosophy by Fr. Joseph Rickaby (out), 4. Natural Theology by Fr. Bernard Boedder, 5. Psychology by Fr. Michael Maher, 6. General Metaphysics by Fr. John Rickaby.
Besides his analyses which are already published, Fr. Cornely has in the press a Compendium of his large work: *Introductio.*
Fr. Granderath directs the publication of the *Acta et Decreta Conc. Vaticani* (*Collectio Lacensis*).
Fr. Knabenbauer's Jeremias is ready for the press.

***Belgium, Enghien, Fr. Génévrier.***—On the 6th of October, when the scholastic year had just opened with the usual *schola brevis*, and the students were getting ready to betake themselves to the villa, the news was spread that Fr. Génévrier, the professor of morning dogma, had been struck dead in his room. There he was found partly lying on the floor, partly leaning against the table, and holding his breviary with both hands. A few minutes before, in his words to the students, he had laid much stress on the bliss the saints enjoy in seeing God face to face, and pointed to the study of the treatise *De Deo uno et trino* as a foretaste and preparation for it. Fr. Génévrier had tanght philosophy at St. Acheul, and the college of La Providence (Amiens). After the expulsion he was sent to Canada to teach theology; then called back to lend his aid in the scholasticate started at Enghien last year. The labor accepted and kept up out of obedience, despite a declining health, struck him as a brave soldier *sur la brèche*.

*Louvain.*—The scholasticate of Louvain possesses the heart of St. John Berchmans. This precious relic is exposed on the main altar. On the same altar is a statue of the saint. It is of wax and represents St. John reclining and holding in his hand a copy-book. But it is a genuine manuscript *codex* written with his own hand.

***British Honduras.***—The question of the vicariate of British Honduras has been finally settled; the Holy See has made it a prefecture apostolic and Rev. Fr. S. di Pietro has been named the first prefect of the mission. A translation of the decrees announcing these events is given in the *Angelus* for October, 1888.

***California.***—*Santa Clara College.* The memorial chapel erected by the students, past and present, is nearing completion. The dedication was to take place on the feast of the most Holy Rosary (the first Sunday of October). The first number of the *Santa Clara College Record*, a 32 page quarterly, was to appear some time in October.

***Canada, Ordinations.***—The ordination ceremony at the Immaculate Conception church on Sunday, July 29th, was the cause of a great celebration by the pious citizens of the locality. Preparations were made on a grand scale, arches erected and bunting and flags displayed, as it was the first visit of His Grace Archbishop Fabre to the new parish. The ceremony in the church was particularly grand and impressive. The two ecclesiastics, who were now to witness the greatest event of their life—their elevation to the ministry of the altar — were Mr. J. O'Loane, of Guelph, Ont., and Mr. John Meloche, of Sandwich, Ont. His Grace Archbishop Fabre officiated, Rev. Fr. Hamel, superior-general of the mission of Canada, acting as assistant priest.

*A Calumny Refuted.* — *The Post* some time ago published a statement by the Rev. Fathers of the Jesuit order in this city, refuting a vile slander on the order in Three Rivers, originated by the *Journal* of Ottawa and reproduced by the *Gazette*. The following letter from the bishop of Three Rivers relative to this falsehood explains itself:

BISHOPRIC OF THREE RIVERS,
July 16th, 1888.

*To the Rev. Father Hamel, S. J., Superior:*

MY REVEREND FATHER,—On my return from a visit to St. Paulin, I learn with regret that the odious calumny published by the *Journal* of Ottawa against your Order and against myself has gone the rounds of the Canadian and United States press, notwithstanding the authorised denials published by the best informed newspapers.

I again declare that there is not a word of truth in this spiteful diatribe:

1st. The bishop of Three Rivers has signed no document suspending the Jesuit fathers from the exercise of their ministry in this diocese. He has never even thought of doing so.

2nd. Everybody knows here that the Jesuit fathers own no college and are in charge of a church here.

3rd. Neither do they possess any property here.

4th. It has never come to the knowledge of the bishop of Three Rivers that the Jesuit fathers have influenced any one on his death-bed to induce him to change his will in their favor.

5th. The faithful of the city of Three Rivers attend church with the ordinary piety and assiduity.

All the assertions of this presumed information of the *Journal* of Ottawa are so many falsehoods.

When the enemy has to have recourse to falsehood, to slander, it is the best evidence that we are in the state desired by the Saviour, and we ought to be glad of it.

This stupid attack of the enemies of the Church against your fathers is for me a new proof of the good which your illustrious company is accomplishing, and will tend to increase the esteem which I always have had for it.

Please accept, Reverend Father, the assurance of my sincere devotion.

† L. F., BISHOP OF THREE RIVERS.—Montreal *True Witness.*

*Quebec.*—On Friday, Sept. 21st, began the triduum in honor of the three new saints of the Society. On the first two days the ceremonies consisted of a panegyric of one of the saints, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On Friday evening Fr. Royer, O. M. I. preached on the text: "Be ye holy, as I am holy," and applied his text to the life of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, as a practical illustration of the holiness that may be acquired by earnest souls. Benediction was given by Mgr. Bassé, Prefect Apostolic, assisted by Rev. C. F. Palin, P. S. S., recently appointed superior of the Canadian Seminary at Rome. The second day was devoted to the special honor of St. Peter Claver; the panegyric being preached by Mgr. Hamel, who with an artist's touch portrayed the eminent virtues of St. Peter Claver in his noble mission among the negroes. Benediction was given by Rev. M. Faguy. But it was reserved to Sunday to celebrate in a more solemn manner this great festival of the Society. At 10 o'clock, solemn High Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Méthot assisted by FF. Rouleau and Turgeon as deacon and subdeacon respectively. The nave of the church was occupied by the students of the great and small seminaries and also of the college of Lévis, the college of St. Ann, the normal school, and the academy of the Brothers. The music was rendered by the students of the little seminary under the direction of Fathers Paquet and Bernier. The panegyrist of the occasion, Father Lindsay, chose as his text the words: *Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth,* and preached a worthy eulogy on St. John Berchmans, which has since been published. In the evening, His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, attired in full pontificals, with Rev. Fr. Hamel, Superior of the mission, and Fr. Désy, Superior of Quebec, as assistant priests, took his place on the throne. The sanctuary was thronged with the clergy of the city among whom were Mgr. Hamel, Mgr. Méthot, Mgr. Têtu and Mgr. Marois. In the church were the Lieut-Governor and a large number of the most prominent citizens, who listened attentively to a second panegyric of St. John Berchmans, by the eminent orator, Rev. F. Fièvez. Benediction was then given by His Eminence, and the triduum, rich in honor for the saints, and rich, we trust, in graces for the people, came to an end.

*Guelph.*—The Church of Our Lady Immaculate, the main part of which has been in process of construction the last four years, was dedicated to the worship of God on Wednesday, Oct. 10th, the ceremonies starting at 11.30 A. M. Among the many churches recently built or in progress, few will surpass in size, and certainly none west of Montreal in the magnificence and purity of its architecture, the temple of worship which now towers aloft on the Catholic hill, with its stately gables and lofty pinnacles. Designed in the Gothic style which obtained in Europe towards the close of the 13th century, that splendid period of ecclesiastical art, it takes generally the form of the Latin cross, and is composed of spacious nave and chancel, boldly defined transepts, north and south aisles, baptistery and chapels with great twin towers, etc. Surrounding the grand polygonal apse forming the end of the chancel or sanctuary, is a broad ambulatory or chancel aisle, from which radiates a series of beautiful octagonal-apsed chapels. The eastern end, also, of each transept, spreads out into a charming capella which, exteriorly and interiorly, adds to the variety and beauty of the whole composition. The church, with the exception of granite pillars, and the tympanum of Ohio blue sandstone, is built throughout of selected white limestone. The length from front wall to rear is 216 feet, width across transepts 130 feet, across aisles 76 feet; height from ground to ridge 96 feet; of each tower spire 214 feet; central fleche 150 feet. Easy egress and ingress are provided for by the great front entrance, the fine canopied door of the south tower, and the door of each transept. The great basement doors are protected each by a spacious porch which covers the steps leading to them; the priests' door is contiguous to the basement chancel and the stair leading to the upper crossing. The basement extends under the whole church, the eastern end forms a

morning chapel, with nave and aisles, apsidal chancel, etc. The transepts contain the steam heating apparatus, which on the low pressure system, heats both church and basement in a most effectual and comfortable manner, the ventilation being by means of ducts in the walls, etc. The remainder of the basement is devoted to a great lecture-hall, in which also the confraternity meetings will be held. The cost of the church, when completed, including the spires, altars, frescoing, stained glass, organ, peals of bells, church furniture, etc., will probably reach $200,000. — The Guelph *Daily Mercury and Advertiser*.

It is reported that the Holy Father has allotted $300,000 to our fathers out of the $400,000 granted by the Canadian government.

*St. Boniface.*—The following extracts from the *Northwest Review* of Winnipeg, Manitoba, show the success of Catholic students in the examinations for the Manitoba University:— The total number of candidates for this examination was 108. Of these St. Boniface College presented 12, that is, one-ninth. Out of nine medals awarded, St. Boniface took three. Two of these medals were given to D. Brisebois and H. Royal who had won first-class honors during two consecutive years. The third medal for *previous* classics, mathematics and botany, awarded to Arthur Béliveau, is the most valuable in the university, both on account of the number of competitors (thirty-two this year) and owing to the variety and difficulty of the subject-matter. This is the third time in eight years that St. Boniface has taken this medal. Forty-seven scholarships were distributed, amounting in the aggregate to $3035. Had Catholics had only their proportionate share, one ninth, they would have secured five scholarships worth $339; in point of fact they won *seven*, worth $535. Again, if we analyze the proportion of scholarships to candidates, we find, for St. Boniface College, 7 out of 12; for St. John's College, 13 out of 26; for Manitoba College, 23 out of 58; for the Collegiate Department, 2 out of 6. Next, if we examine the value of the scholarships, bearing in mind that one hundred dollars is the highest prize given any one candidate, the Collegiate Department heads the list with one $100 scholarship out of 2, St. Boniface comes second with 3 out of 7, Manitoba College third with 7 out of 23, St. John's College fourth with 2 out of 13. And when we divide the aggregate value by the number of candidates, we come upon these striking averages: St. Boniface College, $44½ for each candidate; St. John's College, $29; Manitoba College, $24½; Collegiate Department, $22½. However, as it may be urged that these comparisons are not quite fair because there are many courses in which St. Boniface did not compete, we would insist especially on the *previous* and *preliminary* examinations, where the three affiliated colleges were largely represented. Of the fourteen scholarships in these two courses, St. Boniface carried off four, though its candidates were only ten out of a total of 57. In the *previous*, the first in the combined marks for classics, mathematics, and botany is A. Béliveau, a boy just turned seventeen; the second, who was bracketed with the first because there was so little difference between them, is a professor of mathematics, 35 years of age, presented by Manitoba College. This shows what doughty champions our young students have to contend with. Many of the candidates from other colleges are schoolmasters of tried ability and long experience. No such candidates have as yet been presented by St. Boniface. In *preliminary* classics and mathematics, Young, of the Collegiate Department, was first, Jean and Bourdeau, of St. Boniface, were second and third respectively, Routhwaite, of St. John's, fourth, and Goulet, of St. Boniface, fifth. Moreover, in Latin, all the Bonifacians were in first class, Jean at the top; Goulet was first in French, and Versailles in History. In the *previous* year, Daignault was first in classics (Latin and Greek combined), though in Greek he and all the others were quite eclipsed by Peters, late of Clifton Public School, England, and now of St. John's, whose Greek prose was admirable. Béliveau was first in mathematics; in Euclid especially, there was even more distance between him and his nearest rival than between Peters and his nearest competitor in Greek. The proportion of scholarships won by St. Boniface in the *preliminary* year is 3 out of 7, whereas its candidates were 6 out of 29.

Concerning these examinations Fr. Drummond writes as follows:—

We did not expect to come off so well in the University Examinations. Our six candidates for the *preliminary* were, on the whole, inferior in talent to the four we had presented last year. However, the former succeeded even better than the latter. Last year we had the second, the fourth, and the fifth

in *preliminary* classics and mathematics. This year we have the second, the third, and the fifth. Though our students were only 6 out of 29 candidates, they took three scholarships out of seven, whilst each of the rival colleges had only one scholarship apiece. In the *previous* examination one of the prize winners is a Miss Hooper, who was first in the *preliminary* last year, when she beat our Béliveau who came second. This year the Manitoba College authorities were quite sure she would come out first again. A few days before the result was known I threw out a feeler to one of them, Professor Hart. Said I: "It looks as if Miss Hooper was going to sweep everything before her." Said he: "Oh! yes; she'll be first." She was fourth and Béliveau first. Please unite with us in thanking the Sacred Heart for this great encouragement. The examiners from the other colleges frankly acknowledged that our students were by far the best in Latin prose. We had feared that we might have been living in a fool's paradise as regards arithmetic; but even in this we came off fairly well; and our passing fright will only serve to startle us into renewed attention to that branch next year. Another cause of alarm is the agitation on the part of lay graduates who want to revolutionize the university. But we begin to think it will be yet many years before they can replace the denominational colleges by a teaching university, and, during the interval, St. Boniface College will continue, as far as we can forecast, to add both to its success in carrying off honors, and to its reputation for ability and fair play in holding the balance of power between conflicting Protestant colleges jealous of one another. * * * *

End of June saw me 132 miles east of Winnipeg; beginning of July, 180 miles west; 9th of July, started for Pacific coast, preached clergy retreat at Victoria, Vancouver's Island (while Fr. Lory preached nuns' retreat), lectured in Victoria and in Calgary (800 miles west of Winnipeg) on way back, gave nuns' retreat at Brandon, Manitoba, where Ours (FF. John Macdonald, Paquin and E. Proulx) are now settled, and finally resumed the same work as last year. Fr. Eug. Schmidt is our vice-president and an excellent one; Fr. Robert, late of Morrison, Col., our first-rate minister. Fr. Rector has begun his second term.

***Cardinal Mazzella.***—His Eminence Cardinal Mazzella has lately been appointed Cardinal Protector of the Congregation of the Most Holy Rosary.

***China.***. — The following statistics from the 'Ministeria Spiritualia' of the missions of Kiang-nan and Tche-li S. E. may be interesting:

| | *Kiang-nan.* | *Tche-li, S. E.* |
|---|---|---|
| Churches | 614 | 515 |
| Catholics | 105021 | 1492 |
| Bapt. (adults) | 1375 | 624 |
| " (children) | 36186 | 10304 |
| Confessions | 429653 | 91880 |
| Communions | 498651 | 91817 |
| Extr. Unct. | 2312 | 400 |
| Marriages | 963 | —— |
| Boys' schools | 293 | 88 |
| Girls' " | 404 | 83 |
| Boys (Catholic) | 4721 | 1063 |
| Girls " | 4258 | 771 |
| Boys (infidel) | 2020 | 93 |
| Girls " | 402 | 45 |
| Teachers (male) | 362 | 197 |
| " (female) | 460 | 132 |
| Instructions | 11005 | 3738 |
| Catechisms | 28040 | 4199 |
| Retreats | 57 | 27 |
| Exercitants | 3184 | 933 |
| *Chrétientés.* | 670 | 515 |
| Private chapels | 83 | 91 |
| Annex | 595 | 1004 |
| Apost. of Prayer | 17996 | —— |
| Priests (European) | 100 | —— |
| " (Chinese) | 29 | —— |

A silver jubilee medal has been sent from Rome to Fr. Lawrence Li the distinguished Chinese author.

The Archduke Leopold Ferdinand, during his sojourn at Nankin, stayed

with our fathers, which made a great impression. He was very amiable and made himself quite at home with us like an old student on a visit to his professors. He told us that both his father and the emperor of Austria as well as himself desired to be useful to our holy religion and to the missions wherever they could do so. On his return to Shang-hai he was serenaded and entertained with a play by the students of our college of Hong-Keou. Best of all, he went to confession and holy Communion at the Mass on Sunday, which he did with unaffected piety.—*Fr. Pfister.*

***Denver.***— The colleges of Las Vegas and Morrison have been closed, and merged into the new college of Denver, which opened in September and has already one hundred and twenty-five boarders.

***Egypt.*** — In the world renowned Thebaid, Egypt, once a retreat sacred to the famous recluses of the Church, like St. Anthony and St. Pacomius, but for centuries past not trodden by the foot of a Catholic priest, a mission is now about to be founded in the Higher Thebaid by a very remarkable man— Father de Dianova, S. J. The Rev. gentleman is a grandson of a general of the First Empire, has a thorough knowledge of Turkish and Arabic, and is perfectly conversant with eastern manners and customs, having lived for many years in Algiers, Syria and Egypt. The choice of the founder of the new mission was made by Leo XIII.—*Catholic Telegraph*, Cincinnati.

***England.*** — Our fathers have built a new house in London, the entrance to which is on Mount street. The rooms are large and lightsome, and in every room there is a speaking-tube connecting with the porter's room. — *Extract from Letter of Mr. T. I. Gasson.*

***Fr. Jacobs.***—Fr. Peter Gregory Jacobs died at Pressburg, December 12th, 1870, being at the time of his death the oldest Jesuit priest in the world. Fr. Jacobs was born at Diest in Brabant, the birth-place of St. John Berchmans, on March 16th, 1781. During his youth he witnessed the horrors of the French revolution. A Franciscan having told him of the existence of the Fathers of the Faith and of the Sacred Heart, whose object was to revive the Society of Jesus, young Jacobs applied to Fr. Rozaven for admission. Fr. Rozaven sent him to Kensington House, near London. In the meantime, the Fathers of the Faith had learned of the canonical existence of the Society of Jesus in Russia. They therefore resolved to send Father Grivel to Russia to negotiate for the admission of the Fathers of the Faith into the Society of Jesus. The candidate, Peter Jacobs, was given to Fr. Grivel as a companion. Thus Father Grivel and Peter Jacobs were the first two members of the Society of the Fathers of the Faith admitted into the Society. Fr. Ricca, of the old Society, became the novice-master of the two novices in the college of Polock. After having made brilliant studies in philosophy and theology, he was sent as missionary among the German colonists at Saratow on the Wolga. In 1817, he was sent as missionary among the Catholic Armenians in Astraehan. When the Jesuits were expelled from Russia, Fr Jacobs became one of the founders of the province of Galicia; and when in 1830 the Society was re-established in German Austria, Fr. Jacobs was one of the first to be called into the new province. From this time on he held posts of great responsibility in various houses of the Austrian Province. He was a man of deep and solid spirituality, the restorer, in Austria, of the spiritual exercises to priests. He printed in Pressburg, both in German and Latin, his meditations and considerations for eight and three days' retreats. These loose sheets have been reprinted at Woodstock [1] and have been of much use to many of our fathers.

***Fr. Mansion.***—The venerable Fr. Michael Mansion died at Rouen, March 3rd, 1888, at the great age of nearly 94 years. He was born in 1794 (two years before our Fr. Curley), entered the Society in 1815 and was ordained in 1825. Consequently, he died in the 63rd year of his priesthood, and the 73rd of his religious life. He was a distinguished teacher, writer, and director of souls. When our fathers were expelled from France in 1828, he went to Portugal. He was, in turn, expelled from the latter country, but not before having spent some time in prison for justice' sake. Fr. Mansion was a distinguished linguist. He was the author of a Hebrew grammar and dictionary. Those of

[1] See advertisement in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS "Exercitia Spiritualia, reprint of the editio Posoniensis (Pressburg) 1862, ascribed to Fr. Jacobs."

our province who made the novicesship at the Sault will remember his *traité de prononciation.*

***Fr. Piccirillo.***—On receiving a copy of the memorial sketch of Fr. Piccirillo, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons sent the following note to Fr. Rector: —I thank you for the brief memoir of Fr. Piccirillo. He was one of the most gifted, cultivated, and entertaining ecclesiastics I ever met. He was the impersonation of masculine grace and dignity, without a tinge of affectation. I shall always esteem it a privilege to have enjoyed the friendship and acquaintance of so good and great a priest.

The following *Tribute to the Memory of Fr. Piccirillo* is selected from a letter from Fr. Lewis Drummond:— . . . . The mention of dear old Fr. Piccirillo, at the beginning of your letter, calls up many edifying memories. I wish I had time to write for the WOODSTOCK LETTERS all I feel about him. His was a flawless character. No pettiness, no meanness. As a companion in walks for scholastics anxious to widen their range of knowledge and to assimilate more and more true practical wisdom, he was simply peerless. There was not in him the faintest flavor of cynicism, though he had been behind the scenes of diplomacy and ecclesiasticism as few men have. Shrewd and keen as the typical Yankee, he was simple with the comely simplicity of an old-school nobleman. I remember one occasion where a subordinate official blamed one of Fr. Piccirillo's pupils with a view to rebuking the master through the disciple, and I shall never forget the magnanimity with which Fr. Piccirillo, far from resenting the cowardly proceeding, utterly and sweetly ignored it. And then, how considerate he was for the sick, asking to stay up with them at night, depriving himself of a second pillow to ease a suffering scholastic! If one could only have got him to write memoirs, what valuable appreciations of men and things he would have given. He loved Pius IX. as one would an elder brother. You know they were most intimate. For instance, many a time at Castel Gandolfo, Pio Nono would steal behind Fr. Piccirillo, who was playing billiards, and shove his cue to one side just as he was ready to play. . . . Of all Fr. Piccirillo's lovable traits, the most lovable was his absolute sincerity—not ignorant straightforward bluntness, but gentle and polite adherence to truth throughout all the forms of a never-failing urbanity.

***Fr. Thomas Porter.*** — Rev. Fr. Thomas Porter, Vicar-Apostolic of Jamaica and brother of the Archbishop of Bombay, died not long ago in England.

***Fr. Sabetti's Moral Theology.***—The September number of *Literarischer Handweiser* contains a very eulogistic review of Fr. Sabetti's Moral Theology. We translate a few of the closing sentences. "A new and independent treatment of moral theology would not have cost Fr. Sabetti more labor than this work on Gury-Ballerini. His treatment has been so successful that the book has not lost its character of unity, and that it nowhere betrays mere patch-work. The additions made by the author are to the point, and enhance the scientific and practical value of the book. Canon law, especially the points bearing on matrimony and the censures, have been handled carefully. . . . . A second edition of Fr. Sabetti's beautiful work has already been called for; its solidity and practical utility bespeak for it the widest circulation. It is destined to render excellent services both to the student of moral theology and to the priest in the ministry."

***Fordham, N. Y., St. John's College.*** — The formal opening of the scholastic year took place on Thursday, Sept. 13th, when the Mass of the Holy Ghost was offered up by Fr. Rector in the parish church, in the presence of all the students. The sermon was preached by the Rev. E. Slattery, Pres. of the alumni association. — Latest reports announce 213 boarders and 50 day-students. — The alumni association is taking steps towards the erection of a statue to Archbishop Hughes, the founder of the college, in the middle of the college lawn.—A delegation from the college attended Mass in the cathedral on Wednesday, Sept. 19th, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of His Grace the Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, Archbishop of New York. After the Mass, the archbishop received the delegation at the archiepiscopal residence, where an address was read. The archbishop responded in a few pleasing words, thanking the boys for their kindness.—From the *Fordham Monthly.*

***France, Colleges.***—The College of La Rue des Postes had 157 *admissibles* for St. Cyr; Jersey, 42 for the Naval Academy.

***Georgetown College, D. C.*** — The following programme sketches in rough outline the exercises set apart for each day of the coming centennial which is now the all-absorbing topic here: *Faculty Day.* — In the morning: Solemn religious service in the chapel, including pontifical High Mass, sermon and Benediction. His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, has graciously signified his intention to be present. In the evening: Faculty reception in Gaston Memorial Hall. The gentlemen of the faculty will hold a reception of old students, friends of the college, and former professors and tutors. Music, etc. *Alumni Day.*—In the morning: Regular meeting of the alumni at the college. In the afternoon: Class meetings of all old students. In the evening: Banquet of the Alumni Association at one of the hotels in the city. *University Day.*—In the morning: Class and society meetings, with the reading of papers, poems, etc., by the present students of the departments of arts, medicine and law. In the afternoon: Solemn academic session of the three faculties of the university. Awarding of honorary degrees, etc., etc. In the evening: Illumination of the college buildings, old and new. Fireworks and exercises by the students on the college campus.

On Sunday, Sept. 30th, the day set apart by the Holy Father as a day of prayer for the souls in Purgatory, a solemn High Mass was sung in the college chapel and a suitable sermon preached to the students. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the evening. — Latin conversation has been introduced as a class exercise in the Grammar Department. — Rev. Fr. J. M. Cataldo, Superior of the Rocky Mountain Mission spent some days at the college and entertained the junior students with an account of the labors of the missionaries among the heathen.—The weather observations will be continued this year by the class of '89.—*The College Journal.*

Latest information reports 150 boarders and 50 day-scholars, the lower floor of class-rooms in the new building will soon be ready for use, and new desks secured for the study-hall of the senior division. The city authorities have put a new asphalt pavement on the street leading up to the college gate, the new entrance will be finished before Christmas, and it is hoped that the play-rooms in the new building will be ready for use by the second term. Contracts for the tiling of the class-room and basement corridors have already been given out. Fr. Welsh has been appointed prefect of studies, being replaced as professor of philosophy by Fr. J. J. Murphy. Fr. John Hagen, the eminent German Jesuit astronomer and mathematician, member of the Royal Mathematical Society of Berlin, has been appointed professor of astronomy and curator of the observatory.

***Ireland.***—The *Freeman's Journal*, speaking of the intermediate examinations of last June, says: "The first place in the Middle Grade is taken by Clongowes Wood College, the second place by the Sacred Heart College, Limerick. In the Junior Grade both first and second places are taken by students of Clongowes Wood. Indeed the feature of this year's pamphlet is the extraordinary success of the Jesuit colleges, as in addition to the above first-class distinctions, Clongowes Wood obtains three gold and five silver medals and no less than fifteen exhibitions, while Belvedere gains ten, and Sacred Heart College five of these valuable distinctions. The gold medals for classics and modern languages in the Senior Grade go to swell the list of successes of Clongowes Wood, while in the Middle Grade the gold medal for English was also taken by the same college. We can point with justifiable pride to the results of these examinations. Without any external advantages, our Catholic students have succeeded in carrying off no less than 420 prizes, as against 295 for students of all other denominations, representing the substantial money value of £3758 out of a total of £6581. The passing of the Intermediate Education Act may be looked on as the first opportunity afforded to Catholic students of competing in a fair field with their Protestant contemporaries."

Fr. Bannon is making a new entrance to our church in Upper Gardiner St. — The number of persons at daily Mass in our church in Dublin almost surpasses belief. The last Mass every day is at 11, and this is so crowded that Archbishop Walsh brought Mgr. Persico to see the large attendance. The papal delegate declared that he had never seen anything like it in all his travels. The number of Communions there last year amounted to 133,000.—*Extract from Letter from Mr. T. I. Gasson.*

***Maryland New York Province.*** — *Changes.*— Since our last issue, several changes of rectors and superiors have taken place: Fr. J. Havens Richards has become rector of Georgetown College, Fr. J. A. Doonan going to St. Francis Xavier's, New York, to teach philosophy; Fr. John J. Murphy who has lately been appointed professor of philosophy at Georgetown College, D. C. has been replaced as rector of St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y. by Fr. D. A. Merrick, who, in turn, was replaced as superior of St. Lawrence's, N. Y. by Fr. Jer. O'Connor; Fr. John Scully has been appointed rector of Fordham College from which Rev. Fr. T. J. Campbell was taken to replace Fr. R. Fulton as provincial; Fr. Fulton replaces Fr. N. Russo as rector of Boston College, the latter going to St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y.; Fr. W. Pardow, the former socius of Fr. Provincial, has become instructor of tertians, his predecessor in that office, Fr. Ph. Cardella, returning to his former post in New York; Fr. P. Cassidy has replaced Fr. John McQuaid as rector of St. Peter's College, Jersey City, the latter becoming superior of St. Joseph's, Troy, in place of Fr. Joseph Loyzance who has been appointed spiritual father at Fordham; Fr. Jas. A. Ward replaces Fr. Pardow as socius of Rev. Fr. Provincial. The changes in the Woodstock *status* will be found under *Home News*.

At the end of the last scholastic year, St. Joseph's Church, in 87th street, N. Y., was transferred to the secular clergy.

***Messenger.***— The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for November announces that it will be further enlarged for the coming year by sixteen additional pages monthly. This means an increase from the 576 pages sent to each subscriber in 1885 to 1248 in 1889. The *new enlargement* is intended to distribute evenly through the year the *special attractions* which have been introduced from time to time during the past two years. The latest introduction under *illustrated varieties* is *Irish Scenes of Hallowed Memory;* that in the November number is entitled: "In Blessed Ground in Ireland," and has six illustrations.

***Mexico.*** —The Mexican correspondent of the Boston *Herald* writes as follows, on the Jesuits now in Mexico, under date of July 30th, 1888. — The agitation against the Jesuits in Boston will possibly make interesting a few facts regarding members of the same order here. . . . . There are some sound reasons why the Jesuits are liked in this country, and one who is not of their faith may impartially state the grounds for their popularity. In the first place they are men of excellent moral character, of elevated life and conduct, learned, and possessing that knowledge of the world that has always distinguished this powerful body of men. Personally they are most agreeable men, and, as they have the gift of tolerance, the manners of gentlemen, and a profound knowledge of human nature, they find the doors of the best houses open to them. Now, whether we are Protestants, infidels, free thinkers, or what not, we must acknowledge that a Christian gentleman, thoroughly educated, and of exemplary moral conduct, is a person deserving to be treated with consideration and not with rudeness. Such are the Jesuits in Mexico, now numbering, I am told, seventy persons, which is twenty more than when their old communities were broken up by the reform laws. . . . . The priests do much good among the young, and especially among young men, forming them into 'congregations' pledged to good moral conduct, and frequently assembled for the reception of advice from their religious guides. In this manner the Jesuit fathers exert a salutary influence on large numbers of young men, who, in this city, where evil examples are only too frequent, and the temptations to vice are rampant, are likely to go astray. In the city of Puebla quite a little group of Jesuits may be found, one of their number, Fr. Capuletti, being an astronomer of great repute, whose work is often to be seen in the *Diario Official*, the organ of the government.

The following is from the Mexican correspondent to the New York *World*:— *A Race of Primitive Aztecs.* Mexico, April 6th.—A party of Catholic missionaries will shortly leave this city for southern Mexico with a view to converting the Lacondons, a wild tribe of Indians 25,000 in number, scattered over portions of the States of Campeche, Tabasco and Yucatan. They are reported to preserve the religious and social customs of the Aztecs in their primitive purity. It is said that they still offer human sacrifices to their gods. The country which they inhabit has never been explored, but there is a popular legend in the State of Tabasco, that in the heart of its forests the Lacondons possess a city with temples and bazaars, such as were found by the Spaniards

in Aztec cities on their first landing in Mexico. Few white men have penetrated this region and none have ever returned alive. The Lacondons were never subdued by the Spaniards, and few attempts have been made to subjugate them. Since Mexico became independent they have held themselves absolutely aloof from all intercourse with Europeans. The enterprise of the missionaries is considered extremely perilous. The government favors the conversion of the Indians. Catholicism will render them more amenable to civil jurisdiction. The party is composed of Passionist and Jesuit fathers, and their mission has the direct sanction of the College of the Propaganda at Rome, as well as of the archbishops and bishops in Mexico. Catholic organs point to the undertaking as proof that the spirit of zeal and self-sacrifice among the Catholic clergy is as active to-day as in the times of St. Francis Xavier and his associates.

***Missouri Province.***—Father Damen retired from regular missionary life after the mission at Florissant, which began on the last Sunday of August. His home, this year, will be at Creighton College, Omaha, whence he will give occasional missions in Nebraska. He will be succeeded by Father Coghlan, aided by Fathers Ward and Van der Eerden, whose headquarters will be at the St. Louis University. They will separate to attend to small missions and unite in giving larger ones, while the services of five or six other fathers will be at the disposal of Father Coghlan during the holy season of Lent. — The closing of the college at Prairie du Chien will swell the number at St. Mary's very materially. Prairie du Chien College has become a novitiate for the German Province. — Fr. Thomas Fitzgerald, late vice-president of Marquette College, Milwaukee, will conduct the north-side Collegiate Institute, a branch of St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, lately established at 616 Lasalle avenue, on the north side.—Fr. L. Sebastianski has recently been engaged in giving missions to the Polish Catholics of Scranton and Nanticoke, Pa.

*Kansas City, Mo.* — In response to the urgent request of Rt. Rev. Bishop Hogan to have Ours establish themselves in this city, Fr. Schapman was sent in the spring of '86 to begin the work of organization. It was an outlying parish, but thinly settled, and without church or school-house. Divine service was held in the pastor's parlor until May '87, when the large basement of the new church, still in course of construction, was completed. Fr. James Dowling succeeded Fr. Schapman in the summer of '87, and the good work went on, and to-day with its crowded school-rooms, its well attended sodalities and societies, St. Aloysius' may be called a flourishing parish. When classes closed last June, the old school building was torn down to give way to a more suitable one, and it is characteristic of the energy of pastor and people, that a large brick building, roomy, airy and lightsome, three storeys high and 105 feet front, was ready for occupancy on the 17th of September.

*Detroit College.*— The inter-collegiate Latin prize contest was open to the rhetoric and poetry classes of the following colleges: St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.; St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, O.; St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, Ill.; St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kas.; Detroit College, Detroit, Mich.; Creighton College, Omaha, Neb.; Marquette College, Milwaukee, Wis. A committee, composed of non-residents of any of these colleges, was appointed to select the subject and to revise the compositions. Subject chosen by the committee, a paraphrase of Adelaide Proctor's poem, "Now." The subject was made known to the contestants at 9 A. M., May 18th, and on the same day between the hour just named and 4 P. M., the composition was written within the precincts of the competing colleges. The only assistance permitted was the use of a Latin dictionary. The prize was awarded to Aloysius F. Frumveller, a student of Detroit College; next in merit, Charles J. Higgins, of the rhetoric class of Detroit College, and a student of St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, Ill. The donor was the Rev. Rudolph J. Meyer, Provincial of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus.—Michigan *Catholic.*

***New Orleans, Yellow Fever.*** — FF. Duffo and de Carrière have volunteered their services to Bishop Moore during the yellow fever epidemic. The bishop welcomed them with open arms. They are laboring in Jacksonville and Tampa.

***New York, St. Francis Xavier's.***—The Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated on September 8th; the annual retreat began on the 24th, it was conducted by Fr. Merrick.—Among the notable events of November will be the

solemn ceremonies of three days to celebrate the canonization of the three Jesuit saints: Peter Claver, John Berchmans and Alphonsus Rodriguez. On the first day (Friday, Nov. 9th), dedicated to St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, the celebrant at the solemn High Mass will be Rev. Fr. Anacletus, O. S. F., and the preacher Rev. J. J. Dougherty of St. Joseph's Home for boys; the preacher in the evening being Rt. Rev. Mgr. T. S. Preston. On the second day (Saturday) dedicated to St. John Berchmans, Rev. G. Septier, S. P. M. will celebrate the Mass and Rev. G. A. Healy, of St. Bernard's, preach; the preacher of the evening being Rev. C. E. Woodman, C. S. P. On the third day (Sunday), dedicated to St. Peter Claver, the celebrant of the pontifical High Mass will be the Rt. Rev. John Loughlin, D. D., Bishop of Brooklyn, the preacher Rev. John E. Burke, pastor of the church of St. Benedict the Moor, and His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan will close the triduum by a sermon in the evening.—*The Xavier.*

***Retreats.***—During the months of July and August, the Jesuit fathers of the Maryland New York Province gave retreats, generally eight days each, to the following dioceses and religious communities:—Diocese of New York, 2 retreats; diocese of Boston, 2 retreats; diocese of Philadelphia, 2 retreats. Dioceses of Hartford, of Pittsburg, and of Springfield, 2 each. Dioceses of Albany, of Baltimore, of Manchester, of Providence, of Rochester, and of Syracuse, 1 each. To the Christian Brothers at Amawalk, N. Y., a retreat of thirty days; to the Franciscan Brothers of Loretto, Pa., one of eight days. One to the seminarians of Overbrook, Pa., and Mount St. Mary's, Md. To the Sisters of Charity, Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, 3 retreats, three hundred sisters in each; Sisters of Charity, Madison, N. J., 2 retreats, about three hundred sisters in each; Sisters of Charity, Halifax, N. S.; Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, Newburyport, Mass., and Leonardtown, Md.; Sisters of Charity of Our Lady of Mercy, Baltic, Conn. Franciscan Sisters, Peekskill, N. Y., 2 retreats, fifty sisters in each. Sisters of the Good Shepherd at the following places: Boston, 3 retreats; Norristown, Pa., 2 retreats; New York, 2 retreats; Philadelphia, 2 retreats; and Troy, N. Y. Sisters of the Holy Child, Sharon Hill, Pa., seventy sisters; Sisters of the Holy Cross, at Baltimore, and at Washington; Sisters of the Holy Names, Key West; Sisters of Jesus and Mary, Schenectady, N. Y.; Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Westchester, Pa., one hundred and sixty sisters. Sisters of Mercy at the following places: Balmville, N. Y., Bangor, Me., Gloucester, Mass., Greenbush, N. Y., Harrisburg, Pa., Hartford, Conn., three retreats, one hundred sisters in each; Loretto, Pa., one hundred and twenty sisters; Mount Washington, Md.; New York; Manchester, N. H.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Providence, R. I., two retreats, seventy-five sisters in each; Rochester, N. Y.; Towanda, Pa.; Worcester, Mass. Sisters of Notre Dame, at the following places: Boston, Berkeley St., one hundred and twenty sisters; South Boston; Lowell, Mass., one hundred sisters; Malden, Mass.; Philadelphia; Roxbury, Mass., one hundred sisters; Washington; Worcester, seventy sisters. Sisters of the Presentation, Fitchburg, Mass., and Staten Island, N. Y. Sacred Heart Religious at the following places: Atlantic City, N. J.; Eden Hall, Pa., seventy five sisters; Elmhurst, R. I.; Halifax, N. S.; Kenwood, N. Y., one hundred and twenty sisters; London, Ontario, two retreats; Rochester; St. John, N. B. Sisters of St. Joseph, at the following places: Binghampton, N. Y.; Chestnut Hill, Pa., two retreats, one hundred and seventy sisters in each; Fresh Pond, Mass., eighty sisters; Springfield; St. Augustine, Florida; and at Troy, N. Y., two retreats. Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary, in charge of the deaf mutes, Throgg's Neck, N. Y.; Ursuline Sisters, at Morrisania, N. Y., and at Providence, R. I.; Visitation Sisters, at the following places: Baltimore, fifty sisters; Brooklyn, L. I.; Frederick, Md.; Georgetown, D. C., eighty sisters; Mount de Sales, Md., fifty sisters; Parkersburg, W. V.; Richmond, Va.; Washington, D. C.—Where the number of sisters is not given, it ranges from fifty to thirty. Besides these retreats, the Jesuit fathers also gave retreats to their own order, at 16th St. New York: brothers; Fordham, N. Y.; Frederick, Md.; Georgetown, D. C.; Woodstock, Md., about two hundred Jesuits; and at Worcester, Mass.—N. Y. *Catholic Review.* — To these must be added the four retreats, given by Father Frank Ryan in the West. Besides two monster retreats, one to the Fathers and Brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, at Notre Dame, the other to the Sisterhood of the Holy Cross, at St. Mary's Academy near-by; he gave the retreat to the clergy of Chicago and to a community of nuns in the same city.

***Rocky Mountain Mission**, Spokane Falls.* — Our college numbers so far 26 pupils; 24 Catholics and 2 Protestants. A new parochial school-house has just been erected. The school is taught by the Sisters of the Holy Names. When the school opened in September, the number of pupils was only about 90; but now they have increased to about 180.—*Letter from Spokane Falls.*

*Correction.*—Mr. J. Post says he was mistaken when he stated on page 195 that the Crow and Kootenay Indians understood the language of the Kalispels. Those two tribes have languages altogether different from the Kalispel.—In the "Letters from Alaska" Br. Rosati is mentioned on pp. 325, 328, as Father Rosati.

*Ursulines secured for the mission.*—A few weeks ago Rev. Fr. Cataldo visited the Ursuline convent in East Morisania, N. Y., for the purpose of obtaining some sisters to aid a community of the same order in the immense work to be done on the western missions. A large number of the sisters volunteered, but only four will be allowed to go on the mission. They will leave on Monday, Oct. 22nd. Their destination is to Fort Shaw.—From the *Catholic Review.*

*Abp. Seghers' Remains.*—By the arrival of the U. S. revenue steamer *Rush* at this port, says the San Francisco *Monitor* of October 6th, we are in receipt of advices from the Arctic regions by which we learn that the remains of Archbishop Seghers were taken on board the U. S. steamer *Thetis* at St. Michael's and were landed at Vancouver Island, where they were received with every mark of respect.—*Catholic Review.*

***Scientific Notes**, Georgetown College Observatory.*— The July number of the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques* has an article on the Lick Observatory. The writer says that the United States now rank first in the line of astronomy, though they were the latest in the race. Yale College came first (1830), then Williams College; Western Reserve College; Harvard; High School, Phil.; West Point; and in 1843 Georgetown College.—Georgetown College observatory is about to be revived, Fr. John Hagen having been appointed to take charge of it. He is already favorably known in scientific circles. Some of his work, in American and other periodicals, has been received with applause. Some years ago he worked with Professor Holden, now director of the Lick Observatory. He has just concluded a series of papers in the *Stimmen*, on the Scientific Institutions of Washington. We take the following interesting item from the May number:—

"Professor Newcomb certainly deserves grateful mention in these pages for the justice with which he defends Fr. Hell against the charges advanced by Lalande, Littrow, and Encke, over a century ago. Lalande had accused Fr. Hell of unfairness in bringing out the results of an observation of the transit of Venus which he made in Lapland in the year 1769. According to the French astronomer, Fr. Hell concealed his figures till the calculations of other astronomers were published, and then, having corrected mistakes, gave out the 'doctored' observations as his original work. Littrow and Encke did not, it is true, subscribe to all of Lalande's accusations, but in regard to the falsification they agreed with him. Rightly to understand the venom of Lalande's attack, we must recall to mind what a violent storm was then raging against the Society of Jesus of which Fr. Hell was a member. Professor Newcomb who is at present studying the history of all the transits of Venus and Mercury, went to Vienna for the express purpose of examining Fr. Hell's manuscripts, and, as he said, of discovering whether or not the falsified figures possessed any value. *Falsified* he called the figures, for he had not the least doubt of the truth of Lalande's charge. But the result of the examination was so astonishing that he immediately communicated it to the Royal Astronomical Society, and it shortly afterwards appeared in their Monthly Notices. His paper may be summed up as follows: 'The statement that Fr. Hell wilfully withheld his observations is entirely without foundation, and it is proved beyond all doubt that the essential figures for the time and duration of transit obtained by Fr. Hell in Wardhus, were printed exactly as they were recorded by him in his diary, long before there was the slightest opportunity of communicating with other observers.' Professor Holden, President of the University of California and Director of the much promising Lick Observatory, has incorporated Prof. Newcomb's conclusions in the records of the Smithsonian Institute for the year 1883. What a lesson! A whole century had passed away and Lalande's calumny still existed, till the American astronomers in their love of justice, and freedom from religious bigotry, made known the truth to the scientific world."

*Nature* gives an abstract of a series of papers written for *Les Missions Catholiques* by l'Abbé Armand David, the Lazarist man of science, on the services rendered by the missionaries in the Far East. We quote a few sentences from *Nature:* "The enemies of the Catholic clergy compare the present missionaries in China very unfavorably with the Jesuits who shone at Pekin in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is undoubted that the Jesuit fathers of Pekin bore an exceedingly high reputation in science and art, and that they produced very considerable results in almost every branch of human knowledge. They completed the most colossal geographical work that has ever yet been seen, by making a complete chart of the Chinese Empire. The *Lettres Edifiantes*, the *Mémoires des Missionaires Jésuites de Pekin*, the great works of Father Duhalde and of Father de Mailla, show the immense mass of matter they have written upon almost every subject relating to the Chinese Empire. But, it is asked, why speak of the great achievements of the past? They only accentuate the total absence of any scientific labors at the present time in China. Mr. David gives several answers to this question... The Jesuit fathers, however, who had returned to China when their suppression had been annulled, did not completely separate themselves from their former studies, but continued them as far as their changed condition would allow. For example, in their college of Zikawei, near Shang-hai, they succeeded in establishing a very important meteorological observatory, whence Father Dechevrens regularly sends his observations to the men of science all over the world; natural history owes much to the persevering labors of Father Heude, who has published a work on the *Mollusques fluviatiles et terrestres* of Central China, and others on the stags and tortoises of China. The able draughtsman, Father Rathouis, helped Father Heude by drawing the excellent illustrations of these books, some of which were printed in the Jesuit establishment in China. In other parts of the country, many of these missionaries give themselves up to forming and sending to our museums collections of plants and animals."

The papers annonnce that Fr. Stanislaus Ferrari has erected, on the Janiculum, a new observatory, which will rank second in Italy. It possesses a magnificent telescope and an equatorial of incomparable value. A bust of Fr. Secchi with a suitable inscription stands in the hall of the observatory.

Fr. Collin of the Province of Toulouse has been spending some time at Stonyhurst under the instructions of Fr. Perry. He is about to establish a meteorological and astronomical observatory at Madagascar.

*St. Inigo's, Md.*—One would not imagine that the county fathers are met with a hostile greeting in answer to their messages of peace. St. Inigo's and surroundings, one would say, hallowed as they are for centuries by priestly ministrations, could never be the scene of a display of bigotry happily unusual in these parts of the country. But this is how Fr. Gaffney spent a Sunday in July last at his mission on George's Island. In accordance with his notice given the Sunday before at a well-attended Mass in the hotel at the upper extremity of the island, he landed about 8.30 A. M. with Fr. Hedrick and Mr. Wynne from the scholastics' villa, and went immediately to the school-house, where Mass was to begin about 9 o'clock. To his surprise the school was closed, doors locked and windows fastened, the interior all in disorder, and no sign of a key-bearer or sacristan to make things ready. Capt. Marmadnke, his volunteer ferryman, must scour the island for the keys and altar furniture; but imagine the poor fellow's discomfiture on learning that one of the school-board had refused the key and was determined to withhold it, spite of the willingness of his fellow trustees to have us use the school-room. This same school, by the way, is in great part the gift of one of the Catholic families of the island, and it was given for religious services as well as for school use; still this key-holder feared forsooth that he would offend the County School Commissioners, all of whom are Catholics, by letting a Catholic priest say Mass in a building sacred to educational purposes. Meanwhile we learned that, alarmed at Fr. Gaffney's reception the Sunday before, the Methodists and Episcopalians on the mainland felt that something must be done to counteract the influence of the choice singing by the choirs, and the stirring sermon by one of the young priests, Fr. Meuffels, the Sunday before. Accordingly, the Episcopalians had secured the hotel rooms, and the Methodists were using their church that day for a love feast, which, for want of wine amongst the rugged islanders, and as well for want of forethought on their own part, they were forced to make on bread and water. The night before, it had been loudly

advertised at the hotel that the Catholics would be shut out from the school-house, and this part of the enemy's programme was at least successful in making the Catholics on the mainland stay at home. But in no other respect did they succeed; Fr. Gaffney was determined to have a Mass said and a sermon preached. "If so-called Christians" he said, "must close their niggardly apartment to God's august sacrifice, the open shore, with sky for dome and sward for pavement, would make a fitting temple, and the murmurings of pine woods and river fitting music for the celebration of the divine mysteries." Straightway, against the school-wall a table was placed, on which a complete altar was arranged, and by 10.30 Fr. Hedrick had begun Mass. On a few fallen trunks, in the shade of the woods near-by, were seated or kneeling some three dozen men, women and children, ten of whom, mostly men, were Protestants, who had come to show that they had no share in refusing us the key. The Mass was followed by an instruction, and Fr. Gaffney said a few parting words, reminding the faithful few of their duties—charity and patience. On the way back to the boat, the common topic was Fr. Gaffney's ill treatment. Dubious principles of tolerance, prompted by sympathy for his position, were repeated everywhere. Every one seemed to agree that "he or she was not much at religion no how," but that every one ought to be let have his way in the matter, and folks ought to help one another no matter how different be religions. One man, a Methodist, came to apologize for his absence from our services; another came to show Fr. Gaffney the plot of ground he is to give for a Catholic church; some made ominous threats about the election chances of the *claviger;* but the Catholics seemed quiet and meditative, like men who, for the time undone, would be wary afterward. Fr. Gaffney was jubilant, and saw in the affair, as true ministers of the Gospel are trained to see, a promise of renewed faith and steadfastness among the Catholics and of some conversions among the Methodists.

***Syria.***—In the July number of the *Relations d'Orient* Fr. Abougit concludes a series of papers on the history of the missions of the old Society in Aleppo. We give the closing sentences: "The Society of Jesus had labored in Aleppo for 155 years, counting the first seven years after the suppression, which were a long and cruel agony for the last missioners. But the Holy Ghost has said: *'Dominus deducit ad inferos et reducit.'* As in his infinite mercy he raised up again the Society in 1814, so likewise, in 1873, the same divine Providence sent to Aleppo Fathers Canuti and Cuche, to bring back to life our old and famous mission."

***Turkey, Protestant and Catholic Missionaries.***—A Mohammedan convert to Christianity, now in this country, gives a very unfavorable picture of the Protestant missionaries in the Sultan's dominions. He declares that they do not make and cannot make converts. "They live in palaces, keep horses and servants, feast sumptuously, and spend very little time, if any, in trying to spread the Gospel. In Beyrout and Cairo there are missionaries with houses as well appointed as President Cleveland's, and summer villas as comfortable as any at Newport. There they live with their wives, children and retinues, drawing handsome salaries from the foreign mission societies, and taking no pains to convert the natives to Christianity. Wealthy Mohammedans they condescend to visit and receive in their houses, but poor Mohammedans are not deemed worthy even of a salute or a benediction. Their covetousness is proverbial. As a rule each of them obtains about £30 or $150 a month salary —pretty large considering how cheaply one can live in the East."

After noting one exception, a Rev. Mr. Vandyke, he continues: "Almost without exception, all the other missionaries are, as it were, strangers in a foreign land, or rather conquerors in a conquered country. Instead of preaching Christ they live and spend their time like earthly potentates, taking no thought for the poor and needy, and mixing only with such natives as have wealth at their command. This is true of all the Christian missionaries except the Jesuits. They, I gladly admit, do try to learn the native language, do treat the natives, even the poorest with courtesy, and do strive to teach Christianity, their conduct in this respect forming a strong contrast to that of the other missionaries. What is the result? Simply that during the past thirty-five years only two Mohammedans have been converted to Christianity. That is a positive fact, and I can prove it." Ex-Consul Arabeel, of Jerusalem is less severe on the Protestant missionaries, but he too admits the superiority of the Catholic missionaries and their work. "As for the Jesuits,"

he says, "it is quite true, that as a rule they perform their work in an exemplary manner."

*Zambesi.*—We learn that the novitiate and scholasticate have been closed and that the scholastics are to be sent to Europe for their training.

*Home News. Ordinations.* — On Aug. 26th, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons raised to the dignity of the priesthood the following nineteen candidates, on whom he had conferred the orders of subdeacon and deacon on the two preceding days: John M. Colgan, Michael A. Noel, John H. O'Rourke, Aloysius Maes, Francis P. Powers, James L. Smith, Stephen Bueno and Thomas S. Harlin—of the Maryland New York Province; Joseph P. De Smedt, Michael Eicher, Edward J. Hanhauser, Augustin Effinger, Joseph H. Meuffels, Joseph A. Murphy and William F. Hoffend—of the Missouri Province; Michael A. McKey and Edward Allen—of the California Mission; and Michael Maier and Raphael Crimont of the Rocky Mountain Mission. No minor orders or tonsure were conferred this year. On the afternoon of the 27th, on which day the new priests said their first Mass, the usual 'Greeting to the newly-ordained' was given on the college lawn, in the presence of the relatives and friends of the new priests. Rev. Fr. Provincial honored the occasion by his presence. Many of the new priests are already at work on the mission, Fr. Bueno in Isleta, Tex., Fr. Maes at Fordham N. Y., Fr. Harlin at Gonzaga College, Washington, Fr. Hanhauser in Chicago and Fr. Maier at St. Peter's Mission; FF. Noel and Meuffels have gone to the tertianship, the former at Frederick, the latter at Florissant.

*Faculty Changes.*—Many changes are to be noted in our staff of professors this year. The death of Fr. Piccirillo left vacant the offices of prefect of studies and librarian; Rev. Fr. Rector is now prefect of studies, Fr. Guldner assistant prefect of studies, and Fr. Maas librarian. Fr. Degni's recall to Italy left another vacancy in the chair of physics; this is now filled by Mr. D. T. O'Sullivan, who, at the same time, studies moral theology. Fr. Devitt is replaced in the class of morning dogma by Fr. Brandi, and Fr. Romano, for the short course, by Fr. Guldner. Fr. Heinzle, formerly professor of 3rd year philosophy, is now rector of Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. The professors of first and second year philosophy are FF. Gannon and O'Connell respectively. Fr. Prendergast is professor of scripture. Fr. Judge, who is now minister in Frederick, is replaced here as minister by Fr. Dooley. Fr. H. Duranquet is spiritual father, assisted by Fr. Frisbee (for the philosophers); the latter gives the domestic exhortations and will hereafter direct the WOODSTOCK LETTERS.—Some changes have been made also in the order of time. The hour of morning dogma has been changed from 9 to 10, the lecture in moral being at 11 A. M.; the hour of evening dogma has been changed to 5.30, and the circles to 3 P. M. The Hebrew class is now taught on two days in the week (Tuesday and Saturday) from 3 to 4 P. M., thus throwing out the Tuesday circle. The hour of 'casus' on Saturday has been changed to 9.25 A. M. A free class of German is given on Thursday and Sunday from 3 to 3.30 P. M.

*Parish Work.* — Fr. Brandi is in charge of the parish at Woodstock, Fr. Holaind at Harrisonville, Fr. Finlay at Elysville (Alberton), Fr. Prendergast at Sykesville, and Fr. Gannon at Poplar Springs.

The number of theologians at present in the house is 85, and of philosophers 76.—A new laundry is now in process of construction to the west of the old one.—About 160 vols. of valuable German books have been added to our library recently by the closing of the residence at 87th street, N. Y. We have also received the library of Goshenhoppen, about 1500 vols.—Electric bells have lately been placed in the recreation rooms on each side of the house and on the second floor at each end of the building.—The new librarians have made a great improvement in the theologians' and philosophers' libraries, both in the number and the quality of the books. An index is now in preparation.

As we go to press the celebration of the canonization of our saints is at hand. We can only insert a programme at present, hoping to give a detailed account of the celebration in our next number. The programme is as follows:—

# I

## TRIDUUM

### *Monday, Nov. 5th*

MASS OF ST. PETER CLAVER

Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament from 5.30 A. M. to 6.30 P. M.

PANEGYRIC OF ST. PETER
By Mr. William Clark

6 P. M. Solemn Benediction

### *Tuesday, Nov. 6th*

MASS OF ST. ALPHONSUS RODRIGUEZ

Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament from 5.30 A. M. to 6.30 P. M.

PANEGYRIC OF ST. ALPHONSUS
By Mr. Edmund J. O'Sullivan

6 P. M. Solemn Benediction

### *Wednesday, Nov. 7th*

MASS OF ST. JOHN BERCHMANS

Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament from 5.30 A. M. to 6.30 P. M.

PANEGYRIC OF ST. JOHN
By Mr. Joseph H. Smith

5.30 P. M. DOMESTIC EXHORTATION
By Rev. Fr. Provincial

6 P. M. Solemn Benediction

# Ministeria Spiritualia Prov. Marylandiæ Neo-Eboracensis, a die 1ª Julii 1887 ad diem 1ªm Julii 1888

| DOMICILIA | *Baptizati* | *Hæret. convers.* | *Confess. partic.* | *Confess. gen.* | *Commun. extra T.* | *Commun. in T.* | *Matrim. benedic.* | *Matrim. revalid.* | *Extremæ Unction.* | *Catecheses* | *Parati ad 1 Comm.* | *Parati ad Confirm.* | *Exhortationes* | *Conciones* | *Exerc. Spir. sacerd.* | *Exerc. Spir. relig.* | *Exerc. Spir. stud.* | *Exerc. Spir. priv.* | *Mission. (per hebd.)* | *Novenæ* | *Tridua* | *Visit. hospit.* | *Visit. carcer.* | *Visit. infirm.* | *Sodalitates* | *Sodales* | *Pueri in schol. paroch.* | *Puellæ in schol. paroch.* | *Schol. Domin.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ALEXANDRIA | 65 | 9 | 11672 | 82 | 141 | 11514 | 14 | 1 | 45 | 192 | 77 | ..... | 29 | 90 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 2 | ..... | 24 | 2 | 384 | 3 | 195 | 89 | 140 | 225 |
| BALTIMORE | 49 | 5 | 35066 | 625 | 1557 | 38360 | 22 | ..... | 44 | 670 | 115 | 88 | 189 | 149 | 3 | 5 | 3 | ..... | 6 | ..... | 7 | 56 | 132 | 388 | 4 | 2670 | ..... | ..... | 421 |
| BOHEMIA | 27 | 3 | 660 | 11 | 240 | 450 | 1 | 1 | 8 | 85 | 13 | ..... | ..... | 100 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 120 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 40 |
| BOSTON COLLEGE | 26 | 18 | 85600 | 425 | 6000 | 70000 | 1 | 5 | 528 | 220 | 300 | 65 | **157** | 100 | 5 | 9 | ..... | ..... | 2 | ..... | 7 | 1145 | ..... | 200 | 8 | 1400 | ..... | ..... | 1400 |
| " St. Mary's | 315 | 15 | 82400 | 1005 | 1490 | 95000 | 100 | 32 | 862 | 72 | 200 | 190 | **8** | 420 | ..... | 2 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 638 | 104 | 600 | 5 | 4000 | 700 | 650 | 200 |
| " Holy Trinity | **284** | 6 | 21033 | 266 | 224 | 19485 | 57 | 1 | 100 | 483 | 69 | **161** | **135** | 59 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 16 | ..... | 842 | 6 | 2696 | 222 | 250 | ..... |
| " Missionaries | 98 | 74 | 33380 | 4747 | 104 | 130000 | 26 | 45 | 98 | 462 | 723 | 1238 | 1108 | 710 | 3 | 7 | 3 | ..... | 86 | ..... | 10 | 91 | 20 | 226 | 2 | 140 | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| CONEWAGO | 131 | ..... | 25294 | 30 | 5447 | 21680 | 24 | ..... | 54 | 426 | 154 | 543 | 61 | 267 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 10 | 1 | ..... | ..... | 233 | 6 | 1539 | 208 | 284 | 430 |
| FORDHAM | 93 | ..... | 21438 | 204 | 6056 | 14250 | 11 | 1 | 62 | 66 | 79 | ..... | 191 | 136 | ..... | 10 | ..... | 6 | ..... | ..... | 2 | 30 | ..... | 125 | 4 | 195 | 120 | 80 | 300 |
| FREDERICK | 85 | 14 | 15835 | 87 | 150 | 37817 | 21 | 1 | 40 | 156 | 52 | ..... | 205 | 155 | ..... | 5 | ..... | ..... | ..... | 8 | 6 | 24 | 25 | 678 | 5 | 239 | 58 | 45 | 490 |
| GEORGETOWN COLLEGE | 13 | 7 | 9638 | 81 | 15559 | 5406 | 1 | ..... | 12 | 99 | 5 | 3 | 19 | 111 | 2 | 9 | 1 | 1 | ..... | 1 | 2 | ..... | ..... | 38 | 1 | 40 | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| " Holy Trinity | 207 | 15 | 18700 | 66 | 250 | 21200 | 23 | 5 | 136 | 157 | 113 | ..... | 268 | 86 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 6 | ..... | ..... | ..... | 1054 | 2 | 696 | 270 | 360 | 630 |
| GOSHENHOPPEN | 65 | 11 | 7000 | 20 | 101 | 8000 | 13 | ..... | 16 | 168 | 36 | ..... | 89 | 109 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 120 | ..... | ..... | 95 | 105 | 200 |
| JERSEY CITY | 334 | ..... | 49591 | 657 | 247 | 36539 | 105 | ..... | 195 | 63 | 253 | ..... | 183 | 127 | 1 | 3 | 2 | ..... | 4 | ..... | 2 | 4 | ..... | 1028 | 6 | 895 | 550 | 550 | 400 |
| LEONARDTOWN | 324 | 35 | 15870 | 37 | 221 | 13300 | 68 | 1 | 124 | 238 | 317 | 936 | 123 | 194 | ..... | 1 | ..... | ..... | ..... | 1 | ..... | ..... | 40 | 230 | 6 | 336 | ..... | ..... | 520 |
| NEW YORK, St. Francis Xavier's | 248 | 47 | 122540 | 1217 | 25600 | 171310 | 168 | **16** | 394 | 162 | 425 | 425 | 208 | 156 | 5 | 12 | 2 | ..... | 2 | 4 | 7 | 147 | 10 | 512 | 8 | 25000 | 450 | 475 | 900 |
| " St. Joseph's | 326 | 6 | 30108 | 290 | 47029 | 16447 | 49 | 2 | 94 | 122 | 54 | 136 | 69 | 150 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 400 | 4 | 167 | 193 | 232 | 450 |
| " St. Lawrence's | 300 | 14 | 58972 | 740 | 15500 | 56600 | 97 | 5 | 313 | 215 | 271 | ..... | 300 | 168 | ..... | 4 | ..... | ..... | 2 | ..... | 2 | ..... | ..... | 770 | 7 | 1000 | 325 | 325 | 1200 |
| " Islands | 902 | 95 | 30500 | 1245 | 12080 | 14800 | 12 | **12** | 3000 | 250 | 204 | 150 | 200 | 400 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 1400 | 1000 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 400 |
| PHILADELPHIA, Gesù | 148 | 25 | 85646 | 675 | 12499 | 71697 | 46 | 56 | 351 | 714 | 164 | 312 | 58 | 250 | 1 | 5 | ..... | ..... | 1 | 3 | 1 | 993 | 303 | 1233 | 1 | 350 | 193 | 285 | 730 |
| " St. Joseph's | 138 | 27 | 92581 | 616 | 450 | 50620 | 46 | 15 | 117 | 256 | 241 | 247 | 252 | 250 | ..... | 3 | ..... | ..... | ..... | 2 | 6 | 26 | 5 | 3397 | 7 | 3787 | 150 | 230 | 800 |
| PROVIDENCE | 188 | 5 | 23502 | 598 | 719 | 23870 | 58 | 1 | 78 | 42 | 210 | 340 | 112 | 134 | ..... | 2 | 1 | ..... | 2 | 1 | ..... | 8 | ..... | 762 | 7 | 1699 | 164 | 382 | 610 |
| ST. INIGO'S | 122 | 27 | 3580 | 22 | 180 | 3800 | 27 | 1 | 27 | 130 | 80 | 350 | ..... | 95 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 1 | 55 | ..... | ..... | 42 | 48 | 200 |
| ST. THOMAS' | 133 | 2 | 3540 | 210 | 1858 | 3000 | 10 | ..... | 42 | 320 | 130 | 319 | ..... | 116 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 2 | 5 | 2 | 75 | 2 | 75 | ..... | ..... | 250 |
| TROY | 365 | 10 | 70000 | 500 | 700 | 55429 | 37 | 3 | 262 | 175 | 400 | 511 | 125 | 274 | ..... | 7 | 1 | ..... | ..... | 4 | 2 | 75 | 6 | 850 | 13 | 2650 | 657 | 730 | 1425 |
| WASHINGTON | 226 | 33 | 36023 | 294 | 3367 | 38000 | 43 | 7 | 169 | 100 | 200 | 450 | ..... | 269 | ..... | 9 | ..... | ..... | 1 | 3 | 3 | ..... | 15 | 1471 | 5 | 2800 | 160 | 430 | 900 |
| WHITEMARSH | 73 | 11 | 2510 | 28 | 930 | 1400 | 5 | ..... | 17 | 90 | 37 | 128 | ..... | 76 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 38 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 92 |
| WOODSTOCK | 53 | ..... | 8437 | 96 | 343 | 1017 | 4 | 6 | 10 | 338 | 71 | 60 | 162 | 123 | ..... | 10 | 2 | ..... | 1 | ..... | 1 | ..... | 1 | 75 | 2 | 58 | ..... | ..... | 138 |
| WORCESTER | 9 | 1 | 8903 | 1685 | 820 | 6080 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 68 | ..... | ..... | 6 | 59 | ..... | 3 | ..... | ..... | 17 | 3 | 2 | ..... | 1 | 11 | 2 | 90 | ..... | ..... | ..... |
| SUMMA | 5347 | 515 | 1010119 | 16559 | 159862 | 1037071 | 1085 | 220 | 7199 | 6539 | 4993 | 6652 | 4257 | 5333 | 20 | 106 | 15 | 7 | 124 | 48 | 63 | 4682 | 1667 | 15915 | 116 | 52717 | 4646 | 5601 | 13351 |